# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 7. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.


*For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.*


## Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

**Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.**

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

**Forest and Stream** *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
**Forest and Stream** *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

**FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.**

**FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE**
**346 Broadway**
**NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING**
Present Entrance on Leonard Street


*Readers accustomed to buying the* FOREST AND STREAM *at news stands, and who are going out of town to points where they cannot purchase from newsdealers, may have the paper mailed from this office for any length of time at the rate of forty cents per month.*

### *SNAP SHOTS.*

On Broadway the other day, some two hundred feet from the FOREST AND STREAM'S front door, an old man set out to board a cable car, and a funny show he made of it. He raised both elbows as high as his head and flopped his arms forward, pranced on his toes, made a wild grab at the car, fell, and was hoisted aboard by the conductor, while a small boy yelled, "Go it, old rooster." He was evidently and unmistakably from the country, and was unused to boarding street cars. His antics were ridiculous, and those who observed him could not be blamed if they smiled good-naturedly at the country greenhorn in the city.

But by and by, we may be sure, it will come his turn to laugh, if indeed he has not had the occasion many a time already, at the verdant ways of the city greenhorn in the country. For greenhorns, though their name be legion, are to be divided into two classes, one of the country and the other of the town. Each is the natural product of its surroundings. For while in town and country there is an inseparable community of business interests, and in a lesser degree of social interests, there is not the same common associations of action, of community of thought, of policy or of occupation. Country and city life being thus in parts separated by the peculiar conditions governing them, each in time comes to have a special education, a necessity imposed by their distinctive environments. And these conditions in turn produce the greenhorn.

When the city man goes into the country he enters an environment with which he is unfamiliar, and his trivial blunders being apparent to all the native observers, they bestow on him a good-natured, homespun ridicule, and mirthfully gossip over his ignorance of country matters, small or great. It is assumed that the "city feller" is the same inefficient man in the city that he is in the country. To the country resident his gloved hand, polished boot and natty costume are not indices of a refined calling, but rather a parade of effeminacy and an insignia of idleness. The city man who tramps through the country with rod and gun is the favorite theme of the country man who desires to ridicule the residents of cities. The more costly the rod, or gun, or dog, the more elaborate the city man's costume, the greater is the detail in showing his finicky attempts and his failure; then the story of how the old muzzle-loader of the country resident killed right and left, and the old birch pole and hook and line pulled out the big fish, make a fitting climax to the ornate failure of the city man.

But the country man comes into the city, and all is changed. He then himself is in the midst of strange things. He betrays his unfamiliarity even more than does his city brother in the country, for he is in the midst of much more rapid and dangerous action. He is in a confusion of noises and activity. There is the roaring of heavy traffic, with the clang of rushing cable cars, high buildings, higher than he ever saw before, and people in crowds hurrying to and fro without the slightest thought of him or any one else, so far as their expression or action indicates. He feels utterly helpless and bewildered. He now is the greenhorn.

Let the greenhorn of the city or country of the East visit the Western country, and both are in a strange environment; then they acquire a new *soubriquet*, that of "tenderfoot." It again denotes a man who is not trained to the thought, manners and action of the environment.

Instead of evoking a mild contempt, the mistakes of the city man in the country or those of the country man in the city should be treated with broad tolerance and kindness. It requires but a short time to correct either. The country man will soon learn, if he be patient and observing, that the toy rod of the city man is a killing instrument, with which the fish-pole cannot compete, and that the city man can quickly learn country customs and ways. The city man will learn, if he be properly considerate, that it is an easy matter for his country brother to put on city ways correctly and with indifference, and that the brethren of city and country, no matter how much they may be greenhorns when they exchange visits, have their hearts in the right place. The lines of demarkation are less sharp between country and city sportsmen, and let us hope that in time they may disappear in the bonds of common fraternity.

We shall be glad to send specimen copies of FOREST AND STREAM to such addresses as readers may give us for that purpose. If you have a shooting or fishing friend who would be interested in seeing the paper, give us his address.

We referred the other day to the generous offer by a sportsman who enjoys desirable shooting privileges to share them with some less fortunate brother whose time given to sport must of necessity be short. The offer is still open, but the person making it advises us that we neglected to note two qualifications required of the one accepting it, namely, that he must be a good wing shot, who can get the birds after they are shown to him; and second, that he must be of those who can afford to spend but little money for shooting. We may add that the person making the offer lives in the eastern part of New York; and that his invitation is just what it purports to be, and is prompted by a generous desire to share his own opportunities with another.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, please come up where you can hear. My voice is not very strong to-day, for yesterday we had a Sunday crowd and I had to do fifty turns; fifty turns means eating twelve pounds of cotton; and if any of you think it isn't weakening to eat twelve pounds of cotton in a day, try it. Now watch me, ladies and gentlemen, as I eat." And the gaping crowd saw the world-renowned champion cotton eater of Coney Island cram a double handful of cotton into his mouth until his cheeks bulged; and then they saw him, not without dire grimaces and gulpings and jugular contortions extraordinary, swallow the wad; and saw him take another mouthful, and another. A hundred or more men, women and children were willing to testify that they had seen the man swallow the cotton. It was perfectly plain to them. If his audiences should fail to see the cotton swallower swallow the cotton, the swallower of cotton would no longer swallow cotton; his occupation would be gone. He lives upon it, not upon cotton, but upon the people who see him eat it, or think they see him eat it.

As with the cotton eater so with the hornsnake. Both owe their existence to the testimony of eye-witnesses who have beheld their wonderful doings. But while the cotton eater courts publicity and shouts to the multitude to draw nigh and look closely upon him, the hornsnake shuns crowded haunts, retires to woodland retreats and reveals himself scantily and for the most part to solitary observers, as to an old darky woman at nightfall, or to a farm hand bringing home the cows. Very rarely does it happen that a specimen is seen under such favorable conditions, at such close quarters, as was the case with the one which is described to-day by our Mississippi correspondent, Coahoma. This snake was captured alive. Two negroes saw its sting; so likewise did three white observers. Here then were five witnesses who actually saw for themselves the horn and sting on the captured snake. This should be testimony enough to convince the most skeptical, and if Coahoma had been minded to handle the evidence with anything like the enterprising assurance of the Coney Island cotton eater, he might have given the hornsnake a new lease of life. Instead of doing this, however, he affirms that in spite of the credulous reception given the creature by the rest of the party, he contumaciously squeezed its horn and proved it to be stingless. The five persons who saw the sting were mistaken, he tells us; they did not see what they thought they saw. And he hopes that now the stinging snake myth has been finally disposed of. Not a bit of it. If the world was built after that fashion, what would become of the cotton eaters? Man likes to be deluded; he will have his cotton eaters and his sting snakes. Coahoma may squeeze the horns of a thousand reptiles and prove them as innocent of harm as the babe at the mother's breast; but the hoop snake will go on rolling, the hornsnake stinging, and the joint snake, smashed to flinders, will link itself joint by joint together again. You may scotch these serpents, but you shall not kill them.

The Canadian authorities appear to be quite as inefficient in their protection of the wood buffalo of the Northwest as the United States have been with the buffalo of the West. In the Northwest Territories buffalo are by law protected at all times, and in the Unorganized Territories, which comprise all the Northwest Territories not included in Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, they are protected until 1900. The law as to the Unorganized Territories, which goes into effect for the first time this present year, would practically be worthless even if enforced, for it provides that "Indians and inhabitants are exempt, and travelers, explorers and surveyors in need of food." A game law which exempts Indians and inhabitants is no game law worth enacting. As a matter of fact, since the protective laws were provided more wood buffalo hides and heads than before have been received at Edmonton, the great receiving and shipping center of the fur trade of the Northwest.

The failure of the law in the Northwest Territories appears to be due to conditions similar to those which have rendered laws unavailing elsewhere. There is no one to enforce them; they will not enforce themselves, nor will they ever do the least good until an official shall be provided to put them into operation. A game warden at Edmonton, to overhaul the furs received there and to confiscate buffalo hides and heads, would soon put a stop to the slaughter of what is practically the last remnant of this species on the continent. Canada is in many respects so efficient in the protection of her game reserves that this condition in the Northwest Territories is all the more a reproach; and we cannot believe that the authorities will permit it to continue.

In the names of those to be included in Mr. Fred Mather's charming sketches of the men he has fished with is that of "Uncle Dan" Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Mich., who died on June 26 of this year, at the age of seventy. Mr. Fitzhugh was by personal qualities endeared to his angling friends. Of him Mr. Herschel Whitaker well says: "He was one of nature's noblemen, a true sportsman, a brave spirit, with a heart as gentle as a woman's."

We may now venture to consider the New England copperhead question as settled. Our California correspondent has found out that copperheads are a Connecticut and Massachusetts institution. He has also discovered that our Natural History columns have a trans-continental range, and that by recourse to them a seeker for knowledge may peer from his stand on the Pacific coast into the crevasses and snake dens of New England cliffs.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## SPORT IN INDIA.

### II.—The Great Plain.

If we now suppose ourselves to emerge from the belt of sub-Himalayan forest and proceed southward we find ourselves on the vast alluvial plain which forms all the northern part of India. So gentle is the slope of this immense surface that the ancient city of Delhi, which stands at about its center, 1,000 miles from the sea on either hand, is yet but 800ft. above sea level. Less than 1ft. per mile is the slope, and down it slowly glide the waters of the great rivers Indus and Ganges, whose shores are lined with a succession of populous cities. Here we have the seat of one of the most ancient civilizations known to the world of our day.

This great plain of northern India was all cleared and settled ages ago, and a dense population now fills it. Under such conditions the sportsman would hardly expect to find anything to attract him, but yet there is plenty of sport to be had on this wide, densely peopled area. In no other country would this be possible; any people like ourselves would long ago have made a clean sweep of every bird and beast. But the mild Hindoo is a vegetarian and has no taste for field sports. "Live and let live" is his motto. One day when out after duck I inquired of a native fisherman (because many will eat fish, though not flesh) whether there were any otters in those waters.

"Plenty," he replied, "we often see them."

"Why, then," I asked, "do none of you ever trap or shoot them? Their skins are good and they destroy many of your fish."

"God has made the otters as He made me," he replied. "They also are fishers as I am. What right have I to molest them?"

Such is the beautiful religion of these good people; it is a pity that some little of this respect for wild animal life cannot be imported into another country that we know of. The result is that right around the villages and among the crops game is to be found.

The black antelope, that most graceful and swiftest of all creatures on the face of this earth, roams over these wide plains. While a farmer is hoeing at one end of a field the antelope will be taking a nibble at the other end. They are not plentiful enough nor voracious enough to do any real harm to the crops, and of course they get driven about a great deal, but they can always get a bite somewhere, by night if not by day. Here and there will be a few acres of fallow or waste land, where they can collect to rest and lie down unmolested. They have little fear of the native, but in most districts they have learned by this time to keep clear of the white man and his gun, so that on the open plain, with no cover but the crops, it takes a lot of careful stalking to get a shot. The buck is black above, with pure white below, stands nearly 3ft. in height, weighs about 100lbs. and carries very elegant straight horns, spirally twisted and running up to 2ft. in length. The doe is smaller and light fawn colored. Their speed far exceeds the fastest greyhound's. I have often succeeded, when riding out with my greyhounds, in coming on antelope by surprise and laying the dogs on to them at close quarters, but in a few tremendous bounds the deer will stretch away ahead; eagerly and keenly though the dogs will strain after him, they may run themselves to a standstill without putting the antelope to any fatigue.

In a district where they are plentiful I have known a game hog to shoot twelve in one day without even leaving the high road along which he was driving. But there is a very strong feeling among English sportsmen in India against the game hog, and this feeling has increased so much of late years that no one would dare now to kill twelve bucks in a day or anything like it. The following is, roughly speaking, the code of Anglo-Indian sportsmanship.

(1) Not to shoot an unreasonable amount of any kind of game, however plentiful it may be.

(2) Strictly to respect the breeding season.

(3) Not to shoot the does or hinds of the deer and antelope tribes, only the bucks and stags. This rule is very strict, and the man who shoots hind or doe is looked upon with much contempt.

The best sportsmen not only will never think of firing at anything but stags and bucks, but they will not shoot even a young one whose horns are not of a good size—nothing but fine, well matured animals with good heads.

The black antelope is the only species of large game that lives right in the open plains and fields, relying entirely on his speed and never entering coverts.

Although the great plain is so entirely cleared and densely populated, there are few districts which do not contain some stretches of scrub and bush land, high grass, etc., and the tall crops of millet and sugar cane also afford cover to game which cannot live in the open. Along the borders of all the great rivers runs a strip of land a mile or so wide which cannot be cultivated because it is flooded every rainy season, though dry for most of the year—rough ground, full of high grass and bushes. In such places a variety of game is found, large and small. We here find the nilgau, a large, heavy species of antelope standing 4½ft. high, but not much sought after by sportsmen because his horns are insignificant. The hog deer is a small species of antlered deer standing some 28in. high and carrying a good three-pointed horn. Wild hogs are also common in these localities.

Pea fowl, black partridge, gray partridge, florican and hares all abound in grass and bush coverts.

In waste, sandy places the great Indian bustard is seen from afar off. He has to be shot with the rifle, as it is seldom possible to get within gun range.

Several species of sand grouse are met with and afford excellent sport. Blue pigeons are very common, and in groves of trees the beautiful green pigeons are met with.

The great Indian plain is also a wonderful wildfowl country. All over it are found pieces of water, varying from ponds up to extensive lakes or marshes of several square miles, half filled with reeds and swamp grass and affording cover to untold millions of wildfowl. Most of these are migratory and have their breeding grounds among some almost unknown lakes in Thibet north of the Himalayas. About October they come south and every suitable piece of water swarms with them all the winter. Many of the species of wild duck are the same as the American and European ones, while others are peculiar to Asia. We have in India about twenty-five different kinds of wild ducks and geese, besides an immense variety of herons, storks, cranes, ibis, pelicans, plover and other shore birds and waders, all in great quantities. The snipe shooting is something unequaled and vast flocks of quail are found among the crops. Nowhere in the world can wildfowl shooting be met with in such great variety, or so easy to get at and in such an excellent climate.

That reminds me to say a little about the climate. Popular imagination no doubt usually pictures India as a very hot country, abounding in snakes, reptiles and insects. The reality is as follows, speaking now of northern India, where we at present are supposed to be:

In April, May and June there is a very dry heat; it is very hot out on the plains, but good in the cool of the forests. This is very healthy weather and there are no snakes or insects around. July, August and September are the rainy season—terribly hot and steamy; snakes and insects out in plenty. This is an abominable period, and anyone who can do so escapes to the mountains. But the great body of Indian officials who run the country, judges and magistrates, police officers and engineers, as well as most who are in the country for business and trade, all have to stick it out at their posts, carrying on their work and not getting away on the average more than one hot season out of four. Glad they are when September is well past and another winter begins. The winter of northern India, from the middle of October till the middle of March, is absolutely perfect weather, neither hot nor cold. The forests are still too damp and dense from the previous rainy season to go into, but from October to March one can enjoy camping in perfection on the plains and have all the sport above referred to. Most of the officials spend this season in camp, going about the district they have charge of. The great beauty of the Indian cold season is its absolute certainty. There may be similar weather in the Southern States of America where it is not too damp. (I went to Florida once in December and found the climate unbearable from its dampness—not to be compared for one moment with India at the same season.) In the drier Southern States there may be a winter as good as the Indian, but then it is liable to be interrupted by a "norther" and there may be snow in New Orleans. This cannot happen in India—never has happened during all its long history—because the great wall of the Himalayas across the north shuts off any "northers." Hence we have a perfect winter of about 60° Fahrenheit absolutely steady, the only possible break of the weather being just a little rain now and then. There are no snakes or insects about.

Altogether for excellence of climate, facilities for camping comfortably, and variety of sport no country can compare with northern India.

Major G. M. Bellasis,
Bengal Staff Corps (retired).

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MY OLD SUIT OF CLOTHES.

There are certain memories clinging to an old suit of clothes that are none the less charming in spite of their humble origin. Every year at the close of my September vacation I hang them away in their old resting place and wonder if I will ever wear them again. I have them on now, over here at Hemlock Lake, and they are just as good as ever, and oh, how delightfully easy they are, how they conform to every curve of my frame and settle down so restfully when I take my after-dinner siesta. Shall I analyze this old suit of clothes of mine? Will anybody care to listen to their simple tale?

The coat and vest are mates, made at the same time and made to stay. Twenty years ago they were builded by my tailor on lines distinctly laid down by me. This was before the days when a good dead grass color canvas shooting coat replete with many pockets could be bought at any sportsmen's supply store for $2.50, so I sent for the good brown canvas and had him make me a sleeveless coat with seven outside and one large inside pocket, the last one for game and reaching clear around the skirt. The vest was fitted with sleeves and had two large side pockets and two rows of cartridge slips across the breast. The corduroy trousers I haven't had so long, but they belong to the old suit just the same and play their part acceptably.

Now I presume a thousand readers of Forest and Stream have exactly such an old suit as I have, and possibly they may protest against my flaunting these old relics before them, sneering at the very idea of there being anything worth mentioning in an old hunting suit. But wait a moment, we all love an old gun, an old friend, an old dog, an old rod! why not an old suit of clothes?

What a mine of recollection I unearth when I take down the old coat and go through it systematically. The right shoulder is frayed and worn where the friction of the tip stock of my gun has overcome the toughness of the canvas and left a jagged hole. It took many excursions to wear the old coat that way. Through the mists of years they take shape before my eyes as I hold the time-honored garment at arm's length. Along the Ohio River bottoms I tramp for quail. I am watching a runway for deer at the headwaters of the Shenandoah in Virginia. I am looking for grouse on the Au Sable in northern Michigan, while in my own western New York I am scouring the counties of Steuben, Livingston and Ontario for general results.

I feel in the upper left-hand pocket, sacred to my tobacco pouch, and as I take out a pinch of powdery, dusty leavings I can almost pick out the Piccadilly, curly cut and Seal of North Carolina (I abominate granulated tobacco) from the mess and tell just when and where I burnt them.

In another pocket I find a little tin match-box packed full of old-fashioned sulphur matches, so old and frayed that an attempt to light one only yields a faint, sheolic sizzle. That box once contained split shot for bait fishing for trout, and years ago I packed it full of sulphur matches, but I only carried them thinking some day they might come in handy; but they never did. In the same pocket, clinking weirdly against its mate, I discover a little old brass compass scarcely ½in. in diameter. It was given me by a friend many years ago, and gratefully received as a most useful addition to my kit. It is a little open-faced affair, and how it ever survived the hard knocks it has received in company with the match-box I don't understand; but as I take it out and lay it in the palm of my hand it looks as bright and clear as a new cent and flops around to the north as promptly as a private at salute. And now I take out a big blue silk handkerchief used for neck protection only, and guiltless of the laundry for more than a decade. How many times its soft, ample folds have kept out sun and rain and wind in the years that have gone. Last of all, I take out the old soft rubber drinking cup and contemplate it lovingly. I wonder from how many springs and mountain streams I have taken water through the medium of that cup? Originally the color of it was white, but time and the corroding influence of a variety of waters have had their effect on the old cup, and it is now a dingy gray; but it is still pliable and water-tight, and will do good service for many years to come. I turn the old coat around and dive into the roomy game pocket, and draw forth bits of feathers, fur and twigs. So disintegrated and small are these relics that I fail to locate them minutely, and as I turn them over in my hand how the days in the autumn woods come back to me, and I recall many a satisfactory contribution made to that old pocket.

Hanging up the coat, I look into the pockets of the vest and only find a few stray shot, a couple of quill toothpicks and a stub lead pencil. The trousers yield a long-bladed, clasp knife, given me more than fifteen years ago by a friend in the hardware business. The blade is a splendid piece of steel, and so arranged that once open it cannot be closed without pressing a spring in the back. Before my friend, the rector, went over the river we all must cross, he taught me that the only way to treat trout was to clean the morning's catch at luncheon and the afternoon's yield at the close of the day's sport, and then to pack them nicely in the creek with fresh ferns; and upon arriving home they would be all ready for the pan. So when I take out this fine old knife it all comes back to me: the rector and I seated down by the Loyalsock in Sullivan county, Pa., each with a little pile of trout before him, plying our knives and pipes and voices, while the grand old hemlock-clad hills look down upon us lovingly.

Ah, well, I don't find anything more in the old suit but pleasant memories, so I relegate it to its accustomed hooks, noting with pleasure that it don't seem to be growing old any faster than its owner. May the old suit yet see much service, and come through the thickets with its wearer safely into the clearing.

H. W. D. L.

Dansville, N. Y.

## TWO IN LAPLAND.

"What's better for supper than Little Neck clams and cold salmon on a hot night in July?" said Pod, helping himself bountifully to the salmon.

"You'll get tired enough of salmon before you get back; I imagine," said Dick. "Well, you wouldn't catch Frank and me running off to the wilds of Lapland for sport, would he, Frank? But here's luck to you, anyhow; may you reach the Varanger in safety and have lots of sport."

We drank the toast reverently; Pod ordered more salad and we all made merry there in the Arena until late in the evening, when we separated reluctantly, promising to meet again at the steamer.

Next morning, as usual, the steamer was crowded with people bidding good-by to friends and relations. We managed to get our crowd together for a few moments, and then the cry of "All ashore that go ashore!" made us grip hands for the last time. A few moments later the great ship moved out into the North River, and amid the cries and shouts from friends on the dock we steamed down to the Narrows and were soon out of sight of land.

For seven days we did hardly anything but eat, sleep, walk about the decks and loaf, and then one evening just as we were going down to dinner somebody spied land, and we all crowded to the rail, straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the unsatisfactory blue streak on the horizon which represented land. The time came for us to disembark, early in the afternoon of the next day, and getting our duffle together we went ashore, through the custom house, as quickly as possible, and rushed up to London. It was 11 o'clock at night, however, when we finally established our headquarters at the Charing Cross Hotel. We had had nothing to eat since 1, so now with one common, all-absorbing desire we strode out of the hotel and up the Strand in search of a grill room. We found a good-looking place not far away, where we went in and ordered chops and ale for two, and silently fed for nearly two hours. How we did eat! Pod especially, I thought, would never cease his attacks on the thick, juicy English chops and pewter tankards of Scotch ale; but at last he called a halt and then we went back to our hotel and turned in.

Four or five days in London spent in procuring forgotten necessities and in seeing the sights once more, and Pod and I again took the trail for Norway and sport. We were a day and a night on a Newcastle steamer crossing the North Sea, and on the morning of July 18 arrived at Bergen and took passage on a small mail steamer bound to Vadso, on the Varanger Fjord. As our ship did not sail until 11 that night, we amused ourselves in wandering about the town, watching the sailors unload the great cargoes of fish from their peculiarly shaped boats, and in visiting the grave of Ole Bull, the great violinist.

Precisely at 11 o'clock by the light of the midnight sun we left Bergen and resumed the lazy life of travelers on shipboard. For a few days the Norwegian meals and cooking were the chief interest, and these were really quite unique, especially the breakfasts. For the morning meal the true Norwegian usually takes a small quantity of *aquavit* (a sort of brandy made from potatoes), then sausages of various kinds, or dried reindeers' tongues and goat's milk cheese, or cod's roe, and ends up with a little caviare or anchovis, washing the whole down with a poor apology for beer. On the Vesta, however, we fared a trifle more luxuriously, and in the morning usually had boiled eggs, and hot fried fish or meat for luncheon.

Two days after leaving Bergen we arrived at Troudjheim and went ashore for a couple of days. We had a very good dinner at the hotel, and then we inquired what we could do to pass the time, and were much surprised to find that all places of amusement were accustomed to close on Saturday night, opening again Sunday night. We thereupon put in the evening in a quiet way in the gardens of the hotel.

On re-embarking we found the number of the Vesta's passengers very much decreased. An amusing little professor from an Austrian university off on a botanizing trip, a Norwegian forest master resplendent in green uniform and brass buttons, and a Mr. M. were the only pas-

sengers besides Pod and myself. We soon became acquainted as well as the differences in language would permit, and found them all very pleasant. Mr. M. was especially pleasant to us, however, and it was through his kindness that we were enabled to get the splendid salmon fishing that we did. We shall never cease to think of him with the greatest gratitude and affection.

For a week we steamed in and out of the beautiful fjords, enjoying the magnificent scenery. Entering some quiet fjord, shut in by rugged mountains dotted with snow fields, we would sound our whistle, and a quaint little boat of the old Viking ship model would come out from some little fishing village to get the weekly mail and possibly a passenger. When the reverberating echoes of the whistle had died away a desolate silence would resume, broken only by the clank of the anchor chains, the subdued tones of the quiet voiced sailors, and the mournful cries of the myriads of sea gulls that continually hovered about the ship.

On July 31 we arrived at Vadso, on the Varanger Fjord, and next morning at 7 left the Vesta, crossed the fjord in a little steamer to Elvnaes, the name of a solitary post station at the mouth of the Pasvik. Here the lendsman, or local magistrate who keeps the station, showed us the way to a small log cabin which had been built by some sportsman a few years previously, and to this little cabin we at once brought up our duffle and lived like princes for the one week we were there.

Early next morning Mr. M. engaged two Lapps with their canoes to row us on the salmon pools. Pod at once rigged his rod and spent the morning on the river.

After dinner I had my turn, while Pod went to a pretty little lake for trout. He took three beauties of about ¾lb. each and then returned, and I went to the lake and caught three more trout, while he killed his first grilse and a small salmon of about 6lbs. That evening we both went for lax (salmon), and I had the good fortune to get a small grilse just as we were leaving the river.

The next day, at 10 in the evening, I took to the upper pools and Pod stayed at the mouth of the river. About three hours' rowing back and forth across the quiet river in the oppressive northern stillness was enough, and I gave it up and dropped down to where I left Pod. As we came in sight, he shouts out, "Look out, I've got a monster; have had him on ever since we first came out." Almost before the words had left his mouth a great fish jumped about 6 or 8ft. into the air near my canoe, and fell back with a tremenduous splash into the water. Very much excited, I directed my Lapp to put me on shore, and ran along the bank to where Fred's Lapp was cautiously trying to beach his canoe, and watched my pal get out upon the bank and begin the final struggle. Just as Pod got the salmon into shallow water he got frightened at something and dashed away again. Again Pod got him near the shore, and again he dashed away, until at last, after fighting for three long hours, he gave up, and Pod had him in for the last time. With a quick movement one of the Lapps hooked him with the long-handled gaff just back of the gills and, staggering up the bank, flung him on the pebbles. Next morning we found he weighed just 36lbs.

Pod was completely worn out from excitement and nearly frozen by the cold mist that comes up from the river at night, so after a hearty pull at my flask we all helped lift the salmon into one of the canoes and crossed the river to camp. Before going to bed Pod insisted upon making a sketch of his prize; so Andreas and I managed to hang him in the middle of one of the long gaffs, and each of us supported an end on our shoulders while Pod made his drawing.

Next morning after breakfast Andreas rowed me slowly back and forth across the big pool at the mouth of the river, and I sat in the stern with a long length of line out, earnestly hoping some mighty salmon would be tempted to take my blue phantom minnow and give me such a fight as Pod had a few hours previous. As I am dreaming of fishing luck in general and my jovial pal's in particular I am aroused by a jerk at my line and in half a second more am sitting bolt upright shouting to Andreas to get his Lappish wits together and row, for my line is running out like wildfire. At last the Lapp takes in the situation and commences to row toward the fjord in the direction in which the fish is going, and then we have an exciting race: salmon versus Lapp, both going for all they are worth. When only a few more yards of line remain the salmon suddenly stops and I reel in hurriedly and am just about to give thanks, when he is off again up river. Again reel hums and Lapp groans, but not for long, for the fish has started in to use other tactics and ceasing his long runs now dashes from side to side, tugs at the line several times in quick succession, and comes to the surface once or twice and lashes the water into foam with his huge tail, and having tried his level best to get away at last lets himself be taken to shallow water, and after a final dash or two is gaffed and on the pebbles at my feet. "*Stor lax*," says Andreas (*Anglice*, big salmon), "more big as other man's," which statement I am inclined to doubt; for, although he is a monster, I cannot believe him to be over 36lbs. To settle the question, we lift the *stor lax* into the canoe and paddle back to camp. When Pod and Mr. M. saw what I had on my back as I toted the fish up the bank there were audible expressions of surprise from both of them, and in a second more they had the salmon on the balance and he weighed in kilos what is equivalent to 39,⅘lbs., so we called him a 40-pounder.

Pod went on the river all that afternoon, while Mr. M. and I went to the lake for trout, and after tea I took the upper pool and killed a lively 25-pounder that made a beautiful fight before he could be brought to gaff. He was one of the river fish that keep more to the fresh water and consequently did more leaping than the salmon of the lower part of the river, sometimes leaping 6 or 8ft. into the air two and three times in quick succession. Andreas nearly lost me this fish by his clumsy management of the gaff. It is surprising how clumsy some of these Lapps can be, often making two and three attempts before they secure a fish; and of course, although a salmon be almost drowned, when he feels the sharp prick of the gaff hook he will dash off again and leave one in constant fear of his ultimate escape.

The next day being Sunday, Pod and I strolled across the boundary into Russia and Pod made sketches of the scenery. On Monday the forest master was expected to return from his trip to the interior, and we made up a party to meet him at the beautiful Harefos or Hares Falls. We went up river about six miles to the falls, passing through Borisgleb. Here a small Greek church is situated; the priest lives all alone and ministers to the wants of a dirty village of Lapps, called Scalp Lapps, on account of a hereditary disease which renders them all bald. He is a most picturesque looking man in his long blue gown, white hair, and as we passed by begged us to come in and drink some overland tea, but we were in a hurry to reach the falls and had to decline. As we left the village we could see the Lapps coming out of their squalid huts on their way to mass. It was one of the numerous holy days of the church calender, and the women were arrayed in all the finery of bright bits of scarlet cloth and brass ornaments as they responded to the confused jangle of the small peal of bells that the church boasted.

With the sound of the bells growing fainter and fainter in the distance, we pushed forward on our journey to the Harefos, where we soon arrived and had luncheon, and after luncheon caught many pounds of trout and grayling before the forest master came in. The fishing was magnificent, but my luck was not with me, so I gave it up at last and netted for Pod, who was pulling them out in great style. In about half an hour we had sixteen beautiful trout and grayling that weighed about 20lbs. Then we returned to the station, and for the next day or two killed several salmon and grilse, but none over 10lbs., until the night before we broke camp, when Pod had a fierce fight with a 38-pounder that brought our salmon record up to 198lbs. for the one delightful week we spent there.

On the morning of Aug. 8, in company with Mr. M., we said good-by to the people who had been so kind to us at the station and sailed back to Vadso to join the mail steamer going south.

STORLAX.

# Natural History.

## HOW BIRDS AFFECT THE FARM AND GARDEN.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

[*Continued from page 104.*]

### Loggerhead Shrike.

THIS shrike is the common United States butcherbird. In the summer he lives on insects—98 per cent. of the food for July and August in eighty-eight stomachs consisted of insects, mainly grasshoppers. In winter, when insects are scarce, the shrike becomes carnivorous; indeed, mice form 11 per cent. of the food for the year.

As will be inferred, the beneficial qualities of the shrike far outweigh the injurious.

### Rose-Breasted Grosbeak.

This beautiful bird has shown itself of especial importance to the farmer because of its fondness for potato beetles, and should be protected and encouraged in every way.

### Wood Pewee.

The pewee, like its relative, the phœbe, feeds largely on the family of flies to which the house fly belongs.

### Yellow-Bellied Flycatcher.

This little flycatcher does good by catching the injurious weevils.

### Vireos.

The greenlets may be found from morning till night searching among the leafy treetops for insects both in our forests and in our villages and towns. They probably rank next to the cuckoo in the destruction of caterpillars, and are also of great value from their fondness for bugs and weevils, May beetles, inch worms and leaf-eating beetles.

### Brown Thrasher.

Mr. Judd, in his report on the thrasher, says: "The fruit grower who sees the birds flocking into his cherry tree not only neglects to observe the birds sandwiching in with the luscious fruit dainty morsels of insects, but also overlooks the fact that when the cherry season is over they

BROWN THRASHER.

raise havoc with his worst enemies. The quantity of food taken from cultivated crops by the thrasher amounts to only 11 per cent.; of this 8 per cent. is fruit, and the rest grain. The farmer is more than compensated for this loss by the destruction of an equal bulk of May beetles, which, if allowed to live, would have done much more harm than the thrashers, and left a multitudinous progeny for next year."

### Robin.

The robin is accused of eating cultivated fruits, but examinations show that less than 5 per cent. of his food is grown by man. As nearly half his food is wild fruit, it would be easy to substitute something for the garden products that he troubles. On the other hand, nearly half his food is animal, including wasps, ants, bugs, spiders, angleworms and a large per cent. of grasshoppers, crickets and caterpillars. He also eats great numbers of March fly larvæ, so preventing much injury to the grass in the hay fields.

Professor Forbes asks this question: "Will the destruction of seventeen quarts of average caterpillars, including at least eight quarts of cut worms, pay for twenty-four quarts of cherries, blackberries, currants and grapes?" And Mr. Bruner says: "He is a poor business man who pays $10 for that which he knows must later be sold for 15 cents or even less. Yet I have known of instances where a robin that had saved from ten to fifteen bushels of apples that were worth a dollar per bushel, by clearing the tree from canker worms in the spring, was shot when he simply pecked one of the apples that he had saved for the grateful or ungrateful fruit-grower."

The robin is such a favorite that it is particularly interesting to know what wild fruits can be planted to draw his attention from the small fruits of the garden when he chances to take an undue amount. The wild fruits found in his stomach are dogwood, wild grape, wild black cherry, choke cherry, bird cherry, mulberry, greenbrier berry, cranberry, blueberry, huckleberry, holly berry, elderberry, hackberry, service berry, spice berry, hawthorn, bittersweet, Virginia creeper, moonseed, mountain ash, black haw, barberry, pokeberry, strawberry bush, juniper, persimmon, saw palmetto, California mistletoe and bayberry.

### Crow Blackbird.

Sometimes birds become too crowded in one place and their numbers need to be reduced. This is occasionally true of the crow blackbird, for when it descends upon a field in hundreds of thousands it inflicts real damage. But such instances are exceptional and can usually be

CROW BLACKBIRD.

prevented. One of the blackbird's commonest pursuits is to follow the plow, and after the birds have been doing it their stomachs are found "crammed with grubs." They also eat the destructive rose bug, curculio, May beetle, grasshopper, cricket and locust. Indeed, Professor Beal's conclusion is that "By destroying insects they do incalculable good."

### Bluebird.

More than three-quarters of the bluebird's food is animal, nearly a quarter of it being grasshoppers and crickets, and a tenth caterpillars.

There is no cultivated fruit on his list, but as he is a bird which everyone is anxious to attract, it is well to know for which wild fruits he seems to have a preference. He has been found to eat bird cherry, choke cherry, dogwood, bush cranberry, huckleberry, greenbrier, Virginia creeper, strawberry, juniper berry, bittersweet, pokeberry, false spikenard, partridge berry and wild sarsaparilla.

### Phœbe.

The phœbe lives mainly upon animal food. It destroys some useful insects, but does more good than harm by eating numbers of weevils, so injurious to peas, beans and wheat; and also by reducing the number of flies, bugs, May beetles, caterpillars, squash beetles, elm-leaf beetles and grasshoppers.

WEEVIL.

### Red-Winged Blackbird.

Mr. Lawrence Bruner says, "In the red-winged blackbird we have a friend that we little dream of when we see the large flocks gathering about our cornfields during late summer and early fall. During the balance of the year it is engaged most of the time in waging war upon various insect pests, including such forms as the grub worms, cut-worms, grasshoppers, army worm, beet caterpillar, etc. Even when it visits our cornfields it more than pays for the corn it eats, by the destruction of the worms that lurk under the husks of the large per cent. of the ears in every field.

"Several years ago the beet fields in the vicinity of Grand Island were threatened with great injury by a certain caterpillar that had nearly defoliated all the beets growing in many of them. At about this time large flocks of this bird appeared, and after a week's sojurn the caterpillar plague had vanished."

In winter the red-winged blackbird serves the farmer by destroying seeds of ragweed, foxtail grass and bindweed, while all through the summer it does great good by "destroying myriads of caterpillars, grasshoppers and weevils. Indeed it is without a peer as an enemy to one of our most injurious classes of insects—the weevils."

### Meadow Lark.

It has been said that the meadow lark eats clover seed, but in looking for it in stomach contents it was found in only six out of 238 stomachs, and 99 per cent. of the food at clover time was found to be insects, mainly grasshoppers—insects whose ravages have been notorious from the earliest times. Prof. Beal says, "The number eaten is so enormous as to entitle the meadow lark to rank among the most efficient of our native birds as a grasshopper destroyer." It is estimated that the value of the grass crop saved by meadow larks on a township of thirty-six square

SMALL GRASSHOPPER.

miles each month during the grasshopper season is about $94.

"Nor are the other components of the insect food less important except in quantity. Some of the most injurious beetles form a considerable percentage of the stomach

MEADOW LARK.

contents." Among other insects eaten by the meadow lark are May beetles, ants, bugs, caterpillars, curculios and leaf beetles. In conclusion Prof. Beal says, "Far from being injurious, it is one of the most useful allies to agriculture; standing almost without a peer as a destroyer of noxious insects."

### Woodpeckers.—Red-Headed Woodpecker.

The redhead eats more grasshoppers than any other woodpecker. It also assists in destroying June bugs and weevils. In the North its main food is beechnuts. It does some harm by eating grain and fruit, but not enough

RED-HEADED WOODPECKER.

to amount to much. As it eats a large quantity of wild fruit, it could probably be diverted from the cultivated varieties by planting wild ones where they do not exist. The best would probably be dogwood, mulberry, elderberry, choke cherry and wild black cherry.

### Sapsucker.

The sapsucker has the habit of drilling holes in the bark of trees, and, as his name would indicate, sucks the sap that exudes from the tree. But this is not all, nor does it doom him to disfavor. Now and then an individual sapsucker may girdle and kill an ornamental birch on a lawn;

HAIRY WOODPECKER.

but for one which does that, numbers are at work destroying the insects that gather at the sap on the hardy forest trees which the woodpecker will not harm. A description of the sapsucker's performance says, "As the sap exudes from the newly-made punctures, thousands of flies, yellow jackets and other insects congregate about the place, till the hum of their wings suggests a swarm of bees. If now the tree be watched, the woodpecker will soon be seen to return and alight over the part of the girdle which he has most recently punctured. Here he remains with motionless body and feeds upon the choicest species from a host of insects within easy reach."

Some sapsuckers have been experimented with to find out if they could live principally on syrup, but in each instance have died from the diet. Stomach examinations bear out the testimony. The sapsucker is largely an insect eater. Thirty-six per cent. of his solid food consists of ants. He also destroys wasps, beetles, bugs, flies, grasshoppers and crickets. He eats more flies than any

SAPSUCKER.

other woodpecker. To keep him from ornamental trees it might be well to plant the dogwood, black alder, Virginia creeper, wild black cherry and juniper.

TREE-BORING LARVA.

### Downy Woodpecker.

This little woodpecker, the smallest of the family, has been accused of eating fruit, but in 140 stomachs examined apple was found in only two and strawberries in one. On the other hand, almost 75 per cent. of the bird's food is insects. Eleven woodpeckers taken in Kansas in winter contained 10 per cent. of grasshopper eggs. The little bird also destroys May beetles, plant lice and ants. A single wood-borer will often kill an entire tree, and one-fifth of the downy's animal food consists of caterpillars, many of which bore into wood and live on stems and leaves. Indeed, the downy is the most beneficial of all the useful woodpecker family.

### Hairy Woodpecker.

The hairy comes next to the downy in usefulness. It eats a large number of beetles and caterpillars, almost no grain, and only wild fruits. Sixty-eight per cent. of its food is animal, including ants, beetles, bugs, grasshoppers and spiders.

### Flicker.

Nearly half of the food of the flicker is ants. Three thousand were found in one stomach. As ants spread plant lice, destroy timber and infest houses, the flicker is certainly a useful bird. It does good work in other ways

FLICKER.

also. Like many innocent birds, the flicker has been accused of corn-eating, but only five out of 230 stomachs contained any corn.

Prof. Beal, having spoken of the good work the woodpeckers did in Nebraska at the time of the grasshopper devastation, says of the downy, hairy and flicker: "Not one of the trio shows a questionable trait, and they should be protected and encouraged in every possible way."

---

### A Bull Caribou Without Antlers.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

According to your request, I send more details of the caribou without antlers reported in your issue of July 25. As to its age by the teeth, it was past four years, having a full mouth. It was alone, was in full flesh, its hide unscarred by combats, its neck thin like that of a cow. Its hoofs, too, were full and sharp for the season, hence I conclude it was not in the rut. In my previous note for "indentation" read "indication." PINE TREE.

---

### Commissioner Whitaker's Outing.

FISH COMMISSIONER HERSCHEL WHITAKER, of Detroit, has gone off on a six weeks' camping, hunting and fishing trip in Colorado and Wyoming. This, Mr. Whitaker says, is the first rest and divorce from business he has ever had, which is to say that it will be enjoyed to the full.

## HORN SNAKE EVIDENCE.

MISSISSIPPI, July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have captured and now have in possession a real, genuine, *bona fide* stinging snake of the most approved pattern.

It cost me an hour's hard and hot work, with two negroes assisting, to get him out of a thicket of weeds and bushes and reduce him to a state of captivity—that is corralled in a sack with the mouth tied up.

It also cost me $1.75 in cash to secure the aid of the negroes.

While battling with this monster of destruction and trying to get a string around him among the weeds and briers, and after getting him noosed, the negroes saw his sting repeatedly, and one of the negroes knew a man, to-wit, Harry Johnson, who had been stung by a snake of this variety and who died in twenty-five minutes in consequence.

Col. D. M. Russell, a prominent gentleman of this neighborhood, and likewise Mr. Frank Moore, assured me most positively that these snakes do possess stings, which they use with deadly effect. They knew this to be a fact, being familiar with the snake and having seen its sting.

To-day, when I was getting the snake out of a box and securing him for examination, which I did by tying him head and tail and in the middle of a long stick, Mr. Alcorn and Mr. Meek, likewise Mrs. Mosby, the landlady, all saw his sting plainly as he flirted his tail around. Another strong symptom which I failed to mention: when I first approached the snake before his capture and endeavored to drag him into the road with a whip handle, as he crawled away the end of his tail was curled up in a little vertical curve, something after the manner of the scorpion when disturbed.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding this cloud of witnesses and circumstantial evidence, I soon found that I could take the end of his tail between my two bare fingers and squeeze it with perfect impunity, as in fact this much maligned reptile is one of the most harmless of creatures, without either capacity or disposition to do injury to anything larger than a frog, which he would doubtless swallow on occasion.

This specimen is 4ft. 8in. long, with size and shape similar to the chicken snake. His body is of uniform color, not quite black, but dark, with a tinge of wine color underneath; the ground color is scarlet, with irregular transverse bars of dark bluish color. These bars, instead of going straight across, have a jog, or offset, at the median line.

The snake crawls with its head and neck very close to the ground, and slightly flattened. It has a disposition to hide its head when disturbed, and flirt its tail around when forced to activity, which characteristics doubtless account for this myth of its being armed with a sting.

The dentition is similar to that of the other non-venomous constrictors of these parts.

The body is covered with scales about ¼in. wide, and glistens as if the skin had been varnished.

My specimen is slow and deliberate in his movements and very docile. He is entirely undemonstrative, making no effort to inflict injury either with head or tail, and can be handled with perfect freedom.

And now I hope the stinging snake myth has been finally disposed of. The foregoing illustrates the proneness of the human mind to yield to deception, and lends its evidence in support of my position, to wit, that all the acts in the daily lives of the great majority of the human family are shaped and controlled by delusions of one kind or another. COAHOMA.

[This snake, so often referred to in these columns, is no doubt *Farancia abacura* ]

---

## COPPERHEADS.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is really amusing to read the article by Forked Deer about the copperhead. It is a pity that he could not have had in the first twenty years of his life the information that I am going to give him now, but we are not too old to learn. I used to live in Massachusetts myself, and when I came away from there I left lots of animals and reptiles that I had never seen. But I still believe they lived there.

The copperheads den with rattlesnakes on the lower end of Mount Tom, on the southerly exposure of the mountain, in a large ledge composed of trap rock. This ledge is nearly at the top of the mountain, about 1,000ft. above the sea.

About the first of May, when the sun begins to strike in on those rocks, the copperheads and rattlesnakes begin to crawl out. I have been there myself and have seen them caught with a pair of wooden tongs about 8ft. long, and those we could not catch with tongs were shot. Copperheads are found on the south side of Mount Tom for a distance of four or five miles, and they are found in the meadows along the trout brook, and on top of the mountain at the same season of the year.

You must bear in mind that Mount Tom is in Massachusetts. But the war on rattlesnakes and copperheads has thinned them out and very few are seen of late years, but there are a few killed every year. If Forked Deer doubts the truth of this article let him write to William Street, proprietor of the Eyrie House, Mount Tom, Mass. Mr. Street always has a few rattlesnakes and copperheads on exhibition at his summer resort. In reading this article don't be misled. The tongs we caught the snakes with were about 8ft long, not the copperheads. The Mount Tom copperhead rarely reaches over 3ft. in length.

As to color, the copperhead is rightly named from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. A. L. H.

---

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

That the copperhead is very rare in New England cannot be questioned, but that Massachusetts has a few I know from experience. The only one I ever met in his native haunts I came upon suddenly while creeping up to some very shy birds on a ridge of hills a few miles from my home in Canton. I had come within 2ft. of the snake and should have stepped directly on him had I not while looking out for dried sticks seen his head sticking from under some leaves. The head was the only part in sight, the rest being completely covered by dry leaves, but I did not even raise my gun to my shoulder in order to kill my first snake of a large number I had handled and examined. The instant I saw the head I recognized it from descriptions I had read.

That was several years ago and I heard of no others until last year, when some men employed on the Blue Hill Reservation of the Massachusetts Metropolitan Park Com-

mission (this name attracts many wild creatures that otherwise would have stayed at home) caught two alive, besides eight or nine rattlesnakes. Unfortunately I was unable to get to see them, though I believe one is "pickled" in the Boston Natural History rooms.

This year I was more fortunate, as one of the park men informed me at once of the only one caught for 1896 as yet. This one, like the one I shot, was an innocent looking little fellow barely 3ft. long. He was also similarly marked, being spotted a good deal like a rattler and washed all over with rusty copper, the scales on the nose and forehead being most conspicuous, as they were most shiny. He was in a box with a glass cover, having for company one yellow and one black rattlesnake, also a large blacksnake. The rattlers and the copperhead stayed in one end of the box, seeming to be afraid of the blacksnake, which twisted around as he pleased. This appears to be good evidence in support of the blacksnake's ability to kill a rattlesnake.

The fishing Forked Deer has done, as he hints, would hardly have helped him to see a copperhead in my section of the country, as all I have heard of were in very high ground, which is in exact accordance with the views of FOREST AND STREAM, which is as things should be.

Further particulars can doubtless be obtained by inclosing a stamp to Mr. Dings, of the Blue Hill Reservation, Ponkapog, Mass. J. H. BOWLES.

---

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The copperhead is quite common in our mountains hereabouts, but this year seem to be unusually plentiful. All of us who do any fishing or hunting are perfectly familiar with them. Quail and grouse are fairly plentiful. F. C. P.

---

POTSDAM, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Up here in St. Lawrence county, N. Y., much further north than Connecticut, there are many copperheads. I know this because I have killed them. Last week while visiting in the country my cousin killed one, helped by the dog, who will not touch them till he can grab the tail.

NI-HA-NA-WA-TE.

---

## HAS THE SPARROW REFORMED?

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed quill contains an insect and some larvæ of the same. The history of the insect is as follows:

Several days ago we noticed a number of bluish-gray patches on the grass of our lawn. These patches had about the appearance of the track of a person who had been walking through ashes. The blades and stems of the grass, which formed the patches or spots, were thickly crowded with the insects, and the latter had the appearance of small hoppers when they partly flew and partly leaped after being disturbed.

We had already determined to apply a solution of Paris green to the grass when an unexpected, much abused ally made his appearance. A swarm of European sparrows devoured the obnoxious pests, and in the course of a few days reduced them to small numbers. The sparrows still hunt the scattered few of the insects and will without any doubt keep them successfully in check.

Another, to us, new habit of the sparrow has been noted through the present summer—that it lives with the best understanding among a number of robins, which latter birds are in the habit of extracting from the ground numbers of earthworms to feed their young. The sparrows, with heads inclined to one side, also drew many fat worms in exactly the same manner from the soil, between the grass, and never was there noticed any dispute between our friend with the red breast and the foreigners of bad reputation, the English sparrow.

AUGUST KOCH.

[In the quill sent with this letter were five species of insects, namely: *Jassus inimicus* (Say). *Orgilus mellipes* (Say.), *Hydrellia formosa* (Lŏw.), *Psilopa atrimana* (Lŏw.), *Odontocera dorsalis* (Lŏw.). Of these, the first is a leaf hopper and is decidedly injurious to vegetation; the second is a parasite of the family *Broconidæ*, and is undoubtedly beneficial; the last three are muscid flies, which are not especially injurious or beneficial. We conclude that the sparrows were eating the leaf hoppers, and if so they were doing good service.]

---

### The Florida Manatee.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I perceive that FOREST AND STREAM is still firing an occasional shot at the Florida game butchers, but I'm afraid its ammunition is wasted, for most of them belong to that stupid class who neither read nor think.

Even men who consider themselves respectable go deer hunting in midsummer, and would shoot a fawn three days old without compunction, and then go boasting about that they had killed a deer.

Not the slightest respect is paid to the game laws about St. Augustine. They commence on quail in September, and every Sunday for miles around a stranger might suppose a belated Fourth of July was going on.

FOREST AND STREAM appears to be troubled about the fate of the manatee, and so am I; but Florida has legislators of wonderful foresight, who can always be relied on to see the danger of exterminating game and plumage birds after they have disappeared, and it's hardly worth while to trouble ourselves about the rapidly disappearing manatee, for our wise solons will attend to that, as they attend to everything else in that line. DIDYMUS.

---

### Color Phases of the Scarlet Tanager.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the articles lately published in your paper on the plumage of the scarlet tanager, more especially as I have recently made a careful study of the plumage changes in this species in preparing my paper on "Molting of Birds" (Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci., Phila., 1896).

It is remarkable that Dr. Coues should still query the statement that the male scarlet tanager changes to the olive-green dress in the fall, and that Mr. Ridgway even in the new edition of the Manual makes no allusion whatever to the olive winter plumage of the male bird.

Specimens showing the change from the red to the olive plumage, though not very plenty in collections, owing to the apparent prejudice against making up ragged molting skins, are certainly to be found in the larger museums. I have recently examined a half dozen such specimens taken at various dates in August, showing all gradations, from one in which the olive feathers are just bursting from the sheaths, and do not yet show on the surface of the plumage, to some that are entirely olive.

There is one interesting point in the coloration of the primaries and secondaries that has not been mentioned by your correspondents. In some of the red spring males these feathers are dull, brownish black edged with olive, as in the female, while in the others they are jet black.

An examination of a large series taken at all seasons shows that the spring molt from olive to red does not extend to the long wing feathers, so that the young bird in its first breeding season retains the olive-edged primaries and secondaries of his fall plumage. Then at the annual molt in August, when he resumes the olive dress, he acquires a new set of wing feathers, which are jet black. The black shoulder patch mentioned by Mr. Koch is retained throughout the winter, as shown by specimens from South America. WITMER STONE.

---

# Game Bag and Gun.

## A NEW MEXICO SHAVE.

WE started from Virginia on Thanksgiving Day to look after some mining property in the Toas range of mountains, near Tres Piedras, New Mexico.

Our first stop made was at Pueblo, Col., where a most welcome leg-stretching was employed in purchasing our outfit of mining tools, provisions and other necessaries of camp life, and again we took our way toward the land of the ancients, which, as seen from the Denver & Rio Grande route, presents little else to view but a barren waste of mountain and plain, relieved occasionally by deep arroyos or dry river beds that mark the past of mighty cloudburst torrents.

Arriving at Tres Piedras, we spent the night, finding none of the "blissful haven of rest" described to us, but instead a good deal of a rapid little mining town of the usual hotel, saloon, dance hall and barroom outfit.

In the morning we hired a team and moved over to Toas, the last resting place of that famous hunter, scout and Indian fighter, Kit Carson. Here we pitched our camp, hired our men, and with drill and pick commenced what proved to be a long and fruitless struggle with rugged nature for her precious metals.

A month of steady work brought a craving for variety, so a bear hunt was decided upon, and the carcass of a cow was dragged out on the range where Bruin & Co. were known to frequent. Night came and with it we took our stands, placed with a view to intercept the bear should one be attracted by our bait. I, on account of my youth and general inexperience, was given a tree about 50yds. from the carcass and presumably out of the line of action.

Left to myself, I was soon perched on a limb with my back to the trunk and high enough up to see over the underbrush, though I confess this wasn't the sole object of my elevation. A light mantle of snow covered the ground, adding to the clearness of this already beautifully clear, though cold night.

At first my position was comfortable enough, but after a while inaction, with its slower circulation, allowed the cold to penetrate, and time moved with leaden wings. Then I got to speculating if it wasn't all a put up job on the tenderfoot, and the boys were laughing over it in the cabin's warmth.

But these annoying doubts were cut short by the sounds of a peculiar shuffling tread coming through the underbrush. Then, to my horror, an immense, so it seemed to me, black bear came in view, stopped, took a smell as an observation, and started toward my tree. My hair began to get up on end, every nerve was a jump, and instinctively my limbs prepared to carry my body to the top of the tree at a gait no bear could catch; but again bruin stopped and sniffed the air uneasily, and from noting of his actions sprung the thought that perhaps I wasn't the object of his intentions after all, and that if I kept quiet he mightn't find anything suspicious and go his route. Then like a flash I remembered I was out for bear; also, if it ever became known that I had such a chance and let it slip my standing in camp would be gone forever.

These thoughts pulled me together with a jerk, and shoving my Winchester in position I took the best aim I could and pressed the trigger.

Perhaps it was the kick of the .45-90, or the excitement, or numbness, or all three together, that made me lose my balance. I can't say. Suffice it to tell that almost with the report I was flat of my back on the ground, not over 25yds. from the first bear I had ever seen free of cage or collar.

On my feet, I realized that that bear was a fighting bear, and also to outrun him was impossible, one leg being hurt in my fall; so whipping out the pair of heavy Colt's revolvers that I had been twitted for bringing along, I opened up a fusillade such as, one of the boys afterward remarked, reminded him of the Maxwell-Jones war back in Texas.

The last chamber empty, I dashed, one after the other, the heavy weapons at the savage face now almost at me, and, trying to spring to one side, tripped and fell behind a boulder with a despairing cry, sure my time had come. But no! Even as I fell rifles began to crack, and "mine enemy," in a last attempt to reach me, dropped almost by my side. The boys were soon anxiously crowding round, and stood. This recalled my dazed senses and I promptly responded. Revived, the "cheek" begot of an hundred year American independence asserted itself, and with all the dignity torn clothes and scared face could command I demanded: "Who was ass enough to shoot my dead bear's skin full of holes?" But the boys understood, and with many a shout and laugh cut up a regular war dance, so glad were they that I was not really hurt.

Stock was taken of our victim, a very fine specimen of the black bear. We found nine bullet holes, and six of these were credited to me. "Pooty good fur night work with a pistol," our captain pronounced it.

My weapons being found, bruin's head was lashed to a pole, and with the boys dragging him I marched limping but triumphant into camp. MACK.

## SPORTSMEN PAST AND PRESENT.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have just read an article headed "How Sportsmen Originated" from the pen of the gentleman who harbored a doubt as to clipping partridge heads with a rifle. I have long since forgiven him for questioning my character for truth and veracity, and will state beforehand that it is through no ill will that I ask space in your valuable paper to make some comments on his recent article.

I believe the gentleman has made the too common mistake of confounding two distinct types of woodsmen, viz., the sportsman and the hunter, and it may be he has woven in some of the characteristics of the scout. To be candid, I think he has.

I take exception to applying so broad a meaning to the term sportsman. The early settlers of whom he speaks did not kill game for sport. My grandfather was one of the first white settlers to follow Gen. Wayne's trail into eastern Indiana. He was a successful hunter, as were his sons, who grew up among the Indians and wild animals, but they were hunters and not sportsmen.

They were fine rifle shots, and, like the native Indians, could course through the woods as if guided by instinct; but they shot deer for the carcass and not for sport. My father has told me how he would start deer in the morning and run them on foot a circle of twelve to twenty miles, getting nearer as they became warm and tired, until when the opportunity offered he dropped one, which he would hang to a stout sapling; then, picking up his rifle, he started in pursuit of the remainder of the herd, loading as he ran. We cannot censure these pioneers, for meat was a necessity with them, and in this year of grace the land over which they chased the noble deer is largely through their industry converted into a fertile vale, too valuable for agriculture to shelter a hunter. And yet the sportsman can take a reasonable bag of quail in season. He can kill an occasional squirrel, and try his skill with the rifle at a rabbit on the jump. If he will broaden the meaning of sportsman sufficiently, he can crack away at the rabbit with a scatter gun, making a mess of him if he hits. Yes, there certainly is a place where the hunter ends and the sportsman begins.

I have thought of this while reading recently of the slaughter of the noble elk out West. And what sport can there be in taking fifty bass in a day, or killing fifty geese? This is not sport—it is slaughter.

The pioneers were hunters from force of circumstances. Practice made them perfect in woodcraft. We, their descendants, inherited their virtues, and to them we are largely indebted for our love of the woods and the freedom we there find. But hunting is no longer profitable except as viewed from the standpoint of a true sportsman. I think I am as good a rifle shot as my father was, and I can't comprehend how anyone can be possessed with a greater love of the chase than I am; but though the opportunity presented itself, I could not enjoy the slaughter of game to the extent it was practiced in years gone by and is now going on in remote parts of the United States.

The hunter kills game for the game, the sportsman kills for the sport; he accepts the game in proof of his ability, and puts it to good use because it is rare and worthy. Above all, he is not a hog, and knows when he should quit killing. I wish to cast no reflections on the pioneers, but owing to the scarcity of game the hunter of to-day should be suppressed. Let us be sportsmen.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

---

## GAME IN NORTHERN AROOSTOOK.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

There have been many reports the past two years of the increase of moose in northern Maine, but as I have not been able to go to the woods to see for myself I have been skeptical. Now I no longer doubt, since I learn on reliable testimony of settlers and lumber cruisers of the numbers seen, greater than usual, and of course of the greater killing by sportsmen from outside and by the settlers themselves, who in the far back haunts of this game on the headwaters of the St. John and its tributaries work their own sweet will with never a fear of wardens. But there is this difference in the two classes named: whereas the city sportsman (?) is mainly animated by the desire to boast of his prowess on returning, the settler kills to supply his own and his friends' families' needs for food, and rarely leaves any to waste. I know of one tributary, formerly a favorite haunt, that for many years did not contain a moose until this season, where over a dozen were seen by one party cruising, and where several have been killed already. As the game is so persistently hunted in season and out, it is clear that the increase cannot be accounted for except by migration from the great moose country of the Northwest. Maj. Butler's book tells us of that great moose country in "The Great Lone Land."

When game warden Collins came into this section a year or so ago it was thought by some that he had taken his life in his hand and meant to stop poaching. But Charley Morris's bullet at the mouth of the Allegash seems to have changed his inclination, for he has turned boniface at the old Eagle Hotel, Fort Kent. By the way, Morris is not the villain and desperado he has been painted, as hundreds of sportsmen and others who know him well will testify. I have known him since he was a babe in arms at the old log camp, foot of northeast carry on the west branch of the Penobscot. Old Joe Morris, who then run the camp, was his father, and here he was born and grew up the good guide and hunter that he is. Collins was not enforcing the game law at the time he was shot, "but that is another story."

Deer too are plenty as fleas on a fox, and are increasing rapidly. All the killing, in season and out, cannot equal the natural increase. When the deer go it will be when the wolves again return in force.

As to caribou, but little is seen of them during hot weather in any year. I have an opinion that flies do not plague them so as to cause them to take to water. No doubt they will be plenty as usual when their favorite season, winter, sends them frolicking over the barrens.

PINE TREE.

---

*The* FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

## AN IDEAL LOG CAMP.

Birch Island, Hobb Lake, Me., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just completed on this lovely island an ideal log camp, at least I consider it so, and those who have seen it say that there is none so handsome in the New England States. Be that as it may, it is a superb piece of log building, and the situation on this beautiful Hobb Lake, with a charming view of wooded islands and a range of mountains on the horizon, complete a most attractive picture.

The ground plan of camp is as follows: First floor, two rooms, 18×30ft. The front room, with open brick fireplace, I use as a living room, the rear room I use as a billiard room. The entrance up stairs is from the billiard room. On the second floor are four chambers, 15×10, and amply large for two single beds in each, besides the other needed furniture. There are two windows on either side of the roof, thus giving each chamber two windows. A covered piazza in front, 20×8ft., completes the plan. The whole structure is covered with hand split cedar shingles 2½ft. long. The logs were very carefully chosen, are straight and uniform in size, and are put together in splendid shape. The interstices between the logs are filled outside and inside with quarter rounds of basswood instead of the usual moss, and this helps to heighten the clean, white appearance of the beautifully peeled logs. Planed spruce floors and sheathing of same between the rooms, the logs showing in the ceilings. Bear skins are spread on the floors, and trophies of the chase are put up and about everywhere. Rods and guns are supported on brackets made of deer's feet bent to the proper shape.

I may as well mention a few attractions of this lovely region. Deer are exceedingly plentiful. I scarcely expect to be believed, but at Turner Pond Camp (one of the outlying camps connected with the sporting preserve of Mr. L. P. Kinne, who owns the island) one of the guests last week counted forty-one deer on the borders of the pond at one time. I myself have frequently seen a dozen at once. And a few days since I saw a bull and cow moose at Turner Pond and my guide paddled me within 30yds. of them (it was in broad daylight), and then didn't dare to proceed further, for the moose both came out into the pond to meet me, and the guide did not dare to go nearer. It was my first sight of a moose and I could scarcely have wished for a more interesting one. I paddled up to a group of five bucks and one doe on the same pond, all standing within a space of 20ft. square. This pond is as noted for trout as deer, and is one of many ponds teeming with good-sized fish. I have been about some of the Maine sporting camps, but I have never found such a beautiful scenic section coupled with the superb hunting and fishing. There is no difficulty in getting the legal limit of game in a very short time.

The first day of October of last year my party stayed at the Hobb Falls Camp, on Moose River, nine miles from the main camp, and at night three deer hung in camp beside a canoe bottom up covered with partridge, duck and small game. Do you wonder I built a camp?

C. S. Cook.

## A TEST OF THE .30CAL. MILITARY.

Mendocino County, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the discussion (already closed) which the question of A. H. in your issue of June 11 brought forth, viz., the most suitable caliber for large game, and I admire very much the masterly manner in which A. H. considered and handled the evidence, and the conclusion arrived at, .45 90 being my choice.

But I see by your issue of July 25 (which is just to hand) that the .30cal. U. S. Army or military and sporting rifle is brought quite conspicuously to the front, and as I have had an opportunity of trying one of these guns for accuracy and penetration, and thinking the results would be interesting to many readers of Forest and Stream, I submit the following report:

About five weeks since, a dealer in this city who had just added one of these guns to his stock said to me: "This gun is warranted to me to be accurate for one mile, and will shoot through a solid bar of iron 1in. in thickness. Let us try it some day. That is," he continued, "with these cartridges loaded with smokeless powder and metal-jacketed bullets." This statement did not surprise me, for I had often before heard and read similar and even greater things about the almighty capabilities of the new .30cal. rifle with nitro smokeless powder and steel-jacketed bullets with chilled points (with a 6in. twist to the rifling), which gave the bullet six turns to the inch.

A few days afterward I called for the gun. The owner then being absent on business, I procured a piece of tough iron 8in. long, 2½in. wide and 1in. in thickness. Then with the gun, ten cartridges and a wiping stick I went home to my ranch.

The gun was .30cal., barrel of nickel steel, 26in. in length, made by the Winchester Arms Co., with cartridges made by same company, loaded with 30grs. smokeless powder and a 160gr. metal-jacketed bullet.

On screwing one of the bullets in a vise and pulling the shell off the bullet it would seem that the heavy metal in the shell was crimped quite too deep into the jacket which incased the bullet, for the jacket parted at the crimp and stripped completely off the base end of the bullet. I thus learned the general make-up of the cartridges and their contents and had nine left to shoot with.

First shot, at the iron 1in. in thickness; distance, 20ft. from breech of gun. Result: flying fragments to a dangerous degree, and an indentation in the iron about the size and shape of the large end of a quail's egg and less than ¼in. in depth.

Next came two shots for accuracy and penetration in wood; distance, 40 mensured yards from a rest. The rest consisted of a seat, support to lean right side against, support under each elbow, and gun resting lightly about 8in. from muzzle on a soft folded coat. Target consisted of pasteboard, properly lined with pencil, and speck in center to aim at, tacked on flat side of block, of green black oak; I moved the pasteboard a little after first shot. Result: first shot struck ¼in. above speck aimed at and ¼in. to right of center perpendicular line. Second shot a little lower and closer to center perpendicular line. A 5-cent nickel just completely covered both the bullet holes in the pasteboard. On splitting the block I found first bullet, extreme penetration, 4¼in.; second bullet, 4¼in.

Next I fired two shots off-hand, distance 375yds. measured; target, small building, with half of letter envelope about 8½in. square to aim at; fired both shots before examining. Results: one bullet 8½in. to right of paper and 5in. low; second bullet, 5in. to left of paper shot at and 8in. low.

At this time I was accompanied by a friend who has been an acknowledged good shot for many years, both with gallery and sporting rifle. We then tried to find a rabbit to see how clean we could wipe it off the face of the earth, but we failed to find one, so concluded to finish our cartridges at a black stump; and on finding a suitable place to stand, where the rear sight would be in the shade and the front sight in the sun, I stuck a small white flower 1in. in diameter on the side of the stump and fired at that, ninety paces distant, off-hand. My first shot hit above and 1½in. from the edge of the flower. My second shot was a little lower and 3in. from flower. The third shot, fired by my friend, landed 1½in. high from center shot at and to the right. The fourth and last shot was fired by my friend, the bullet striking sidewise and 5in. high and to the right. This was caused by the imperfection of cartridge, no doubt.

Omitting the whys and wherefores, I will give as my opinion, judging from the very meager trial or test just had, that for accuracy at any reasonable distance this gun is in the No. 1 first class, and as to penetration it is equal to all that can be reasonably expected with so light ammunition.

My friend, on witnessing the performance of this gun and also shooting it himself, frequently expressed himself as follows: "Why, with the sights that are on my Ballard on this gun, either you or I could kill a deer with it at 500yds." "I believe when I get a little used to this gun, with sights like what I have on my Ballard, I could hit silver dollars all day at 100yds." "Next thing I buy bigger than a jackknife will be one of these guns."

I will further state that the measurements, etc., as given above, were taken at the time the shooting was done for the purpose of showing the owner of the gun, who has since informed me that he had made a mistake in giving me the thickness of the iron; the iron should have been ¼in. in thickness.

J. M. Robinson.

### Uncle Lisha's Outing.

Boston, Mass., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to express the hope that the series of charming sketches, "Uncle Lisha's Outing," lately concluded in your columns, may soon be republished in book form.

I am sure I voice the wishes of many others of your readers equally with my own in this desire. The several characters whose haps and mishaps are so graphically and interestingly described are to many of us like well-loved and long-time friends, whom we meet again with sincere pleasure. Personally I have passed many pleasant hours with "Danvis Folks," in "Uncle Lisha's Shop" or in "Sam Lovel's Camps," and I hope soon to place this chronicle of their latest deeds on my library shelves, beside the volumes wherein their earlier experiences are described.

I would like also earnestly to thank Mr. R. E. Robinson for the pleasure I have derived from these delightful tales.

During my boyhood's years I lived in a section of country where the dialect as spoken by these characters was the common language; so that reading it this late day is to me like hearing the voices of the past, awakening memories that are at once both pleasant and sorrowful.

With sincere best wishes for the constant and increasing prosperity of Forest and Stream, and the hope that it may continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the leading sportsman's journal of the country, I remain

Fred. F. Roby.

### Death of Dr. Bamber.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. O Stewart Bamber, formerly of this city, died on the evening of the 6th at his farm at Canastota, N. Y.

The Doctor was an enthusiastic sportsman, never as happy as when following a well-broken dog through the partridge or woodcock cover.

He had for about fifteen years been a regular reader of the Forest and Stream, and had at the time of his death the complete files of the paper for about twelve years in his office.

He acted as secretary of the last bench show given in this city, and I think Uncle Dick will recall the numerous trips from Machinery Hall out to the back entrance to the fair grounds in a pouring rain and gale of wind, with a very poor lantern to guide us, mud over our shoes and our Uncle's duster hanging about him like a dish cloth.

One of the Doctor's latest contributions to Forest and Stream, if I remember correctly, was "Through to Twitchell," published some three or four years since.

He was for several years owner of the beagle Jack Rowett, which did some winning down the circuit two or three years since.

He leaves a wife and one child, together with a host of warm friends, to mourn his loss.

Geo. C. Cross.

### Game Pictures.

The series of game pictures by Mr. A. B. Frost, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, has been enriched by two more recent contributions, the subjects being "Autumn Woodcock" and "Quail Shooting." In the latter two pointers apparently have rounded the wary birds from dense cover into the open, where the climax, the rapid flight of the birds to cover, the dogs on point and back, and the sportsman with gun to shoulder and about to fire, make a very pleasing scene. Mr. Frost selected the surroundings most happily. A rail fence along which is a dense growth of bushes with a touch or two of evergreen trees, a ravine running through the middle ground, and old fields peeping through in the perspective, with woods in the background softened by distance, make an ideal haunt of the quail.

"Autumn Woodcock" is a very pleasant picture, though the subject is a most difficult one to handle, as to show the woodcock in his typical haunt would be much like painting a bear in a cave. Yet Mr. Frost has done well. Along a glade where woods and open meet, where a brook and the shadows keep the soil damp, two setters—the one orange and white, the other black and white—have come to point and back, the shooter emerging with his gun at ready for the expected rise of the phantom bird. The text accompanying the pictures infuses a further spirit of the sports of the woods and fields, making reminiscent chapters common to the life of all who have had the hunter's enthusiasm and experience.

# Sea and River Fishing.

## MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

### VII.—George W. Simpkins.

"When vacation time comes," said my mother, "if you are a good boy and go to school regularly, don't ruin your shoes in the swamps nor tear your clothes in the nut trees, you may go and visit with Mr. Simpkins, where you will have all the fishing and shooting that you want. He writes that he would like you to spend your vacation with him, and perhaps you may see a deer, for they are plenty near his place. It all depends, however, on the way you behave between now and then."

"Who is Mr. Simpkins, mother, and where does he live?"

"He is a farmer who lives up in Warren county on the border of the great woods. His farm is on the Schroon River, where there are plenty of fish, and the woods are full of game of all kinds. He married a distant relative of mine whom you never met, but who spent some months with us before you can remember."

Here was a prospect of fun! Fishing and shooting, with the chance of seeing a real live deer. There was a stuffed buck in the State Geological Hall in Albany, but it appeared to be ridiculously small to my notion, for I had read that "A monstrous buck came crashing through the underbrush," while the little animal, a trifle moth-eaten, that stood stuffed and looking unhappy, was not as big as our brindle cow.

This was in the spring of 1849—recalled by one of mother's letters now before me—and I would be sixteen years old when August came. From a public library Cooper's "Deerslayer" was borrowed, and John Atwood and I studied it carefully. It was excitingly interesting, and we held our breath when the cap was lifted from the old pirate Hutter, in his ark, and he was found to be scalped when they thought he was only drunk, and the whole story of Indian fighting, capture and escape from torture, so took possession of us that the book was finished before it occurred to John to say: "It's a mighty good story, but I'll be durned if it tells much about killin' deer. I thought it was a-goin' to tell a feller how to find 'em, an' how to shoot 'em, an' it's all about killin' Ingens. I don't want to kill any Ingens—they never hurt me none—but I would like to get a crack a deer. You got to have a good rifle an' take 'em jes' back of the fore shoulder, right in the heart, or they'll run off an' die. You couldn't kill a deer! You'd git scared if you saw one. I don't believe ole Port Tyler could kill a deer, 'less the deer stood still, for they jump 100ft. at a lick, an' lightnin' 'd have a hard time to ketch 'em."

The days were filled with talk of the coming expedition into a land where the deer had not only lived, but had been seen feeding among the cows; and the nights were filled with visions of deer whose horns were as high and branching as an oak, and the squirrels were leaping from tine to tine, disturbing the partridges which were nesting in the antlers. Even dreams have ends to them, whether of sport, fame or wealth. The long-looked-for day came, and the start was made. At this day all is blank until Glens Falls was reached, and whether we started from Albany by rail, canal or stage is uncertain. The ecstatic pleasure of at last really going to this promised land of fish and game obliterated all such purely mechanical ideas as the ways to get there. But Glens Falls was a place to be looked out for with open eyes. Here was the cave in which Hawk-Eye and Uncas stood off the Mingoes! Here was the precipice from which Uncas killed the Mingo who fell from an overhanging tree, and Uncas was chided by the scout for hitting him some "2in. below" the painted belt line, as memory recalls the story.

Mother went up with me. She was entirely ignorant of the history of that terrible night in the cavern when the screams of the tortured horses directed the rescuers to the cave, and actually seemed indifferent about visiting places which to me were not only historic, but sacred.

Here I must pause and look back. At that time the difference between history and fiction was not a strictly defined line. My ideas of such things were crude. To-day, forty-seven years later, when one should be able to discriminate between fact and fancy in what passes for history, that line seems as misty as ever. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is grand, but we do not find the evidence of an advanced civilization before the conquest of that country. The great temples have not a stone left. There is not a trace of an aboriginal, intelligent people, while at Glens Falls the cave of Uncas is there, in part. The great cliff, where the Mingo was shot by Uncas, is being torn down, and a few years ago I was there with a Fish Commissioner who had no poetry in his soul, and who actually suggested cutting away a portion of the celebrated cave of Uncas to make a fishway!

I have strayed from my text, but let us hope that the people of Glens Falls or of the State of New York will preserve this cave as all other historic places are preserved, for if the cave is not a part of real history it should be made so by law.

We had a rest at Glens Falls and then took stage for Caldwell, at the foot of Lake George, and so on to the village of Warrensburgh. Perched beside the driver, the trip was exhilarating, and the scenes of the French and Indian war which he pointed out emerged from the mists of imagination and became realities. Two young canal drivers were seated on the boot, with legs dangling, amusing themselves with song, and during a lull in the talk with the driver or a slackening of speed snatches of a quaint melody floated up. It was a song never heard before nor since and, like all the old ballads, of interminable length. Alas! the railway has killed all the country ballads and substituted the inane songs of the roof-gardens and concert halls, to the disgust of the student of folk-lore. This song of the canal drivers was a quaint one, relating to the heroic feats of a Mr. Riley, who had lost an eye, and its quaint old chorus of "To ri odalink" rings in my ears as I write; the rest is lost.

It was evening when Mr. Simpkins met us at the hotel in Warrensburgh with his team. He was a stalwart farmer whose appearance, from team to person, denoted thrift, and his cordial reception soon made us friends. A drive of three or four miles northward brought us to his farm, a welcome from Mrs. Simpkins and supper. The house was at the foot of a mountain, up which ran a

road, and most of the farm was in a deep bend of the Schroon River, where the soil was very rich and from which a crop of grain had been taken. It was too late in the day to fish or shoot, but my fishing tackle was laid out and inspected and we talked of field sports until bedtime, when a tired boy turned and caught enormous fish which unhooked themselves and either walked back into the water on their tails or vanished into air. A squirrel which I had killed turned into a live bear and was charging me when Mrs. Simpkins called me to breakfast, and the real world came suddenly back. If the shade of Shakespeare could have spent the night with me he would have amended his saying: "Dreams are the children of an idle brain." Mine was busy.

Bait had been provided and the river was reached. Mr. Simpkins had often fished before, but it was evident that my schooling under Reuben Wood and John Atwood rendered me competent to show him how to rig his lines, select his poles and how to properly impale a worm. He chose a low point of land where there was a high bank and a deep hole on the opposite side, in the bend, and we fished. At that early day there were no black bass in either Schroon Lake or the river, and we took a fine lot of perch and a few other fishes. He was an observant man and showed me where kingfishers had nested in a hole in the bank, under a stump, and we dug out the nest and a lot of fish bones, and the nesting habits of this bird were learned.

Gray squirrels were plenty, they could be seen and heard in all directions from the house, and as this kind of game was rare about Greenbush, where the little chickaree, or red squirrel, was abundant, there was every morning either fishing or squirrel shooting, and in the evening a shot or two at the great northern hare, a new animal to me, which they said was white in winter. Mother went home after a week, saying that she had eaten fish and game enough to last for some time, and I went up the mountain the day before she left and brought her five ruffed grouse—we called them "pa'tridges"—to take home to the family. I made the usual promise which a mother always expects, to be a good boy; no hard matter, with no schoolmaster near and all the time to do as I pleased.

One day we were fishing in the river, taking an occasional fish and watching little rafts of boards float by, when one with a man on it came in sight. He was steering it with a pole and starting any others that had lodged along the banks; when he saw us he pushed up ashore and, after the usual greeting, said: "Simpkins, we are going to have a deer hunt day after to-morrow, will you go?"

"Yes, where are you going to make the drive?"

"Over on the West River, where we went last year. Our boys haven't had a bite of venison this summer and they think it about time for it, we'll look for you, sure," and he poled his raft into the stream and was soon lost to sight.

The "West River" was a local term for the Hudson; the Schroon, of course, being the "East River." I had heard that Simpkins was a mighty hunter, especially good at still-hunting. He said that the season was too early for the latter sport, because the trees and underbrush were in full leaf. He brought out his favorite gun, oiled the locks and cleaned the barrels. It was a double gun, one barrel a rifle and the other a smooth-bore, quite heavy and handsomely finished. I had been using a single-barreled shotgun on the grouse and squirrels, and had not seen this one. Old Gunner, his hound, had an eye on the gun, and it might have been hard to say whose excitement was greatest, his or mine. There was this difference between us: Gunner was asking and expecting to go, and I would not ask and did not expect to be invited to join in a hunt with men who might not like the intrusion; but you have no idea how much I would have liked an invitation!

"Ever shoot a rifle?" he asked.

"No, but I've seen a man shoot at a mark lots of times, and have often sighted it on his targets, and I know how to load one." All this to show that I thought I could be trusted with a rifle if he'd only ask me to go. O, if he only would! "I know you put the bullet on your flat hand and pour on powder enough to cover it, and that's the proper load. Then you put the powder in the rifle and lay a greased patch over the muzzle, put the bullet on the patch and force it down, way down until it is home and the ramrod bounds on it. The rod won't bounce if the bullet isn't home." This was to give him further proof that I knew enough about a rifle to use one. Would he ever take the hint?

"I've killed eleven deer with this gun," said he, "and I haven't had it two years. Killed all but one with the rifle barrel. That one was close by, not over 30yds. off, and I missed it clean with the rifle; the bullet may have touched a twig and gone off somewhere else, for the deer stood broadside to and didn't see me. He jumped at the shot, but I fetched him with buckshot in the other barrel. Ever see a deer?"

"Not a live one, only stuffed ones in the museum, but I would like to see a real live deer in the woods, jumping as they do in pictures." There! that was a distinct bid for an invitation. If it didn't come after that he was a stupid, or did not want me. He put the gun aside, filled his powder horn, spent much time with other things and then slowly said:

"How would you like to go along?"

"Oh, Mr. Simpkins! you don't mean it! I would be in the way, I fear."

"No, you can go if you like; I'll go up the hill to Kellam's and borrow a rifle for you; he has three, and you can practice with it this afternoon and we'll get an early start in the morning."

My rifle shooting that afternoon did not break all records, unless for bad off-hand shooting; but who could do good shooting when all a-tremble from head to foot? The fact that many monstrous bucks were killed in bed that night proves that I had some sleep. Otherwise it might be doubted if an eye was closed.

By the time we had gone a few miles the party numbered six men and about as many hounds. A man took all the dogs to put them out singly as he found a deer track, while the rest went on to take stands on the runways. I was placed in a road looking over a field to a piece of woods some 200yds. off, and told to watch a point where a deer might come out, but not to shoot until it had jumped the rail fence, when it might stop to look up and down the road if not frightened, and so a good shot might be had. It seemed many hours, it may have been half of one, when a hound that had been baying for some time in the distance was evidently getting nearer, still he was afar off. A farm wagon came rattling up the road with three men in it. When opposite me, as I turned to look at them, one arose and yelled, "See that deer!" I looked back and saw something like a small calf turn and re-enter the woods. So that little thing was a deer! Where was the hound? In the pictures the hounds were pressing the deer hard, some of them tearing at his flanks (see advertisement of the Bromfield House in one of the last pages of this journal). More time passed, such long hours I never did see, the sun was not yet at meridian, and the hound kept slowly approaching—O, so slow—and finally old Gunner came out of that bit of wood, giving tongue at intervals, and after slowly getting to the place where I first saw the deer he turned and followed its track, making a V out into the field. I had at last seen a real live deer! That was a thing to tell John Atwood and Port Tyler, and to brag about.

After a while a man appeared from the woods. It was the driver. He saw the track and wondered what turned the deer back. He said that it was an old runway that was seldom used and none of the party wanted it. "Yet," said he, "the first deer of the season took it, and you'd have got a shot only for that wagon."

Perhaps it was well that it turned out so, for, as he spoke, a rifle shot was heard off to the left, where the deer went, and we learned afterward that one of the party stopped my deer a mile above, and it was a fair-sized doe in good condition.

So far there was a lack of excitement in hounding deer. The long solitary waits, not long in reality, but intolerably so to a boy whose gun was ready, and as he fixed himself on the runway mentally said: "Now bring on your deer!"

The patience of the fisherman somehow was mislaid. The case was different. Of course you must wait in the quiet of a mill pond for a fish to come to sample your bait, but here was a noisy, bell-mouthed hound proclaiming his every move, bringing to you a new game of great size, which tested your marksmanship to its utmost, with a 16 to 1 chance that you missed him. He would not swallow your hook and be pulled in by main strength, O, no. Here I give up the comparison. We all know just how it is. I've tried to tell how I think it is, but give it up. Can't do it.

The driver took me over to the river, and put me on a runway there, and left. He said that the other hounds were off, some out of hearing, but they might bring a deer this way. I was on a high bank on an outside bend of the river and could see down to the next bend, about 100yds., and there was a shallow riffle that a deer could walk from opposite my station to the point below, on my side. I ate my lunch. Squirrels jumped about and a partridge alighted on a nearby limb. Temptation is one of the hardest things to resist, and I have not always been equal to the task, but this day I simply took good aim at them and thought. It had been impressed upon me that I must not shoot except at a deer, that a shot from me would testify that a deer had come my way and would confuse others. Hounds were tonguing in several directions. I had about lost interest in this stupid work when, "flecked with leafy light and shadow," a buck walked down the opposite slope into the river. It must be a dream. There were no hounds after him that could be seen, and it seemed as if I was choking. He drank, looked around and drank again. I must shoot him! That fact slowly came to me, but I was all a-tremble. He walked diagonally across the river. I aimed and fired. He floundered in the water. Surely he was hit, but might escape! Never thinking to load and shoot again, I left the rifle, and with bare hands started for the buck to take him by the horns and drown him. I slipped on the slimy stones and fell twice, but the buck was slipping and falling also. I was within 20ft. of him when a rifle shot dropped him. It was the driver who had hurried forward at the sound of my shot, and just in time to save the day. Unless a scratch on top of the neck was made by my bullet, I missed him. The slippery stones threw him when he tried to run, and to my statement that I intended to take him by the horns and drown him the driver said: "You durned fool, he'd 'a' ripped all the clothes offen you with his forefeet, and might 'a' taken your bowels out at the same time. Don't you ever go to foolin' with a deer that has got fight left in him, or you won't have any left in you." The shots brought two more out of the party, and the buck was soon skinned and cut up for transportation. Although the horns, being in the velvet, were said to be of no use, I insisted on saving them as a trophy of my "first deer," for, like Falstaff over the dead body of Hotspur, I intended to "swear I killed him myself." So the trophy was preserved and taken to Albany, and for many years I did more lying about killing that buck than a dealer in garden seeds does in his spring catalogue. Simpkins said: "A little lie like that never hurts anybody. Most all young hunters lie a little about their game." At first it hurt me to lie about it—especially to old Port Tyler, who wanted all the details—but the story soon assumed the veracity of history. In later life I killed many deer, but they somehow never assumed the importance of the only one I ever lied about. I wrote John Atwood about it, quoting from "As You Like It:" "Which is he that killed the deer?" and winding up by telling him he didn't know a thing about the jump of the deer, for they couldn't make over 15ft. at a jump.

A quarter of the doe was given me to carry. I was put on the road home, while the rest went another way. Stopping at Kellam's about sundown, his wife gave me supper, and leaving the rifle, I took a shotgun and shouldered the venison for home, down the mountain. An unearthly scream came from a distance, and my pace quickened. Again the horrible scream was given closer by, and with an open pocket knife and a cocked gun I jumped along down hill, leaving tracks that surprised men who saw them next day. Getting over a rail fence near the house the knife pricked my wrist, and it seemed as if the animal had me. I was faint with fright, and it was some time before Mrs. Simpkins could learn the cause. Her husband came about midnight and heard her story as he was about to get in bed. He dressed, called Gunner, took his rifle and started up the hill. Kellam and he put the dogs out, but old Gunner soon came back, cried, got between his master's legs and could not be made to stir. A puppy went on and put up something, but they could not follow it. A panther had been about the locality some time, and shortly after I left Mr. Simpkins killed a large one. A Mr. Beadenell said it was a bluejay that screamed and scared me, but when I told this to my friend he said: "Bluejays don't scream after dark," and that settled the jay question.

At this time Simpkins was perhaps thirty-five years old. He had not lived near Warrensburgh long and moved West a few years later, and I lost track of him. Memory recalls him as an intelligent farmer, a good hunter, an indifferent fisherman and a good friend who helped me lie about that deer, for which let us hope that both he and I have been forgiven, and that the recording angel, as in the case of "Uncle Toby," after recording the sin dropped a tear upon the page and blotted it out forever.

FRED MATHER.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Fly-Fishing at N'ght for Rainbow Trout.

My memorandum book has some notes concerning my recent experience in fly-fishing for rainbow trout at night, and I intended to write them out for this column. Before I could do so my attention was called to a query in a monthly publication: "Is trout fishing at night considered legitimate sport?" The editor of the publication says in reply, "Among anglers who follow trout fishing for the ethical pleasure it affords and not for the pounds of fish, cruelly fishing for trout at night, especially with natural bait, is not considered legitimate. At that time the trout are oblivious to danger, and, if hungry, the merest tyro can catch them. But the great body of fishermen do not recognize this law of angling ethics and you will not be reflected upon," etc.

This, being interpreted according to the law of the Cadi, means that the great body of fishermen are blind to the fact that they uphold an illegitimate method of fishing. Now, if it is only the small body of fishermen who consider night fishing illegitimate, which is apt to be right in the construction of the ethical question, the majority or the minority?

Had I been the author of that answer, after reading it in cold type, I would have felt it my duty to call it in for repairs out of respect to the opinion of the great body of fishermen. If a well-known name had not been signed to the answer I would have said that the writer never caught a trout at night. Perhaps my sensibilities are blunted, but I must confess that I do not comprehend why it is more cruel to fool a trout at night than it is in daylight. I have never fished for trout at night with natural bait, but I have often fished for them at night with the fly, and my experience has been such that on this subject I can honestly say in the words of George Washington, "I would rather be right than flock with the minority."

Another thing: if "the merest tyro" can catch trout at night with the fly he can catch them at any time and anywhere that they will rise to the fly, if I am a judge of the matter. But my own fishing is getting cold, although I suppose after reading the answer I have quoted I ought to swear that I never caught a trout at night instead of confessing my sin.

I was at St. Hubert's Inn, at the lower end of the Keene Valley, ten days ago, and had to visit Chapel Pond, which belongs to the State, in a business way. I had a limited time to do certain things, and the programme called for a visit to Chapel Pond between dinner at 6:30 P. M. and 6 o'clock the next morning, when I was to start for Westport. Mr. W. Scott Brown, the superintendent of the Adirondack Mountain Reserve Association, who was to go with me, said I might get some rainbow trout from the pond after dark, as they would not rise during the day. My rod case with my rods had been left at Lake Placid, and Mr. Brown very kindly loaned me one of his, and I had a fly-book and several reels in my bag. Chapel Pond is beautifully situated and is one of the finest ponds in the Adirondacks, containing brook, rainbow and lake trout, although it is not fitted for the last-named species, which have been planted in it within recent years. You approach the pond through a grove, chiefly of white birches, and on the shore opposite from the road a great cliff rises, seemingly from the water's edge. Directly under this cliff, when you reach it, you find a mere ribbon of shore and on it a lady has a camp as novel and picturesque as can be found in the Adirondacks. A visitor to the camp has a feeling that a fragment of that cliff is very liable to come tumbling down at any moment and bury the camp and occupants under tons of Paleozoic rock, but when one forgets that destruction is frowning from aloft the camp is a very charming spot and as secluded as if it were provided with moat, portcullis, men-at-arms and all the trimmings of an ancient castle. I called upon the ladye of the castle, for it was her warder who owns the boats on the pond, Will Owens by name.

If my call was one of courtesy, inclination prolonged it, and when I got into the boat to fish it was half an hour after 9 o'clock. Half the pond under the cliff was in the shadow and half in the bright moonlight, and the white birches stood out like ghostly sentinels as the moonlight fell upon them.

Owens confirmed what I had previously been told, that the rainbow trout would not rise to the fly during the day and there was no certainty that they would do so at night, although that was when they were caught, if ever. He said that a visitor to the pond once saw the trout jumping apparently all over the surface of the water, and went out in high feather to fish. He came in without a fish, and said that, though the trout were so thick and so hungry they were eating the bushes on the shore, they would not look at his flies. Owens told me they would rise to nothing but a white miller, and although my fly-book contained two gross of flies or more, there was not a white miller in the lot, so I put on a white-winged coachman and a dusty miller. Owens offered me a white miller, but I declined it in spite of his protests, as I believed that either of my flies would answer the purpose. I got one strike from what seemed to be a big trout, and pricked him as I turned him over in the water, and after that the trout in that pond had no further use for my flies. I was finally forced to accept, with thanks, a white miller from Owens, and thereafter I got some fish.

Of six fish taken there was but one strike with a rush and splash and that was my first one that got away. Five of the trout were rainbows and one was a brook trout, and they ran from just under ¼lb. to just under 1lb. in weight. The "strike" was peculiar and did not deserve the name. The boat was paddled parallel to and within casting distance of the shore, and I cast close inshore and slowly drew the fly into deeper water. The strike was very faint and like catching the hook on a blade of grass,

but when the hook did catch a blade of grass a strike on my part produced a trout if well hooked. Owens had some peculiar ideas about the striking of the trout and he was satisfied that they came up behind the fly, took it gently in the mouth and swam along with it until they cast it out as worthless after a trial. He said the strike was so gentle that it was difficult to distinguish it from any motion of the rod, and so while he cast with the rod in his right hand he held the line in his left hand and struck at the slightest check of his line.

I have an idea that if the "merest tyro" should go to Chapel Pond and could overcome his ethical scruples sufficiently to fish at night for trout to eat (and give him white millers at that) he would be found in the woods eating browse before he would be found eating trout of his own catching.

### Digging Eels for Bait.

On the last day of July I was called at 5 o'clock A. M. in Binghamton, N. Y., in order to get a train on the Erie R. R. for Deposit. There was nothing particularly inviting about such an early call, for I could get no breakfast until I had ridden forty miles, and there was a journey ahead of me that would continue until 3 o'clock the next morning.

Between Binghamton and Susquehanna I discovered a number of men fishing in the Susquehanna River as the train hurried past, and they interested me to the extent that I forgot about my breakfast. After breakfast at Deposit I had to drive eight miles to Cannonsville, in Delaware county, to look at a new dam on a tributary of the West Branch of the Delaware, to see if it required a fishway. The proprietor of a livery stable drove me to the little hamlet, having undertaken to get me back in time for a certain train. He was curious to know who I was and what business I had in Cannonsville, and I was obliged to say I was not a commercial traveler, although this was my first trip over the road. As he would know sooner or later, I finally told him I was going to examine a dam. He knew all about it, knew who I was, and said he would give me a pointer: "I will drive you right to the dam and you can look it over and have time to get your train, if the people in the town do not find out who you are and what you are here for. If they do there will be fifty men there to give you advice, and if you listen to them all you will not get any train to-day."

The dam did not require a fishway, as the building of such a structure would simply let the black bass up from the river into an excellent trout stream and destroy the trout fishing. My driver entertained me with fishing gossip of the neighborhood, and pointed out Collet's Dam as we passed it as being the limit of the run of shad years ago, before the dam at Lackawaxen was built. After the building of the latter dam no shad ran up the West Branch of the Delaware until fishways were built in Lackawaxen Dam, and since then the shad have returned regularly; "but they are not good to eat, as they have a peculiar taste, which spoils them for food." Collet's Dam is seventy-five miles above Lackawaxen. Returning to Deposit, I observed men, singly and in groups, fishing in the river. The water was so clear and inviting that I wished that I had time and a fish rod and I would have been in the river up to my middle, as I saw the men. I asked if it was customary for so many people to engage in fishing in the river, and my driver explained that after the farmers had finished haying and had gathered their oats they always took a vacation and spent it in fishing the river or neighboring ponds. "I will bet a dollar that on a little pond containing black bass just back of that hill you will find twenty-five farmers fishing to-day." On the shore of an island in the river I saw a man apparently spading the margin of the river. He was digging in the water close to the shore and throwing the mud up on the bank, while seven men were fishing just below him. I asked what the man was doing, and my friend said, "Digging lampers for bait." I was out of the wagon before he could stop, breaking my eye glasses in my haste, for I wished to see the operation of digging eels, even if I missed my train. Sure enough the man was digging young lamprey eels much as one digs angle worms. The young eels were from 6in. to a foot deep in the mud along the shore and he got one about every time he lifted a shovelful of mud. The eels were about 5 or 6in. long and the men told me they were the best possible bait for black bass. The hook is put through the skin two-thirds of the way from the head to the tail, and when I went down to where the men were fishing with eel bait, and saw the bait in the water, I did not wonder that it was good for bass. A man who furnished me with black bass bait in West Virginia brought me some black lizards, at which I drew the line, but young "lampers" are all right and make an excellent bait, although they may seem a little snaky at first, but they are such clean little things no fisherman can object to them.

The fishermen on the West Branch of the Delaware would do well to take a foot rule with them when they go fishing for black bass, or at least get a nice flat stick and measure off on it eight consecutive inches and cut off the stick where the 8in. begin and where they end, and if they apply the 8in. stick to the bass they catch they may find that some of them should go back in the water alive to avoid breaking Section 111 of the Game Law, which has a penalty clause of $10 for each bass retained under 8in. in length. I did not measure the small bass that I saw on a string and in a boat, but I judged that some of them were very small for 8in. bass. The history of the black bass in the river, as it was told to me, is like that of the bass in many other waters in the State. At first the bass grew to good size and fish of from 3 to 4lbs. were not uncommon. Now a 2lb. bass is considered a big fish and there are a great many small fish from a few ounces in weight to three-quarters of a pound, the smaller ones outnumbering the ½lb. fish. It is only another case of exhaustion of the natural food of the river, and for lack of food the fish are dwarfed in size. Apparently there is no other fresh-water fish that will so thoroughly clean out the food supply as the black bass.

Nature never intended the black bass for small waters, but where they have been introduced food must be supplied when they have exhausted the natural food, or the bass will be of small size. Crawfish is one of the best of foods for black bass, and where they have been introduced to my knowledge they have multiplied rapidly in spite of the bass.

### Ouananiche in United States.

If the so-called landlocked salmon, which is not landlocked, was first known as ouananiche, why should not the fish be known as ouananiche, whether caught in Canada, Maine, New Hampshire or New York? Priority in the scientific names of fishes establishes the name to the point of calling a black bass a trout, through a misunderstanding of description and a deformed specimen of fish; and why should not the same rule obtain with common names, particularly when the antecedent name is more appropriate than those which come after?

Dr. John D. Quackenbos, writing me from Sunapee Lake, N. H., tells me of the capture of a ouananiche in that lake. A gentleman was trolling the shores of the lake for black bass with a small Skinner spoon, when he hooked a ouananiche of 11lbs. When the fish was brought to the side of the boat an attempt was made to net him with a small trout net. The net was placed over his head and that was as far as it would go, and then the fish went off with the net, wearing it as a collar. But another fisherman with a larger net came to the rescue and the fish was secured.

Another visitor to Sunapee Lake was particularly fortunate in his catch and the diversity of it. In one day he hooked and killed a ouananiche of 18lbs., another of 5½lbs., a speckled trout of 3lbs., a golden trout or Sunapee saibling of 2½lbs. and four smaller trout weighing 4½lbs., making a total catch of 27¾lbs. The next morning he killed another ouananiche of 9lbs. and several trout weighing from 1½ to 3lbs. each.

It is four years since the first fingerling ouananiche from Maine were planted in Lake Champlain, and this year a number of the fish have been caught by anglers. Lake Champlain and Lake George are destined to become fine ouananiche waters in the near future. Two years ago I planted a carload of fingerling fish of the species in each lake for the U. S. Fish Commission, and last year two other carloads of fingerlings were planted, to be followed by two carloads next fall. This year the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York planted all the streams where the young ouananiche have been deposited with fresh-water shrimp as food for them. In one lake the adult fish will find an abundance of frostfish (round whitefish) for food and in the other an equal abundance of smelt.

### Black Bass Scores.

On several occasions I have urged that the number of black bass to be taken in one day by one angler be limited by law. Last winter the New York Legislature passed a law which does limit the number of bass which can be taken in a portion of the St. Lawrence River to twelve fish, and no bass are to be killed that are less than 10in. in length. That is a good law as far as it goes, but why it should stop at the St. Lawrence River is what I cannot understand. If it is a good law for this river why not apply it to all the waters in the State? The black bass is the one fish which the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission cannot supply to fished-out waters except in limited numbers, and it is the one fish which is not protected during the breeding season, except in Lake George.

This year the people of the State asked for nearly 2,000,000 of black bass to be planted in various waters, and the Commission could supply only a few hundred of adult fish, and yet these few hundred of black bass would be all-sufficient to stock or restock any waters in which they are placed if they could be protected during their breeding season and the fishermen would use ordinary common sense in fishing for them. If the fishermen all strive to see how many bass they can take in a day, a week or a season, simply to make a score or to have the catch photographed, no water can stand the drain for very long. As already stated, Lake George is the only water in the State in which the black bass are protected during their spawning season, as the lake is closed until Aug. 1. This lake was for years poached persistently, and bass regularly taken from their beds in the spring with "grab hooks" or burrs. The Lake George Association, under the presidency of Gen. Robert Lenox Banks, began a war against the poachers some years ago, and has kept it up until this day. Black bass, both fingerling and adult fish, have been planted by the State in the lake for several years past, and with moderation in fishing the lake is in a fair way to again become an excellent water for black bass fishing. Complaints are yet made that there are no black bass in the lake worth fishing for, but this is not true, for the records prove the contrary. And such records! This year when the season opened on Aug. 1 one fisherman caught and exhibited 78lbs. of black bass. They were arranged in rows and photographed. Several of the fish weighed from 4 to 5lbs. each. Another fisherman and his guide caught on the first day twenty-seven black bass, weighing 66½lbs. Sixteen of them averaged over 3lbs. each. A local newspaper commenting on this catch says: "It is believed that such a number of large bass cannot be taken in a day by one gentleman and his guide between the St. Lawrence and Mississippi." Possibly not, and perhaps a fishing smack could not beat it, but if the crew of a fishing smack should beat it they would not call it sport, but business. With the State trying to restock the lake and the fishermen trying to skin it, the efforts of the State will sell as a poor second choice.

### A Record Small-Mouth Bass.

A black bass of 7¼lbs. was caught in Lake George since the season opened. This is about 1lb. heavier than any bass ever before taken from the lake of which there is authentic record, and the fish was not taken by either of the fishermen already mentioned.

It is a laudable ambition to kill a big fish of any species by fair angling and such a record is praiseworthy, but I am not so cock sure about the other kind of records made in a lake that is undergoing the process of restocking.

### Salmon at Mechanicville.

Quite a number of letters have come to me asking if any salmon have been seen or killed this season in the Hudson at Mechanicville. I have heard of none being killed, but a number of salmon have been seen jumping in the river below Mechanicville and above the Troy dam. The sloop lock in the Troy dam is open much of the time and thus the salmon can pass it in the absence of a fishway.

A. N. CHENEY.

*The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

## THE BIG TROUT OF RUSH RIVER.

UP in Pierce county, Wis., about thirty miles back of Maiden Rock, on Lake Pepin, there rises a beautiful stream, which, as it winds its way toward the lake made by the Father of Waters, runs through one of the most beautiful and picturesque valleys that it has ever been our privilege to visit. Rush River was the name given this stream years ago by the early settlers, on account of the enormous growth of rushes that lined its banks for miles, making it a great resort for wild game of all kinds, particularly in the winter season, and great and wonderful are the stories told of the game and trout taken in this valley in an early day.

Fed as it is at intervals by large and beautiful springs, the stream is clear and cold, and an ideal home for the genus *Salvelinus;* and were it not for the floods that occasionally sweep down the valley, which have been more frequent of late years, trout would still be there in abundance; but the combination of floods, nets and illegal fishing has nearly depleted the stream, so that now large catches are rarely taken. There was one big fellow left, however, and it remained for Mr. G. F. Benson, of Lake City, to capture this royal beauty.

A few days ago, while riding down the valley with a friend, after having fished for some time rather unsuccessfully, Mr. Benson determined to try for this big trout, which was well known, having been hooked and lost several times in the same deep hole by different fishermen, thereby gaining quite a reputation. Putting on a large minnow, he cast into the deep hole where his lordship was supposed to live, and to his great surprise was soon rewarded by a strike, which at once told him that the king of the river was hooked—and now began the tug of war. Standing at the foot of a steep bank sloping abruptly off into water 10ft. deep, Mr. Benson could hardly move out of his tracks while playing the fish, which would make grand rushes first to the shallow water below the pool, then to the same above, evidently afraid to leave the deep water. Hallooing to his friend, who sat waiting in a buggy near by, Mr. Benson said, "I've got the big trout on. Don't expect to ever land him, but you may have a chance to see him if you'll come down."

It is unnecessary to say that the friend came tearing down at once, and as the trout rolled up and down in the water like a porpoise he exclaimed, "Great Scott! you've got a whale."

No one but a person of rare skill and judgment could ever have landed this fish with light tackle, but Mr. Benson possesses both; and after a long tussle he succeeded in exhausting the big fellow, so that the friend, who is also something of an expert, reached into the water with both hands and landed him, when he was at once killed. It was then found that he had swallowed the hook, which was what saved him. His mouth bore numerous scars of former battles. He weighed exactly 5lbs. and 1oz. I inclose a profile of the trout herewith. Mr. Benson has fished on this stream every consecutive season for nearly twenty-five years, and has caught many large ones, but this is the king of them all. WAPAHASA.

WABASHA, Minn., July, 1896.

## CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

While the ouananiche taken out of the Grande Décharge this season have not, as a rule, been up to the size of those of former years, they appear to have been larger in number. The record fish thus far was a full 7 pounder, caught off the rocks on the south side of Isle Maligne by Mr. Ritchie, of the Island House. This fish rose to a small Jock-Scott fly. The fish are remaining later than usual this season in the Décharge, and at present the fishing there is quite productive, with promise of continuance for some time to come. Among recent visitors to these waters have been Monsieur Trubert, Ambassador of France at Washington, and Vice-Admiral Erskine, of H. M. S. Crescent. The Rev. Wm. R. Turner, of Washington, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dawes, of Lachine, have all been enjoying the ouananiche fishing at the Grande Décharge. Mr. E. J. Myers, of New York, finished up a most successful season's outing, as usual, by camping upon the island at the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini. Messrs. R. R. and W. F. McCormick, of Biscayne Bay, Fla., have spent over two months in the country about Lake St. John, and have now gone upon the Triton Tract after some of the monster trout that frequent Lake Batiscan and contiguous waters.

Mr. Robert Mather and a party of friends from Chicago went up the Peribonca some time ago on a prolonged trip to Lake Tschatagama after ouananiche and trout, and Mr. Graham H. Harris, attorney, of the same city, expects to spend about a month fishing the waters of the same section of country, including the lower stretches of the Aleck and Little Peribonca rivers. From this time on to the end of the ouananiche fishing season on Sept. 15, and the last of the trout fishing on Sept. 30, the best sport of the year may be looked for. In addition to the rivers above mentioned, the Metabetchouan may usually be depended upon to furnish a large amount of ouananiche to anglers during the last twenty or thirty days of the season.

In July, which is usually the poorest month of the season for both ouananiche and trout, Col. Andrew Haggard, of England, and the writer had some very good sport in a new section of country northwest of the Peribonca River. We ascended the Little Peribonca some thirty-five miles, crossed one height of land into the headwaters of the Epipham River and another into those of the Des Aigles. In the best portions of the Little Peribonca we lost all the ouananiche and trout fishing that we might otherwise have had because of a landslide up the stream caused by a storm, followed by a flood. The water was so discolored that it could not be fished at all. In its upper waters we took any number of small trout. Lake Epipham swarms with trout, and here we enjoyed excellent sport. In Lac des Aigles the trout are larger, and in July rose but poorly, though we took a few good fish of 1½lbs. average. But in the discharge of the lake and all the way down the Des Aigles and Aleck rivers the trout rose freely, though not quite so large in size as those found in the lake. But chub and doré rose frantically at our flies in Lac des Aigles, and two of the doré or golden pickerel killed there weighed 5½ and 4½lbs. respectively. These pickerel must not be confounded with the true pike (*Esox lucius*), which I am aware is often called pickerel in the United States, and a fine specimen of which, 26lbs. in weight, was

recently caught by Miss Cockerell, a young American lady, in la Grande Décharge.

For salmon the present has been a phenomenal season. Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, has taken some late fish in the Cascapedia, and Col. Haggard only this week killed two or three good fish long after the guides had told him that it was no use to look for them.

Rev. Abbe Casgrain, who has secured the fishing rights of the Bonaventure River, succeeded in killing over 500lbs. of salmon there in a few days. Mr. Amos Little and party of five, including Messrs. Yates and Borden, all of Philadelphia, enjoyed some of the finest salmon fishing in the Moisie pools that it is possible to wish for. On the Marguerite, Mr. Walter Brackett, of Boston, and Messrs. Robert Plumb and Henry Russell, of Detroit, killed a large number of beautiful fish, several of over 30lbs. each in weight having fallen to each rod.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 7.

## NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

### Lake Memphremagog.

OWL'S HEAD, P. Q., via Newport, Vt., Aug. 4.—Lake Memphremagog is a veritable paradise for those who love to fish. Yesterday Mr. Paul Stockly, of New Jersey, succeeded in landing fourteen fine black bass.

Prof. Chittenden, of Yale, was especially pleased with his catch of Aug. 2, when he displayed to the admiring guests of Owl's Head Hotel no less than forty black bass, weighing in all almost 80lbs. Prof. Chittenden has also caught many of the beautiful lake trout which are abundant in Lake Mempremagog. M. H. WATKINS.

PALMYRA, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Mr. McGrady, one of the players in the Palmyra baseball nine, caught a carp last week on a minnow while fishing for bass. The carp weighed 8lbs. 3oz. A few minutes after landing him a second carp was hooked (same kind of bait as before), but got away. W. P. S.

COBBOSSEECONTEE LAKE, Winthrop, Me.—I have spent my vacations for eight years with the bass and pickerel at Cobbosseecontee Lake. The angler will not be disappointed there. The fall shooting promises well.

J. P. W.

### Muskalonge in Kentucky.

MR. JAMES DUPUY, of Ironton, Ky., sent us for examination the other day the head of the immense pike, so called, taken by him in Kentucky. It proved to be the head of a muskalonge. On being apprised of this identification, Mr. Dupuy writes:

"I am glad to know that I have actually taken a muskalonge, and that the identity of these fish is clear. We have always called them pike, and we have caught plenty of them, catching as many as six in one day on one of our trips. They are an extremely resolute fish, striking the bait with great vigor and making a hard fight for life when hooked. We use live bait, but catch as many with dead bait. At one time my father carried a minnow home in his pocket and laid it on a rock; four days afterward he took the dried, shriveled bait and caught a muskalonge 34in. long. We never throw a bait away until rotten. Once we caught a muskalonge 37in. long which had a small bass partly digested; we took what was solid and caught another muskalonge.

"This fish, of which I sent you the head, was caught about 9 o'clock in the morning on Monday, Nov. 18, 1895. We find roe in them as late as that in the season, and this one had enough to make a meal for three of us. We do not know just when they spawn, but think early in April, as they are on the beds then; but the water is hardly clear or low enough to tell for sure whether they are spawning. When red horse spawn about May 8 we catch them, but they are then empty of roe.

"I killed a female squirrel last November which would have given birth to four in a day or two, and on July 20 I killed one with three young nearly ready for delivery. Both of these circumstances are quite unusual, but last fall we killed five or six in the same condition. Is it not unusual to find them with young in November?

"Around where we camp report says the wild turkeys have done well, and plenty of young ones are to be found; we look forward to a successful hunt this fall. There are plenty of squirrels in the woods now."

### Salt-Water Fishing near New York.

SALT-WATER fishing has been rather poor recently owing to the numerous heavy thunderstorms of the past few weeks. For a period of a couple of weeks there was practically no bluefishing to be had, but during the past week it has been better than ever. The boats of the Sheepshead Bay (Long Island) fleet have all made large catches. Capt. Nat Wilson, with a party of seven guests on board the Pacific, made the star catch of the week last Wednesday, when he brought in seventy-six bluefish. Capt. Will Cowdrick, of the Cricket, reported the capture of thirty-one blues for his party on Sunday, among which were some of the largest fish caught this season. To get to Sheepshead Bay take Nassau trolley cars from the Brooklyn Bridge or Broadway ferries, or steam cars from Manhattan Junction, East New York.

Weakfishing has also been affected by the thunderstorms, but, unlike the bluefish, the weakfish have not taken the hook very fast lately. At Broad Channel, a station on the Rockaway trestle, where the fishing was very good earlier in the season, a big falling off in catches has been noticed. The fish are still there and will break all around a boat, but they will not bite.

Fluke fishing still continues good. A good place for fluke is at the can buoy, off Rockaway Point, by row or sail boat from Sheepshead Bay. A party of three caught forty-six there last Sunday while the water was high. Sand porgies are just beginning to bite off Ritchie's Point, Sheepshead, and the snappers will be in in a week or two. G. F. DIEHL.

**The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.**

# Game and Fish Protection.

## ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION.

CLAYTON, N. Y., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was held at the Walton House, Clayton, yesterday. There was a large attendance and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. The meeting was called to order at 11 A. M. by President W. C. Browning, of New York. W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, was elected recording secretary.

The minutes of the last annual meeting and of several special meetings held during the year were read and approved. The secretary also read a number of communications in regard to international park matters, and exhibited a map showing certain Canadian islands, eleven in all, which have been set apart by the Canadian Government for park purposes. The islands reserved are Aubrey, Mermaid, Beau Rivage, Camelot, Endymion, Gordon, Ninette, Georgiana, Constance, St. Katharine and Adelaide. The secretary had heard that the Canadian Government had appropriated $35,000 to improve these islands.

Hon. William Smith, of Ottawa, ex-Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who was present by special invitation, said he understood this was to be done in case similar action was taken regarding islands on the American side, but the appropriation referred to had not yet been made.

Wm. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, said that one of the points designated in the article defining the boundaries of the international park reservation should be the Brother's Island Lighthouse, on the Canadian side, instead of Kingston.

President Browning delivered his annual address. He believed the Anglers' Association was doing good work and Canadian authorities appeared disposed to coöperate with it. He referred to the alien labor law, and said he thought nothing could be done in Washington to modify it, but it was treated as a dead letter at the islands. Canadian oarsmen are allowed to come on this side. Continuing, Mr. Browning said: "We have been notified by the State Fish and Game Commission that they would like to know what we want done on the river. We want them to come here and meet us, and expect that they will do so some time this month. We want them to report to the Legislature what is required to be done to keep our side even with the Canadian side. We propose to have several islands set apart on this side, as has been done on the Canadian side, which will be free to all for camping grounds, etc. I have every assurance that the Fish and Game Commission will recommend an appropriation to purchase a similar number of islands. I want to say to Mr. Smith that while the Canadian laws are good they do not carry them out. I saw in Brockville the other day nearly a bushel of bass which a man was trying to sell. There were several hundreds of them, but we found only four that measured 10in. in length. Others ranged from 5 to 9in. I think there were more bass under size than will be taken on this side of the river during the whole season. Canadians wanted a 12in. limit on bass, but do not enforce the 10in. provision. We need more protectors on the river, and one is especially needed at Clayton."

Maj. J. H. Durham, of Cape Vincent, said that directly opposite that place there was netting on the south shore of Wolfe Island, far within the limits of the proposed reservation, and also in American waters. Nets are set within a few rods of the shore of Wolfe Island. Those who are fishing there claim they have a license from the Canadian authorities to do so. The waters, however, are clearly within New York State. We have been unable to find out whether they have a license or not, and have thus far hesitated to take out the nets, and the matter is unsettled. We would like to know from some authority whether they have a right to fish there.

President Browning suggested that the secretary write to the Canadian authorities.

Treasurer R. P. Grant, of Clayton, presented his annual report, which made this showing: Balance on hand last year, $716.62; receipts, $163.62; expenses, $587.86; balance on hand, $292.38.

A. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay, chairman of the executive committee, reported that the Association had obtained from the State 2,000,000 wall-eyed pike and 100,000 muskallonge during the year, which were deposited in the St. Lawrence River.

Maj. Durham spoke of the desirability of protecting the 200 square miles of bass spawning beds in the vicinity of the towns of Lyme and Brownville. The licensing of netting, the speaker said, is doing more harm than the old practice of illegal netting. Netters are boasting that they get more privileges for $1 than they had before.

President Browning asked Maj. Durham to come before the State Fish and Game Commission when it visits the river and state the condition of affairs.

Dr. J. E. Liddy, of Clayton, spoke of the feeling in Three-Mile Bay against the licensing of netting. He was surprised at the great number of bass which are being taken every day.

Henry R. Heath, of Brooklyn, said the Association had taken a great step forward during the past year. The Thousand Island reservation is in the hands of the State Fish, Game and Forest Commission. As the commissioners are to be at the river this month, he thought it would be wise to give them an object lesson. He thought they should be taken on the bass grounds, so that they can see just what is needed.

President Browning said that for some reason they seemed afraid at Albany to legislate as the Association desired.

Mr. Thompson spoke very forcibly of the condition of affairs in the district where the bass spawning beds are situated.

President Browning said the people of Chaumont Bay wanted the bass territory protected.

G. M. Strough, of Clayton, thought action should be taken as speedily as possible.

George C. Boldt, of New York, moved that a committee be appointed to receive the State Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners when they visit the river, with power to act. Carried.

The following were named as such committee: George C. Boldt, W. C. Browning, W. H. Thompson, G. H. Strough, R. P. Grant, A. C. Cornwall.

C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, Can., said he was in sympathy with the efforts to stop netting. Parliament meets Aug. 19, and he thought it would be a good idea to have the Association appoint delegates to meet in Ottawa shortly after. He was glad to say he was in a position now to render service which he was formerly not able to.

The following officers were elected: President, William C. Browning, New York; first vice-president, Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn; second vice-president, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Albany; secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton; executive committee, A. C. Cornwall, Walter Fox, Alexandria Bay; G. H. Strough, G. M. Skinner, John Foley, Clayton; George C. Boldt, Charles G. Emery, O. T. Mackey, New York; R. H. Pullman, Baltimore, Md.; G. T. Rafferty, Pittsburg, Pa.; F. J. Amsden, Rochester; Charles E. Britton, Gananoque.

Several new members were admitted, after which the Association adjourned. PORTSA.

### New Jersey Protection.

STATE Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner, of Paterson, N. J., reports for July nineteen prosecutions. He says of the month's business:

Owing to the prevailing warm weather little could be done toward carrying on the work of stocking streams and lakes with fish, and this work will remain in a state of suspension until colder weather sets in. Warden Hendershott obtained possession of forty-six mature smallmouthed black bass and these were placed in Culver's Lake, according to instructions.

The work at the hatchery at Hackensack has also come to a standstill, the distribution of shad fry having been completed on the 7th. The total number of fish hatched and distributed from this station during the season has been over 41,000,000.

Considerable attention has been devoted to watching the menhaden vessels which were at work during the month in New Jersey waters, but it was found that all these had been duly licensed. The captains of vessels interviewed all had the same complaint, that the run of menhaden was very small this year; in fact, several of the vessels which obtained licenses made use of them only once or twice and then laid up on account of the scarcity of fish. What fish there were put in an early appearance, before the date fixed by the Menhaden Association for beginning work, so that the few companies which do not belong to the Association and which started work early reaped the benefit of the early advent of the fish.

From Barnegat Bay came the usual annual complaint of the mischief done by netters, but visits from several wardens and the appointment of a deputy who lives on the bay checked the depredations complained of. The difficulty at Barnegat Bay is that the method of procedure against violators of the law differs from that provided against violators of the general fish and game laws, in that at Barnegat Bay proceedings can be instituted only in debt and no imprisonment can follow a failure to pay a judgment. The last Legislature was requested to place the violators of the law at Barnegat Bay on the same footing with other violators of the law, but declined to do so. Until some such change is made offenders will continue to have little respect for the law.

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates, Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Coutinental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. H. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 25.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

### COURSING.

Sept. 23.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D. Dr. J. P. Ayles, Pres.

Sept. 28.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 5.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D.

Oct. 21.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

The Mineola show premium list may now be had on application to secretary James Mortimer, Hempstead, N. Y. The prizes are $6 for first in challenge classes, and $6, $3 and $2 for first, second and third in open classes.

## MIMETIC DISEASES.

THE following is a circular issued by the American Anti-Vivisection Society. It was written by Matthew Woods, M.D., Member of the Philadelphia County Medical Association and of the American Medical Association:

In connection with the letter the American Anti-Vivisection Society is sending to the newspapers of the land, on the subject of "Hydrophobia as a Simulated Disease," having more to do with scare than virus, it may be well by way of sequel to say a few words in reference to that class of maladies which might be characterized *mimetic*, and also to that variety of person possessing a disposition to acquire, through the medium of abnormal fancy, diseases of which he has no symptoms except those recognized by unaided sight.

The influence of the mind over the body, and *vice versa*, is a question so broad that half has not yet been told, and it remains, perhaps, for some Columbus of the future to discover that exalted or depressed psychic conditions have much to do with the production of many of the phenomena of even religion, literature and art, as they are already known to be important factors in the creation of various nervous states.

Just as to a hungry man the idea of food excites the secretion of saliva, literally "making his mouth water," and reflecting on sorrow causes the secretion of tears, and consequently the emotional states of which these are but the visible manifestations, thus the thought of certain maladies produces sometimes, in the easily impressed, their mental conception and subjective symptoms so distinctly that they are sufficiently the victims of the disease they imagine, to deceive not only themselves and their friends, but also the doctor.

This disposition to assume a distemper, though they have it not, is confined to no class, sex or condition, but equally common to all.

The junior student of medicine, whether male or female, frequently appropriates the disease at the time under investigation in his class, so that during the college year the more susceptible may have all the disorders described in the curriculum, while even the most stoical may have imagined himself into at least one.

It is a familiar fact that at the close of many of the discourses delivered, say, from the Chair of the Practice of Medicine the professor is privately consulted by students suffering from all the symptoms described; and this imitative peculiarity is not limited to such ailments as disease of the heart, consumption, Basedow's disease, gall-stone, cancer of the pancreas or appendicitis, but some have been known to become hemiplegic—viz., incapable of motion and sensation in the right or left half of the body, as the case may be—during a realistic lecture on cerebral apoplexy; others seized with violent "pain in the knee" during an elucidation of the symptoms and pathology of Potts's disease, while there are reports of students acquiring all the subjective symptoms of dislocation or fracture, because of the impression made upon their minds by the lecturer while discussing these surgical states.

Thus we see that hydrophobia, as conceived by the lay mind, is not the only disorder honored by imitation.

The philosophic physician understands the significance of the phrase "expectant attention," knows that with some patients it is but necessary to indicate a certain line in the development of a distemper in order to have them follow it, or, as Dr. W. B. Carpenter puts it, "the thoughts and feelings, when left to follow their own course by suppression of the controlling power of the will, may be determined by suggestions either from within or without."

The epidemic dancing mania which swept over Italy some centuries ago, and which was called tarantism because of its supposed origin in the bite of the tarantulus—*Lycosa tarantula*—is another illustration of the power of the mind over the body, as is also the facility with which certain people acquire "hydrophobia" and recover from it, unless treated by Pasteur or his men.

Tarantism, the Italian affection, differed from the French endemic, St. Vitus' dance, with which it was contemporaneous, inasmuch as the movements of the tarantati, except when in a condition of lethargy, were stately and graceful, were modified by looking at red colors and luminous surfaces, and cured by music.

Although the sufferers were sometimes subjected to such treatment as being buried up to the neck in earth, yet the success of music as a remedy was so invariable that a class of tunes and songs was composed called tarantella, for their cure, and no patient seemed to think that it was the "correct thing" to get well except through the aid of music.

No age or social condition, it would appear, was exempt from this imaginary disorder, for we read of a "philosophic bishop" who allowed himself to be bitten by the tarantula, and then dancing with all the delirious *grotesqueris* of the peasant.

Now, however, expectant attention not being in that direction in Italy, the people may be bitten again and again by the ground spider without their becoming tarantistic.

St. Vitus' dance,* an epidemic that broke out in France in 1374, is another illustration of unconscious mimicry, which is, "in fact, the result of the 'hold' taken by the mind of an idea suggested to it, that hold being the stronger in proportion to the want of other sources of healthful activity."

This dancing seizure, which began usually in an epileptic convulsion and ended in exhaustion or death, with a long series of curious capers between, also affected persons in all stations of life. Peasants abandoned their fields, shoemakers their benches, clerks their desks, even clergymen, forgetting the dignity due their profession, joined furious multitudes, forming circles in the streets, and after the initial spasm, losing all control of their senses, danced deliriously for hours, until they fell to the ground in almost lifeless collapse.

During these paroxysms the possessed saw the heavens open, revealing the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin; others were haunted with visions of spirits or demons, whose names they shrieked out, according as their religious notions of the age were variously reflected in their imaginations.

Vehemence so deprived them of their senses that many dashed their brains out against walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rivers and were drowned. Roaring and foaming as they were, bystanders could only restrain them by placing benches and chairs in their way, in the hope that the high leap necessary to get over them might impede their progress to destruction. Yet after these attacks many returned to their former employments as if nothing had happened, while thousands paid the penalty of their infatuation by health shattered beyond recovery or often even by death.

In the light of the above illustrations of the power of the mind over the body—for these were not ill in the ordinary sense, nor were they malingerers who assumed sickness for gain—it is not strange that many people among us, having been previously bitten by dogs, unconsciously simulate what are to them symptoms of hydrophobia. From childhood familiar with stories of horrible death from the bite of rabid animals, it would be singular indeed, expectant attention being thus created, if at least a few, under the influence of ideo-motor action rather than rabies, did not produce replicas of that "series of symptoms" falsely called hydrophobia, and so lose control of their reason as to re-enact for us the familiar antics of "getting down on all fours," "barking like dogs," "foaming at the bill," as Goldsmith says of a hydrophobic goose while writing derisively of this curious possession, "going into convulsions at the sight of water," and finally making a tragical denouement between the traditional feather beds, or worse—being sent for treatment to some institute of Pasteur.

When, in connection with this tendency on the part of certain impressible persons to develop symptoms of diseases they do not have, we are aware that "dread and inability to swallow water, associated with convulsive movements and psychic manifestations," are common features of at least thirty other diseases besides hydrophobia, then it can be understood that even the best medical men—lyssophobic themselves—may sometimes be "guilty of such errors in diagnosis as may result in fatal errors of treatment."

This in itself is a striking illustration of the pernicious influence of the common belief in regard to hydrophobia.†

Under the influence of a dominant idea, the intensity of which "blinds the common sense and subjugates the will," man has often been controlled by curious fancies. There has perhaps never been a period in semi-barbaric or even civilized history when pathologic or rather symptomatic mimicry did not exist, and the experience of that physician must be limited indeed who has not met patients blind with perfect eyes, deaf with sound ears, and weak beyond hope with the muscular development of a Hercules.

Evanescent psychic rather than physical conditions these—curiosities somewhat to the general practitioner, yet common to the specialist—requiring for their cure not so much drugs as moral suasion and discretion.

Of the same nature, yet more in the domain of what might be called theologic delusions, were the Pythonic inspirations of Delphic priestesses, the Flagellant processions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the grotesque performances of the Convulsionnaires of St. Médard, the reception of the Stigmata, the Tigretier of Abyssinia, the Leaping Ague of Scotland—the intelligent reader can supply many varieties of modern creation—all illustrations of now well-known forms of ideo-motor action, intensified by emotional excitement, rather than specimens of definite disease; and as these, under the light of deliberate scientific investigation, are to a great extent eliminated from the religious life of the day, can we not hope for the time when "hydrophobia" also may be relegated to the limbo of abandoned vagaries?

* St. Vitus' dance of the Middle Ages was not exactly the same disease as St. Vitus' dance of to-day—chorea; yet chorea too is so apt to be imitated that it is not well to expose persons suffering from it to public gaze, as it is liable to produce its counterpart by the mere powers of mimicry in the persons, especially children, who behold it.

† See Dr. Dulles's "Diseases Mistaken for Hydrophobia."

## Spaniels and Field Trials.

BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With profound regret I read the circular letter of the American Spaniel Club, published in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8. I felt a keen disappointment. Everything seemed to be within reach of the club, and nothing was needed to insure the success of the trials save the entries. Mr. Bloodgood had offered the use of a large tract of land for the running of the trials in Massachusetts and there were great numbers of dogs to draw upon for entries, the dogs being owned by many owners distributed in territory as nicely as could be for the support of a trial. And here fell an important spaniel interest from no other cause than inexcusable apathy. It will take the field feature of the spaniel interest many years to recover from this setback, if it ever does so. An attempt ending in such total failure is much worse than no attempt. The owners of spaniels can now go on breeding without any reference to field form, for it would be folly to claim that there is any use for the spaniel in the field, after the admission that there is not any one who uses them for that purpose, conveyed in the fact that there was no one who made entries. If there are one or two men who do use them for field work, the presumption is that they are indulging a personal fancy, and in any event such a small minority does not establish the usefulness of the spaniel any more than would two or three men establish the use of the dachshund as a quail dog, were they to use him for that purpose.

Field trials of dogs or trials of beauty on the bench do not establish themselves by merely announcing that the clubs intend to hold them. They must work for success in their line as men work for success in other lines. Often the success or failure rests with the secretary. If he sits idly by waiting for entries to come in, and waiting for the possible patrons to make the affair a success by their own efforts, he will probably report to his club that the affair is a failure, that the public wants none of it. But let the secretary be wide-awake and industrious, know his duties and know men and their abilities—in short, have the proper executive functions—and the whole results change. Success comes from the working for it. A perfunctory executive may do very well for routine office work, but not for work which requires the genius of enthusiasm and tireless industry. To merely say "we are going to give a trial," and then let matters drift along as they may, is not the proper way to conduct matters. Members and owners must be written to, other members and owners must be urged to personally urge the merits of the trials on the indifferent, the neglectful the timorous and the hopeless. Energy and good sense is needed from start to finish. There must be a general *esprit de corps* reflected from the energy of the leaders.

I for one, who has at heart the success of the useful and beautiful little dog, the spaniel, deeply regret the failure to hold the trials, the more so as all the circumstances seemed so auspicious for their success, and failure comes alone from apathy.

COCKER.

## M. F. T. C.'s Entries.

MANITOU, Man., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith inclose you list of entries for the Manitoba Field Trials Club's Derby. While not so large as last year, still large enough to make good trials, with perhaps a larger number of starters than last year. I hope such may be the case. All were whelped in 1895:

E. C. Johnson's Queen of Morocco, b., w. and t. setter bitch (Spot B.—Miss Monk).

W. F. Ellis's Posey Wopsy, l. and w. setter bitch (Duke of Manitoba—Dora M.).

W. F. Ellis's Dr. Jamieson, b. and w. setter dog (Val lit—Ross).

F. J. G. McArthur's Mingo Kent, l. and w. pointer bitch (Strideaway—Clip o' Kent).

F. J. G. McArthur's Flingo Strideaway, l. and w. pointer dog, same litter.

E. McKenney's Barrister, b. and w. setter dog (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

E. McKenney's Maid of the Morn, b. b. setter bitch, same litter.

John Wootton's Ben Bondhu, b. and w. setter dog (Dick Bondhu II.—Maud à Rose).

John Wootton's Sue Bondhu, b. and w. setter bitch, same litter.

John Wootton's Rosa Bondhu, b., w. and t. setter bitch, same litter.

James D. Poston & Co.'s Florence Gladstone II., b., w. and t. setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

W. R. Holliday's Billy T., b. and w. setter dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).

T. W. O'Byrne's Moerlein's b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian).

T. W. O'Byrne's Redskin, lem. and w. pointer dog (Love's Kent—Fritz Fay).

H. K. Milner's Almeda, l. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap, Jr.—Prairie Belle).

W. I. Love's La Dolle, lem. and w. pointer bitch (Love's Kent—Fritz Fay).

Dr. George Eubank's Rodstone, b., w. and t. setter dog (Cinch—Rod's Flounce).

Dr. George Eubank's Ripstone, b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

Del Monte Kennels' Tick's Kid, b. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).

Del Monte Kennels' Tony Works, l. and w. pointer dog, same littter.

H. Ames's Quenn, b., w. and t. setter bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).

H. Ames's Christena, b., w. and t. setter bitch, same litter.

S. P. Jones's Hurstbourne Zip, b., w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—Dimple).

J. J. Odom's Count Odom, o. and w. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Topsy Avent).

H. H. Maybury's Alabama Girl, l. and w. pointer bitch (Von Arrow—Lady Mull).

JOHN WOOTTON, Hon. Sec'y-Treas.

## International Derby Entries.

CHATHAM, Ont., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Below you will find International Derby entries. Although the entry list is small, owing to distemper taking nearly all last year's puppies, just as much interest is taken in the trials; and the All-age and Amateur stakes will be well filled.

The trials will be held at Mitchell Bay, except the Amateur stake, which will be run under the heat system, near Chatham, on the day before the regular trials, Nov. 16.

Birds have bred well and will be plentiful; cover will be good, owing to the frequent showers.

HEATHER BLOOM—H. Marshall Graydon's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Bly).

DRENAGH—J. B. McKay's Irish setter dog (Finglas—River Roe).

FOYLE—J. B. McKay's Irish setter bitch (Finglas—River Roe).

SIRIUS—Stephen Lusted's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Dash Antonio—Bly).

SPOTTED STAR—Samuel Holme's liv. and w. pointer dog (Lord Graphic's Star—Spotted Girl).

MAUD W.—Leamington Pointer Kennels' b. and w. pointer bitch (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie).

FRANK—Albert Drouillard's Irish setter dog (Fingalen—Fawn).

JOE—T. G. Davey's b. and w. pointer dog (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie).

HEATHER—T. G. Davey's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Brighton Tobe—Norah).

LUCY—T. G. Davey's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Brighton Tobe—Norah).

GRACE—T. G. Davey's o. and w. setter bitch (Brighton Dick—Lady Mack).

MELLBROOK—R. Banghaus's b., w. and t. setter dog (Dash Antonio—Patty).

W. B. WELLS, Hon. Sec'y.

## Union Field Trials.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The transfer of the Continental Field Trials Club's Bicknell trials to the South left a very large part of the country without trials. This being a fact, the dog men of this territory have deemed it wise to supply the vacancy, and have therefore organized the Union Field Trials Club, and will hold trials the first week in November either at Bicknell or Carlisle. The club will run two stakes, a Derby and an All-Age stake. The breeds in each stake will run together.

The stakes will be run on the percentage plan. The officers and judges will charge nothing for their services, therefore the expenses will consist of postage, printing, traveling, hotel and living expenses of the secretary and two judges, besides the pay for services of two fence men, therefore the expenses will be a small item. The entries to the Derby will close Sept. 15 with $5 forfeit and $10 to start. The entries to the All-Age stake will close Oct. 15 with $5 forfeit and $10 to start. After deducting the expenses the balance will be divided 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third and 10 per cent. to fourth.

The officers and members are as follows: President, Norvin T. Harris, Lyndon, Ky.; First Vice-President, Royal Robinson, Indianapolis; Second Vice-President, J. L. Adams, Louisville; Third Vice-President, Richard Merrill, Milwaukee; Secretary-Treasurer, P. T. Madison, Indianapolis. Members: Hon. Stanley Adams, Louisville; L. Rausch, St. Louis; Hon. Thos. Taggart (mayor), Hon. Harry S. New (editor Indianapolis *Journal*), Wm. H. Dye, Geo. T. Kerr, Horace F. Wood and S. H. Socwill, all of Indianapolis.

One member will be chosen at Bicknell and one at Carlisle. It now rests with the handlers and owners to make the prizes as large as they desire. Entries will be accepted from any part of the country; therefore, wins in this club's trials will be as valuable as those of any other club in America. The trials will be judged by Mr. Royal Robinson and Mr. S. H. Socwill. The printed matter will be ready for mailing in a few days.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. J. B. Blossom writes us that his Irish setter bitch Dollymount (Signal—Duchess) whelped sixteen puppies (twelve dogs) by Bedford on July 25. Only seven are living. This was an exceptionally large litter. As both sire and dam are noted winners, great expectations are had of them. Mr. Blossom adds: "I don't recall my advising you that my Bedford, winner of first in the great Lexington, N. C., field trials, 1892, was bred to Coleraine at the last New York show—result, a litter of twelve (seven dogs) on April 22. The usual mishap which makes the breeding of blue bloods a perpetual disappointment has gradually reduced the number to two bitches, of which I have one, a beautiful little lady of over three months of age. Coleraine was a beautiful bitch, but was ruined in this country by bad training and handling. In England, although only whelped in April, 1890, she won first in Derby in National Field Trials; third, All-Aged Stake, Kennel Club Field Trials, 1891; also third in Derby and All-Aged Stake, U. S. F. T. C. Trials, 1891. As you know, I purchased some time ago the Irish setter Brian Boru II. I then said that he had the darkest blood-red coat that I ever saw, bar none. As Rosamond, winner of first in open class, New York show, 1896, was the darkest red setter there, I bought her and bred her to Brian. The pups ought to be of superb color, for Brian is a number of shades darker than even Rosamond. She is good in the field also, as I expect Brian to show himself to be."

In a letter bearing recent date Mr. Walter L. Mann, secretary of the Orange Gun Club, Orange, Mass., writes us that Mr. L. A. French's Irish setter, a famous field dog in that section, was killed by an electric car.

The *Breeder and Sportsman* says: "At a meeting of the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Society, held at Stockton on Tuesday evening last, it was decided to hold a bench show on Sept. 30, 31 and Oct. 1 and 2. Medals will be awarded in all classes. There will also be two handlers' prizes of $20 and $10. The office will be opened and the premium list will be issued on Aug. 15. Applications to the American Kennel Club will be made at once. The Stockton fanciers guarantee 100 dogs from that section." Let us hope that the Society will not stick to Sept. 31 too closely, as elsewhere that date is not in high esteem.

Mr. John Wootton, honorary secretary-treasurer of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, is to be congratulated on the good showing he has made in the list of Derby entries, numbering twenty-five, published elsewhere in our columns. No doubt but what there will be a successful chicken trial in Manitoba this year.

# Wheeling.

*Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.*

## THE SCHOOL FOR ALL AGES.

NOWADAYS there are schools where three generations from the same family go to learn, and where children, parents and grayheads go into the same class. We doubt if Mother Shipton, who prophesied so many wonders that have come to pass in our day, would ever have dared to predict this leveling which is now an accepted fact.

However though that old worthy may have foreseen the locomotive engine and some of the uses of electricity, the bicycle was beyond her ken, for when the bicycle is at the root of a fact, both prophecy and reasoning fail.

The rise of the great army of cyclists in this country has necessitated bicycle schools where persons who lack confidence in their own ability to learn to ride go for instruction. These schools are scattered everywhere, and the large cities have them by the score. Sometimes they are instituted by the agents of a particular bicycle for the use of their patrons alone, and sometimes they are open to every one who has the necessary fee for instruction.

In Hartford, Conn., the home of the Columbia bicycle industry, is a notable school, from which from April 1 to July 1 of the present year nearly 1,200 finished riders have graduated. Estimating the population of Hartford at 60,000, and provided this rate of 4,800 per year was continued winter and summer, it would not take a great while till every man, woman and child of the population had mastered the art of controlling the "little steel steed."

However, others besides residents of Hartford visit this school. Joseph Jefferson, Roland Reed and other actors of note have received instruction here, and it is said that President Cleveland is to become a pupil.

The school has attracted many pupils from the outside world, and there is a reason for this, which is to be found in the very efficient system of instruction carried on.

When a pupil enters the school he is taken in hand by a well-drilled instructor, who first mounts him on a bicycle and then takes him around the floor, steadying him meanwhile by holding on to the seat as he walks beside. As soon as the pupil begins to get an inkling of what is required of him, the instructor mounts his own wheel, and, having a firm hold of the other's handle bars, rides side by side with his pupil. It takes an expert to do the trick, but when once it can be safely accomplished the learner obtains the mastery of his wheel in about half the time necessitated by the common methods of instruction. Strangely enough, there seems to be little if any danger attached to this system, for not a single accident has been reported as a result of the innovation. The danger which would be incurred in teaching ladies, from their dresses becoming entangled in the instructor's wheel, has been obviated by the use of pins, which keep the refractory garment under control.

Under this system progress is rapid. Even the ladies learn to balance after an average of three lessons. Then, having been firmly grounded in the rudiments, the pupil becomes a highway graduate and the diploma is not long forthcoming.

## A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

THEY were lying around under the shade of the maples that gave the name to the particular mountain "summer resort" they patronized. The two or three men all wore knickerbockers, and the half score girls were mostly attired in dress of one style or another that had been curtailed at the bottom. Propped up against the trees or the side of the house near by were a number of bicycles.

It was a hot day, and the small talk based on that ineffable boon that had come to relieve the monotony of the long, lazy days—the bicycle—had somehow lagged. Each person there had had ample opportunity afforded him or her to become acquainted with the particular merits or demerits of each wheel, and any one of those present could have passed a perfect examination on the condition of the roads running north and south along the lake or west to the railroad.

There had been no mishaps worth mentioning; even the most timid summer girl of the lot had begun to lose her fear of her wheel, for it had developed no new tricks in the last twenty-four hours, and all the horses and cows in that part of the country had become resigned to the inevitable and ceased demonstrations of alarm or hostility when the bicycle brigade appeared.

But at the very moment when things were at their lowest ebb, and the two or three who were struggling bravely to put a little life into the conversation were almost ready to succumb to the general lethargy, a welcome diversion occurred. The timid young lady (she was still timid when anything in knickerbockers was in sight) spied a man coming up the road straight to where they lounged under the shade of the maples. When she had imparted her discovery there was a noticeable increase of animation among farmer Jones's summer boarders, and even the sleepiest managed to train their eyes in the direction of the newcomer. Their first impressions were soothing.

Like themselves the stranger was a cyclist and wore the conventional costume—knickerbockers, golf stockings and cap. He was a rather good-looking young man, and his manners, as they discovered when he came to dismount and join their circle without the formality of an introduction, were extremely easy.

However, as the blue stocking girl said afterward, it was not their fault that he did this, for they had given him no encouragement. The newcomer was a good talker and soon he had effected a marvelous transformation in the scene. With wonderful tact he had worked up a perfect outburst of enthusiasm on the subject that among themselves they had worn threadbare. The timid girl in relating her fright when the cow objected to her red sweater vied in holding his attention with Miss Blue Stockings, who insisted that aluminum skirt guards were the acme of cycle manufacture, and with half a dozen others who discussed the roads, the mails, the trains, steamboats, mountains, lakes and a thousand other well-worn subjects—mostly in connection with their bearing on the wheel.

Even the young men condescended to ask a few questions of one they had reason to look upon as a dangerous rival, and to each and all the bearing of the newcomer was equally affable.

There was a certain mystery about his presence that no one could penetrate, however, till finally one of the most popular summer girls asked him what books he liked to read. Was it hypnotic suggestion that had prompted the question? In discussing the event afterward most of the party inclined to this belief, and in support of their argument they affirmed that what happened subsequently could not have occurred except on the supposition of hypnotic powers on the part of their visitor. The principal dissenters from this view were the young men, who under their breath murmured "bunco."

Without entering into the merits of the discussion we hasten to explain that on hearing the word book the fascinating stranger produced from his clothing an arrangement of covers that turned in and out to show sample bindings, and which contained a lot of sample pages relating to the history of the bicycle from the earliest ages to the present day, including the lives of notable writers and riders from Ezekiel to Speaker Reed, illustrated by 1,700 original engravings, etc.

It is a shame to dwell on the mortification of those thirteen people, so we will draw a curtain over their feeble efforts at resistance and subsequent ignominious surrender.

Suffice it to say that they could find no way out of the trap into which they had fallen, and that they succumbed with the grace of martyrs going to the stake. They took up a *pro rata* subscription for the great work (published in half a hundred parts or more) and they donated it afterward to the landlord of the "Maple Grove," who, against his better judgment, was forced to send to the city for a special book case to contain it.

At last reports the guests of the house had taken temporarily to boating as a diversion, and bicycles and book agents are tabooed subjects of conversation. HAL.

## "Points of Support."

THE idea of providing riders with points of support to enable them to "utilize their forces more effectively" seems to be having a run just now with the manufacturers of bicycle accessories.

One of the latest of these devices consists of a pair of braces which run over the shoulders of the cyclist and unite at a ring near the small of the back. From this ring depends a hook intended to be attached to the saddle, thus practically tieing the rider to his seat.

According to the prospectus, this arrangement is intended for long-distance riders, for fast riders, for climbing hills, and "as a brake going down hill" (back pedaling).

Any cyclist can determine for his own benefit the desirability of this principle, which is the same as that of the Swiss "normal bicycle," by buying or making a set of braces such as described, or, more simply still, by holding on to the back of the saddle with one hand when going up hill or down.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

AUGUST.

15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
5. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
7-22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.
18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
18. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special knockabout, Marblehead.
19. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special, Marblehead.
M 20. American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
21. Kennebuckport, open, Kennebuckport, Me.]
M 21-22. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet.
22. Beverly, 4th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
M 22. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
22. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
24-26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

IT has been the custom to account for the failure of the June regattas of the larger clubs by saying that the racing of the New York Y. C. cruise had superseded them; but now the cruise has come and brought no racing, a dozen yachts on the squadron runs and but half a dozen for the two Goelet cups, the principal prizes of the year. For its part, the New York Y. C. has been extremely liberal in offering prizes in all classes and under terms specially suited to the existing conditions in yachting. So far as the actual management of the races is concerned, a vast improvement in courses, methods of starting, etc., has been made in recent years, the interest, both to the racing owner and the spectator, being greatly increased. With it all, there has been a notable falling off in the racing of the large yachts, and this year it is more painfully apparent than ever before. As a steam yacht display and a social function, the cruise of 1896 may be set down as a qualified success; as a racing function, it has proved a failure. The true reason why is not apparent; perhaps there is no one reason, but several hidden causes have coöperated to stop the course of building and racing in the larger classes.

To determine all of these causes is a difficult matter, much more to suggest suitable remedies; a much easier and more satisfactory course is that, taken by so many, of abusing the existing rule. This is an amusement that requires little thought or labor and no special knowledge of yachting; any one can become proficient in it in a single season without leaving his comfortable chair on the club piazza. It is a pity, however, that those who are so loudly insistent on the failure of the measurement rule do not go so far as to specify in what respects it has failed, and that nothing seems further from their minds than the suggestion of some practicable remedy. Even granting that the present length and sail area is bad, it certainly cannot be abandoned until something is found to take its place, and we commend to the various profound critics of the rule the task of proposing a better one. Never was there a more favorable opportunity for securing the adoption of one common rule of measurement by all American yacht clubs than exists at the present time; the one serious difficulty is to find such a rule.

The truth is that the present state of yacht racing is much less a matter of formula than of conditions, and that no formula, however perfect, can to-day overrule the conditions of modern yachting and restore to the racing a usable and desirable type of yacht.

### New Rochelle Y. C.

THE special regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. on Aug. 8 was sailed in a very light wind, but few yachts competing, the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| FIXED BALLAST—35FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Edwina | 1 55 24 | 6 30 27 | 4 35 03 |
| Punch | 1 57 00 | 6 31 43 | 4 33 43 |
| FIXED BALLAST—30FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Ida K | 1 55 55 | 6 36 29 | 4 40 34 |
| Dorothy | 1 57 00 | 6 47 55 | 4 50 55 |
| Ondawa | 1 57 00 | 6 47 59 | 4 50 59 |
| SHIFTABLE BALLAST—30FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Edna | 1 57 00 | 6 28 14 | 4 31 14 |
| SHIFTABLE BALLAST—25FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Nan | 1 57 00 | 6 31 20 | 4 34 20 |
| Grace | 1 57 00 | 6 38 04 | 4 41 04 |

### Cape Cod Y. C.

ORLEANS—CAPE COD BAY.

*Saturday, Aug. 8.*

THE Cape Cod Y. C. sailed its third Cove race on Aug. 8, the times being:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dolphin, Davenport | 18.05 | 2 59 39 | 1 19 49 |
| Sea Fox, Smith | 18.03 | 3 01 01 | 2 34 41 |
| Little Brave, Ryder | 18.03 | 3 10 30 | 2 44 10 |
| SHARPIE CLASS. | | | |
| Elsie, Rogers | 15.00 | 1 57 10 | 1 30 00 |

# NEW YORK Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE.

With the race of Aug. 12 for the special 30ft. class, the New York Y. C. terminated a cruise that while pleasant as a cruise has been anything but successful from a racing standpoint. A fairly large fleet has followed the flagship for ten days over the usual course, with the exception of the visit to New Bedford, this year omitted. Many of the yachts were steamers of large size, filled with merry parties in which ladies were included as a matter of course; the ready naphtha launch has done much to promote social intercourse among yachtsmen, and so far as society afloat is concerned the cruise has been an exceptionally pleasant outing. As for racing, in either cruising or racing trim, it has not been a success; very few yachts have taken part either in the Goelet cup race or the squadron runs, and the contests have lacked the keen interest that has so often attended them over the same courses. The racing of the cruise points strongly to the decline of yacht racing in the large classes, a matter that is now beyond remedy.

## Second Day—First Squadron Run.

HUNTINGTON BAY TO NEW LONDON.

*Tuesday, Aug. 4.*

The programme of the cruise left the first day's run to be decided according to the weather between Morris Cove and New London, the latter distance being 64 nautical miles. At sunrise the wind was light, but from the S.W., the right quarter for a run, and at 6 o'clock the signals were given for a start for New London. The usual prizes were offered for the runs, the conditions being framed as far as possible to favor the yachts in cruising trim; but very few owners have sent aloft their racing flags for the cruise of 1896. The starters were not only few in number, considering that this is the great event of the yachting year, but as usual there were but two or three to a class. The starting line was laid out off Eaton's Neck, and the fleet was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 7 00 57 | Choctaw | 7 04 57 |
| Norota | 7 01 50 | Oiga | 7 05 00 |
| Queen Mab | 7 01 52 | Iroquois | 7 06 29 |
| Carmita | 7 02 12 | Quissetta | 7 07 14 |
| Minerva | 7 02 18 | Marguerite | 7 09 47 |
| Eclipse | 7 02 41 | Emerald | 7 09 58 |
| Uvira | 7 03 52 | Amorita (handicapped) | 7 10 00 |

With an ebb tide and light S.W. wind, and spinakers set to starboard, the fleet headed down the Sound. As in all long races, the yachts separated after a time, sailing in different winds, all light and fluky, shifting spinakers from side to side and signaling with balloon main topmast staysails. For a time the fleet was lost in a light mist, and even had the maneuvers been interesting they were invisible to all spectators. Fortunately the wind, after coquetting all day with the yachts, at last landed them off the Pequot House after a slow and uninteresting race. The event of the day was the easy win of Colonia. Iroquois did good work with Marguerite, the fin-keel Carmita scored a victory over Wasp, and Minerva, once more in the racing, won easily from Uvira. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 7 10 00 | 3 40 24 | 8 30 24 | 8 30 24 |
| Emerald | 7 09 58 | 4 31 41 | 9 21 43 | 9 15 41 |

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 7 09 47 | 4 41 30 | 9 31 43 | 9 20 28 |
| Iroquois | 7 06 29 | 4 32 40 | 9 26 11 | 9 13 18 |

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amorita | 7 10 00 | 5 06 05 | 9 56 05 | 9 32 51 |
| Quissetta | 7 07 14 | 4 48 44 | 9 41 30 | Not meas. |

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Eclipse | 7 02 41 | 5 37 16 | 10 34 35 | 10 17 00 |
| Wasp | 7 00 57 | 4 56 28 | 9 55 31 | 9 37 56 |
| Carmita | 7 02 12 | 4 56 13 | 9 54 01 | 9 36 12 |

CUTTERS—CLASS 5.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Uvira | 7 03 52 | 6 01 12 | 10 57 20 | 10 18 53 |
| Choctaw | 7 04 57 | 6 04 07 | 10 59 10 | 10 20 25 |
| Minerva | 7 02 18 | 5 41 15 | 10 38 57 | 9 55 37 |

CUTTERS—MIXED CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Queen Mab | 7 01 52 | 4 51 02 | 9 49 10 | 9 49 10 |
| Norota | 7 01 50 | 6 04 09 | 11 02 19 | 10 05 58 |
| Oiga | 7 05 00 | Not timed. | | |

The winners were: Schooners—Class 2, Colonia; class 3, Iroquois; class 4, Quissetta. Cutters—Class 4, Carmita; class 5, Minerva. Mixed class—Queen Mab.

## Third Day—Second Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT.

*Wednesday, Aug. 5.*

Wednesday was much the same as Tuesday—very hot and with no breeze at all in the early morning, a light S.W. wind coming in about 9 o'clock.

The fleet was increased by a number of yachts lying at anchor in New London, among them Volunteer, Merlin and Wayward. The former started early with the cruising division, the other two electing to race, Merlin of course going in with Colonia and Emerald, while Wayward took Queen Mab out of the mixed class. The preparatory signal for the single stickers was given at 9:40, with a start at 9.50, the schooners going away at 9:55. The start was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 9 51 06 | Drusilla | 9 53 02 |
| Queen Mab | 9 51 32 | Liris (handicapped) | 9 55 00 |
| Awa | 9 51 48 | Iriquois | 9 56 02 |
| Norota | 9 51 56 | Quissetta | 9 56 30 |
| Carmita | 9 51 59 | Marguerite | 9 57 18 |
| Uvira | 9 52 05 | Merlin | 9 58 04 |
| Choctaw | 9 52 40 | Amorita | 9 59 06 |
| Minerva | 9 52 50 | Colonia | 9 59 18 |
| Wayward | 9 53 02 | Emerald | 9 59 41 |

The first leg was a reach to Race Rock on starboard tack; then spinakers were set to starboard. The wind was light and fluky, and the fleet broke up, Colonia, Amorita, Quissetta and others keeping off shore, while Emerald kept close to the beach. Toward noon the wind shifted to the south and straightened, spinakers came in and balloon staysails were set. Emerald gained a little by getting the breeze first and took the head of the long procession. When past Point Judith she set her spinaker to starboard, but soon jibed and shifted it to port. Colonia kept up a lively stern chase, but an unsuccessful one. The liveliest fight of the day was between Amorita and Quissetta, a hot luffing match resulting in a win for the former. Quissetta is not yet measured, and her exact time in the runs is not known. Phantom, schooner, lost her foretopmast, though not racing. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Emerald | 9 59 41 | 2 43 05 | 4 43 15 | 4 41 23 |
| Colonia | 9 59 11 | 2 44 52 | 4 45 41 | 4 45 41 |
| Merlin | 9 58 04 | 2 49 26 | 4 51 22 | 4 51 22 |

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 9 57 14 | 2 58 15 | 5 00 57 | 5 00 57 |
| Iroquois | 9 56 32 | 2 55 12 | 4 59 50 | 4 58 52 |

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amorita | 9 59 06 | 2 53 05 | 4 53 59 | 4 53 59 |
| Quissetta | 9 56 30 | 2 54 35 | 4 58 05 | Not meas. |

CUTTERS—CLASS 3.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wayward | 9 53 02 | 3 21 14 | 5 28 12 | 5 28 12 |
| Queen Mab | 9 51 32 | 3 16 37 | 5 24 55 | 5 22 50 |

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 9 51 06 | 3 17 06 | 5 26 00 | 5 26 00 |
| Carmita | 9 51 59 | 3 20 00 | 5 27 01 | 5 26 52 |

CUTTERS—CLASS 5.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Uvira | 9 52 05 | 3 31 33 | 5 39 28 | 5 39 28 |
| Choctaw | 9 52 40 | 3 35 17 | 5 42 37 | 5 42 26 |
| Awa | 9 51 48 | 3 44 33 | 5 52 45 | 5 52 23 |
| Minerva | 9 52 50 | 3 37 13 | 5 34 23 | 5 31 33 |
| Liris | 9 55 00 | 3 44 27 | 5 49 27 | Not meas. |

CUTTERS—CLASS 6.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Norota | 9 51 56 | 3 45 10 | 5 53 12 | 5 53 12 |
| Drusilla | 9 53 02 | Not timed. | | |

The winners were: Schooners—Class 2, Emerald; class 3, Iroquois; class 4, Amorita. Cutters—Class 3, Queen Mab; class 4, Wasp; class 5, Minerva; class 6, Norota.

## Fourth Day.

NEWPORT HARBOR.

*Thursday, Aug. 6.*

Thursday, one of the very hottest days of the year, was spent in harbor, the day being devoted to miscellaneous festivities, "with fireworks in the evening," everybody being "there." At noon the fleet dressed ship, every vessel in the harbor showing some sort of decoration. All hands then went ashore to assist in the ceremony of raising a flagpole on Washington square, the pole being presented by the Lawrence Club, which is housed in the old Perry mansion. The rowing and launch races were held in the afternoon, the first race, in yachts' dinghies, being won by Amorita's dinghy, with Nydia's second, beating boats from Narada and Merlin. The pair-oared gig race, for the Owl colors, had three starters, Crusader's boat winning, with Halcyon's second and Marietta II.'s third. Some misunderstanding arose over the four-oared gig race for the Gamecock colors, an objection being made to Amorita's gig as a racing and not a service boat. Iroquois's gig rowed over alone. There were three starters in the launch race, from Alert, Sylvia and Flying Cloud. Flying Cloud, with 7m. allowance, won easily. In the evening a water pageant and illumination of more than usual splendor afforded amusement to the yachtsmen and townspeople. The electric display of mottoes and devices was very elaborate, and the harbor procession was a great success.

## Fifth Day—Goelet Cup Race.

NEWPORT.

*Friday, Aug. 7.*

Considering that the New York Y. C. cruise is the great event of the yachting year, and that the race for the Goelet cups is the great event of the cruise, the season of 1896 can hardly be classed as a brilliant one so far as the large yachts are concerned. The Goelet cups are not only among the most valuable, both intrinsically and artistically, that are offered for American yachts, but no large racing yacht can consider her record a success unless she possesses one of them at least. They are silver trophies, costing $1,000 and $500 each, one given for schooners and the other for cutters, sloops and yawls, by Mr. Ogden Goelet, one of the American yachtsmen who is just now enjoying the abuse of his countrymen because he is building a steam yacht on the Clyde instead of the Delaware. Apart from other liberal donations in the support of American yachting, Mr. Goelet has presented two cups each year since 1884, at an outlay of $22,500 up to this year. The cups of 1896 were made by Tiffany & Co., the schooner cup from a design by Stanford White, the well-known architect, and the cutter cup from a design by the artists of the company. The former is a large bowl, with figures of mermaids and dolphins forming the handles; the latter is a Greco-Roman vase.

All of the Goelet cup races have been sailed over one or the other of two courses, one with Block Island Buoy and the other with Bow and Pigs Lightship as the outer mark. The "Block Island Course," as it has been sailed for some years, is from off Brenton's Reef Lightship, just outside Newport Harbor, around the buoy off Block Island, 14 nautical miles S.W.; then about W.N.W. 18¼ miles to a mark off West Island, and W. by N. 6 miles to the line. The "Bow and Pigs Course," over which the famous first meeting between Puritan and Priscilla took place in 1885, is from the same line E. by S. 18 miles, N. by W. 4½ miles, and 16 miles to the line. Each of these courses is a triangle with a very short base, and though the first leg is laid off as nearly as possible to windward, any shift of wind may turn it into a reaching race. In other races at various times in the same waters a very good triangular course has been laid out, the first leg being S.W., or against the prevailing wind, and this year a change was proposed by Mr. Goelet in the adoption of similar courses, as more nearly in accord with the present methods in yacht racing. The directions, as issued by the regatta committee, were as follows:

General Instructions.—Capt. Goelet reserves the privilege of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters to enter the event. By invitation of the commodore, the regatta committee will be on board the Sylvia. Entries, which must be in writing, will be received at the New York club house up to 10 P. M. Aug. 2, and on board the Sylvia up to 8 A. M. Aug. 7. The start will be off Brenton's Reef Lightship at 10:30 A. M., wind and weather permitting. Should the race be postponed, it will be started on the following day, if favorable. The course will be triangular, ten miles to a leg. Club rules will govern, with the exception that there will be no time limit.

Starting Signals.—(Should a signal gun miss fire a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given.) No. 1. Preparatory: A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted. No. 2. Start for single masted vessels and yawls: Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted. No. 3. Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.): Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted. No. 4. Handicap time for schooners: Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

Courses.—No. 1, letter C.—From an imaginary line between the Sylvia and Brenton's Reef L. S. 10 miles S.W. to and around a mark 3½ miles S.S.W ½W. from Point Judith whistling buoy, leaving it to port; 10 miles E.S.E ¾E. to and around a mark, leaving it to port, and 10 miles N. by W.½W to finish line, which will be drawn as for the start; 30 miles. No. 2, letter F.—From an imaginary line between the Sylvia and Brenton's Reef L. S. 10 miles S. by E.½E. to and around a mark, leaving it to starboard; 10 miles W.N.W.¾ W. to and around a mark 3½ miles S.S.W.½W. from Point Judith whistling buoy, leaving it to starboard, and 10 miles N.E. to finish line, which will be drawn as for the start. N. B.—The marks will be floats displaying red flags with white stripes. At the finish the Sylvia will display a large club signal at the fore and a red ball by day; and after dark she will show four white lights, hung vertically, and will burn club signals at 10-minute intervals.

On the day before the race an objection was made to this change of course by the smaller schooners on the ground that it gave a preponderance of reaching in favor of the larger vessels, and the regatta committee finally agreed to sail over one of the old courses. The entries were:

SCHOONERS.

| | Length. | Allowance. |
|---|---|---|
| Colonia, C. A. Postley | 90.32 | . .. .. |
| Emerald, J. R. Maxwell | 90.07 | 0 01 48 |
| Marguerite, H. W. Lamb | 83.48 | 0 06 44 |
| Iroquois, H. C. Rouse | 83.28 | 0 07 39 |
| Elsemarie, J. B. King | 74.67 | 0 13 59 |
| Amorita, W. G. Brokaw | 74.82 | 0 12 08 |
| Quissetta, H. W. Harris | .... | . .. .. |

SLOOPS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Queen Mab, N. L. Francis | 63.28 | . .. .. |
| Carmita, Howard Caswell | 54.93 | 0 10 35 |
| Wasp, Lippitt Bros. | 54.97 | 0 10 26 |

Of the schooners, Marguerite, Iroquois and Elsemarie, though nominally starting for the Goelet cup, had no chance of winning it from the other four, but made up a private sweepstakes.

The morning brought little wind, but by the time that the fleet was outside the harbor, many steam and sailing yachts being present to follow the race, there was a fresh wind from S.S.W. and a heavy swell on. The three schooners in the sweepstakes race carried working topsails; Emerald, Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta carried club topsails, but the latter lowered hers when outside. Wasp and Queen Mab followed her example, but Carmita hung to hers. The flagship anchored off Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the regatta committee—Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Governeur Kortright and W. Butler Duncan, Jr., the latter acting in the place of Mr. Archibald Rogers—gave the signals for the Block Island course, to windward on the first fourteen-mile leg, a run of eighteen miles to the second mark, and a close reach of six miles home. While working about the line, Wasp was in collision with the steam yacht Viking, tearing her mainsail badly, while Viking lost her bowsprit. The sail was hastily repaired to last through the race, but was more or less of a handicap all day. The preparatory signal was given at 11 o'clock and the start for the three cutters at 11:05, the times of crossing being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 11 05 48 | Carmita | 11 06 27 |
| Queen Mab | 11 06 35 | | |

The start for the schooners was given at 11:10, but just before the signal Quissetta's mainsail came down with a run, the halyard block giving way; the mishap was too serious for immediate repair, and the yacht withdrew. The others were timed over the line:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 11 10 41 | Emerald | 11 11 45 |
| Elsemarie | 11 11 21 | Amorita | 11 12 50 |
| Iroquois | 11 11 34 | Marguerite | 11 13 07 |

All of the yachts crossed the line on the starboard tack, but very soon went about and stood in for the Narragansett shore, Colonia, with her great draft, being the first to tack offshore again. For a time Wasp gained on Queen Mab, but as they worked out offshore the latter managed to pass her to windward. Colonia held first place of the schooners, with Emerald second, but Amorita was nearly holding her own with the latter. They worked along down the beach to Point Judith, Colonia and Emerald keeping offshore and getting more wind than those closer in. When near the point a light fog hid them for a time, but they ran out of it and were once more visible, Colonia with a long lead, while Amorita was so close to Emerald that the latter barely crossed her bows. Colonia was alone at the Block Island mark, passing it in fine style with nothing thrown away, and breaking out her spinaker at once on the starboard side, then setting her balloon maintopmast staysail and balloon jibtopsail.

After crossing on opposite tacks, Emerald and Amorita tacked and came together again, this time Amorita forcing Emerald about, being on starboard tack. Queen Mab found the steam yacht Peerless in the way as she rounded, but went clear. The tide was running very strong and carrying all the yachts on the buoy, they having allowed too little for it, and Wasp, Amorita and Emerald were in close company. When they next met Emerald crossed Amorita's bow. Wasp and Emerald met at the mark, but the schooner gave way. The following times are unofficial:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 1 39 30 | Carmita | Not timed |
| Queen Mab | 1 47 26 | Elsemarie | Not timed |
| Wasp | 1 53 10 | Marguerite | Not timed |
| Emerald | 1 53 37 | Iroquois | Not timed |
| Amorita | 1 55 06 | | |

They started down wind with spinakers to starboard, and made the long run of 18 miles without other incident than a gain for Colonia; the times at the West Island mark being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 3 34 22 | Wasp | 3 55 40 |
| Emerald | 3 48 25 | Marguerite | Not timed |
| Queen Mab | 3 49 45 | Elsemarie | Not timed |
| Amorita | 3 55 05 | Iroquois | Not timed |

After a jibe all headed for home on a close reach, running off the last 6 miles quickly. The full times were:

SLOOPS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Queen Mab | 11 06 25 | 4 34 55 | 5 28 00 | 5 28 00 |
| Wasp | 11 05 48 | 4 46 25 | 5 40 37 | 5 30 11 |
| Carmita | 11 06 27 | 5 13 31 | 6 06 04 | 5 54 29 |

SCHOONERS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 11 10 41 | 4 15 24 | 5 04 43 | 5 04 43 |
| Emerald | 11 11 45 | 4 32 23 | 5 20 38 | 5 18 50 |
| Marguerite | 11 13 07 | 4 59 42 | 5 46 35 | 5 39 51 |
| Iroquois | 11 11 34 | 5 07 33 | 5 55 59 | 5 48 30 |
| Amorita | 11 12 50 | 4 49 00 | 5 36 10 | 5 17 22 |
| Elsemarie | 11 11 21 | 5 07 00 | 5 55 39 | 5 41 46 |

Queen Mab beat Wasp 2m. 11s., and Carmita 36m. 29s.

Colonia beat Amorita 12m. 29s., Emerald 14m. 7s., Marguerite 35m. 8s., Elsemarie 37m. 3s., and Iroquois 43m. 37s.

Marguerite beat Elsemarie 1m. 55s., and Iroquois 8m. 29s.

The elapsed times over each leg were:

SCHOONERS.

| | 1st Leg. | 2d Leg. | 3d Leg. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 2 28 49 | 1 55 22 | 0 40 32 |
| Emerald | 2 41 53 | 1 54 48 | 0 43 58 |
| Amorita | 2 43 15 | 2 00 00 | 0 47 15 |

CUTTERS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Queen Mab | 2 40 50 | 2 02 20 | 0 44 50 |
| Wasp | 2 47 22 | 2 02 30 | 0 52 45 |

The race was by no means an exciting one. The victory of Queen Mab over Wasp was a surprise, but Colonia's work of late had prepared everyone for her victory over Emerald under existing conditions. The race was a fair one in all respects. Wasp suffered somewhat from her accident before the start, and Queen Mab was bothered by a steam yacht at the first turn, but otherwise it was decided on the merits of the yachts.

## Sixth Day—Third Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

*Saturday, Aug. 8.*

There was no wind on Saturday morning for the run to Vineyard Haven. A light breath from the N.W. served to carry the fleet from the harbor to the start off Brenton's Reef Lightship, and a start was made at 11:20. Some excitement was caused by the schooner Intrepid drifting ashore near Beaver Tail, but she was hauled off safely by the tug N. P. Doane. The fleet started with next to no wind at all and drifted all day in alternate calms and catspaws. Colonia was in the lead, but as she neared the finish line off West Chop toward evening she stuck on the end of Middle Ground Shoal. Her cabin lights were open and she rolled down badly in taking the ground, a good deal of water finding its way into the cabin and spoiling the costly upholstery. The finish was an all-night matter, as the times show:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

| | Start. | Finish. |
|---|---|---|
| Fortuna | 11 20 00 | Did not finish. |
| Montauk | 11 20 00 | 6 o'clock Sunday morning. |

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Alcea | 11 20 00 | 6 o'clock Sunday morning. |
| Merlin | 11 20 00 | Did not finish. |
| Colonia | 11 20 00 | Ran aground. |

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 11 20 00 | 8 08 21 | 8 48 21 | 8 38 21 |
| Iroquois | 11 20 00 | 8 13 00 | 8 43 00 | 8 42 07 |

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amorita | 11 20 00 | 7 44 50 | 8 14 50 | 8 14 50 |
| Quissetta | 11 20 00 | 7 27 30 | 8 07 30 | 8 04 12 |

CUTTERS—CLASS 3.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wayward | 11 25 00 | 8 15 00 | 8 50 00 | 8 50 00 |
| Queen Mab | 11 25 00 | 7 52 22 | 8 27 22 | 8 26 16 |

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 11 21 51 | 7 39 40 | 8 17 47 | 8 17 47 |
| Carmita | 11 22 55 | Did not finish. | | |

CUTTERS—CLASS 5.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Uvira | 11 25 00 | Not timed. | | |
| Choctaw | 11 23 41 | 9 42 20 | 10 18 39 | 10 18 29 |
| Minerva | 11 22 51 | 7 o'clock Sunday morning. | | |

The winners were Montauk, Alcea, Marguerite, Quissetta, Queen Mab, Wasp and Choctaw.

## Eighth Day—Fourth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEWPORT.

*Monday, Aug. 10.*

Sunday was spent in harbor at Vineyard Haven, the yachtsmen resigning themselves to all the gayeties which Cottage City affords. This year the usual run to New Bedford was omitted, the fleet returning direct to Newport, and at 5:30 A. M. on Monday the signal for starting from the harbor was given. The cutters were started at 6:30, the line being off West Chop, and the schooners at 6:35, the times over the line being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Uvira | 6 35 40 | Iroquois | 6 42 58 |
| Wasp | 6 36 01 | Wayward | 6 40 00 |
| Carmita | 6 36 43 | Colonia | 6 43 47 |
| Queen Mab | 6 37 15 | Amorita | 6 44 38 |
| Minerva | 6 37 32 | Marguerite | 6 45 00 |
| Choctaw | 6 39 17 | Atlantic | 6 45 00 |
| Quissetta | 6 41 29 | | |

Many of the fleet, including some racers, had gone to the eastward. The yachts were hardly over the line before the wind fell and left them in a strong flood tide. Some anchored and some wrestled with the tide until after two hours they were just on the line again. About 11 o'clock a light S.W. wind came in, Wasp catching it first. The fleet was scattered all over Vineyard Sound, and when the breeze became strong enough to start the race in earnest against the tide, the new start was a most uneven one. The breeze freshened as the fleet left the Sound, and a finish was made off Brenton's Reef about 5 o'clock, but the race was simply a fluke throughout. Quissetta, by good luck, took the cup offered by Vice-Com. Ward for the schooner winning the greatest number of runs, and Wasp won the cup offered by Rear-Com. Ledyard for cutters. The final times were:

SCHOONERS—SECOND CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Colonia | 6 43 47 | 4 54 12 | 10 10 25 | 10 10 25 |
| Atlantic | 6 45 00 | Did not finish. | | |

SCHOONERS—THIRD CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 6 45 00 | 5 20 23 | 10 35 23 | 10 35 23 |
| Iroquois | 6 42 58 | 5 58 58 | 11 16 00 | 11 15 07 |

SCHOONERS—FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amorita | 6 44 38 | 5 01 50 | 10 19 52 | 10 19 52 |
| Quissetta | 6 41 29 | 4 57 58 | 10 16 29 | 10 13 11 |

SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wayward | 6 40 00 | 5 48 16 | 11 08 16 | 11 08 16 |
| Queen Mab | 6 37 15 | 4 55 52 | 10 18 37 | 10 16,09 |

SLOOPS—FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 6 36 01 | 4 52 32 | 10 16 31 | 10 16 31 |
| Carmita | 6 36 43 | 5 50 58 | 11 14 10 | 11 14 09 |

SLOOPS—FIFTH CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Uvira | 6 35 40 | 5 48 02 | 11 12 22 | 11 12 22 |
| Choctaw | 6 39 17 | 6 11 12 | 11 31 55 | 11 31 45 |
| Minerva | 6 37 32 | 6 21 35 | 11 44 03 | 11 41 25 |

The winners were:

Schooners—Class 2, Colonia; class 3, Marguerite beat Iroquois 20m. 21s.; class 4, Quissetta beat Amorita 6m. 41s.

Cutters—Class 3, Queen Mab beat Wayward 58m. 7s.; class 4, Wasp beat Carmita 57m. 31s.; class 5, Uvira beat Choctaw 19m. 29s. and Minerva 22m. 3s.

A special race for the 30ft. class was arranged for Aug. 12, after which the fleet will disband.

## Lake Geneva Y. C.

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

*Saturday, Aug. 1.*

This was the second race for the 15ft. class, the race being for points which count toward a prize at the close of the season. Puckachee has 6 points, Little Dipper has 4 points, Ysabel has 4 points. One-gun start.

| | Start. | Turn. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ysabel, B. Carpenter | 10 32 00 | 11 44 00 | 12 39 00 | 2 17 00 |
| Puckachee, Miss E. Ramsey | 10 22 00 | 11 43 30 | 12 41 25 | 2 19 25 |
| Little Dipper, Miss R. Sturges | 10 22 00 | 11 44 10 | 12 41 45 | 2 19 45 |
| Josephine, C. R. Crane | 10 24 00 | 11 46 40 | Did not finish. | |
| Columbia, A. Chandler | 10 22 00 | 11 47 30 | Did not finish. | |

Ysabel won 4 points, Puckachee 2 points.

Judges—H. W. Marsh and Will Waller, Jr.

## Brockville Regatta.

BROCKVILLE, ONT.—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

*Saturday, Aug. 8.*

The sailing regatta at Brockville, Ont., was stopped in the morning by a calm, but in the afternoon a second start was made, in a fresh S.W. wind. In the 15ft. class Pelper was sailed by S. G. Averill, of Ogdensburgh, and led over most of the course, but was finally passed by Mischief and Anita, both of Montreal. Peggy, sailed by her owner, made a very poor showing and withdrew after the first round. In the larger class Gethar won.

## Quincy Y. C. Series.

ROUGH S NECK—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Quincy Y. C. arranged a series of three invitation races, which were sailed over the club courses on July 29, 30 and 31. On the first day there was a fresh S.W. wind, making a good race, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Emma C., P. A. Coupal | 29.05 | 2 02 13 | 1 34 39 |
| Ida J., F. E. Beekman | 29.04 | 3 05 24 | 1 37 36 |
| Harbinger, W. F. Bache | 28.04 | 2 09 10 | 1 40 27 |
| Beatrice, John Cavanagh | 25.06 | 2 19.58 | 1 48 21 |
| Arbutus, J. F. Small | 29.11 | Withdrew. | |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gleaner, F. O. Wellington | 23.00 | 2 10 07 | 1 35 44 |
| Privateer, A. E. Schaaf | 22.11 | 2 11 06 | 1 36 39 |
| Rex, J. B. Farrell | 24.00 | 2 12 40 | 1 39 28 |
| Swirl, H. M. Faxon | 21.07 | 2 17 04 | 1 40 59 |
| Tacoma, S. N. Small | 22.00 | 2 17 21 | 1 41 42 |
| Cleopatra, M. Macdowell | 21.07 | 2 18 12 | 1 42 00 |
| Moondyne, Shaw Bros. | 24.08 | 2 23 13 | 1 50 47 |
| Eulalie, R. G. Hunt | 22.03 | Disabled. | |
| Romance, L. Sears | 24.04 | Withdrew. | |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arab, W. F. Scott | 18.01 | 2 18 50 | 1 37 24 |
| Zoe, J. McCarthy | 19.06 | 2 23 00 | 1 43 50 |
| Nancy Hanks, P. J. Magiathlin | 20.06 | 2 25 03 | 1 47 22 |
| Opechee, W. P. Barker | 19.09 | 2 26 49 | 1 48 02 |
| Enigma, G. F. Mayberry | 18.05 | 2 30 40 | 1 49 47 |
| Onaway, W. E. Geyer | 20.07 | Withdrew. | |
| Wawanda, Beumer & Paltern | 19.11 | Withdrew. | |

KNOCKABOUTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tautog, W. O. Gay | 21.00 | 2 14 59 | 2 14 59 |
| La Chica, C. V. Souther | 21.00 | 2 16 35 | 2 16 35 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon | 16.05 | 1 25 13 | 0 54 07 |
| Fantasy, W. Allerton | 15.09 | 1 28 53 | 0 56 51 |
| Alpine, C. J. Biethen | 17.06 | 1 26 56 | 0 56 53 |
| Primrose, W. B. Burrell | 17.05 | 1 26 48 | 0 56 59 |
| Gevan, L. Cate | 17.06 | 1 27 01 | 0 57 18 |
| Sphinx, A. Keith | 17.11 | 1 27 21 | 0 58 10 |
| Myrtle, L. A. Haywood | 16.09 | 1 33 53 | 1 09 19 |
| Sparrow, J. J Moebs | 15.07 | Withdrew. | |

Rex was protested for fouling Tacoma.

On July 30 there was no wind to speak of, making a drift of the race, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Beatrice, John Cavanagh | 25.06 | 3 05 17 | 2 33 45 |
| Emma C., P. A. Coopal | 29.05 | 3 01 33 | 2 33 49 |
| Ida J., F. E. Beekman | 29.04 | 3 03 29 | 2 35 41 |
| Arbutus, J. F. Small | 29.11 | 3 12 54 | 2 44 36 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cleopatra, W. M. MacDowell | 21.07 | 3 16 44 | 2 40 39 |
| Swirl, H. M. Faxon | 21.07 | 3 19 13 | 2 43 01 |
| Eulalie, R. G. Hunt | 22.03 | 3 19 34 | 2 44 14 |
| Rex, J. B. Farrell | 24.00 | . .. .. | . .. .. |
| Gleaner, F. O. Wellington | 23.00 | . .. .. | . .. .. |
| Moondyne, Shaw Bros. | 24.08 | . .. .. | . .. .. |
| Tacoma, S. N. Small | 22.00 | . .. .. | . .. .. |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nancy Hanks, P. W. Magiathlin | 20.06 | 3 58 15 | 3 20 34 |
| Opechee, W. P. Barker | 19.09 | Withdrew. | |
| Arab, W. F. Scott | 18.01 | Withdrew. | |
| Kayoshk, F. B. Rice | 20.11 | Withdrew. | |
| Enigma, G. F. Mayberry | 18.05 | Withdrew. | |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sphinx, A. Keith | 17.11 | 2 08 55 | 1 33 44 |
| Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon | 16.05 | 2 17 19 | 1 46 13 |
| Fantasy, W. Allerton | 15.09 | 2 21 36 | 1 49 34 |
| Alpine, C. J. Biethen | 17.06 | 2 21 08 | 1 51 25 |
| Tuna, A. Cook | 15.06 | 2 28 32 | 1 56 09 |

Eulalie protests Cleopatra for fouling; all of the fourth class were protested for rowing after the preparatory or for sculling with the rudder.

The third race was sailed on July 31 in a reefing N.W. breeze, giving some lively work and fine sport. Boston's only 15-footer, Mr. Small's Anita, went into the larger class with a crew of three and won very fairly. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ida J., F. E. Beekman | 29.01 | 1 38 05 | 1 04 43 |
| Emma C., P. A. Coupal | 29.05 | 1 39 08 | 1 05 51 |
| Beatrice, J. Cavanagh | 25.06 | 1 45 34 | 1 07 44 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Privateer, A. E. Schaaf | 22.11 | 1 40 04 | 0 58 39 |
| Gleaner, F. O. Wellington | 23.00 | 1 40 45 | 0 59 30 |
| Cleopatra, M. MacDowell | 21.07 | 1 43 56 | 1 00 30 |
| Rex, J. B. Farrell | 24.00 | 1 43 45 | 1 03 55 |
| Eulalie, R. G Hunt | 22.03 | 1 45 27 | 1 04 05 |
| Moondyne, Shaw Bros. | 24.08 | 1 50 26 | 1 11 31 |
| Swirl, H. M. Faxon | 21.07 | Disabled. | |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arab, W. F. Scott | 18.01 | 1 48 57 | 0 59 14 |
| Zoe, J. McCarthy | 19.06 | 1 47 29 | 1 00 29 |
| Nancy Hanks, P. W. Magiathlin | 20.06 | 1 47 39 | 1 02 26 |
| Opechee, W. P. Barker | 19.09 | 1 57 28 | 1 11 26 |

KNOCKABOUTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tautog, W. O. Gay | 21.00 | 1 44 18 | . .. .. |
| La Chica, C. V. Souther | 21.00 | 1 48 30 | . .. .. |
| Spinster, L. M. Clark | 21.00 | Withdrew. | |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anita, S. N. Small | 15.10 | 1 13 02 | 0 41 07 |
| Fantasy, Wm Allerton | 15.09 | 1 14 31 | 0 42 29 |
| Sphinx, A. Keith | 17.11 | 1 16 52 | 0 47 41 |
| Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon | 16.05 | 1 19 01 | 0 47 55 |

## Beverly Y. C.

THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP—BUZZARD'S BAY.

*Saturday, Aug. 1.*

THE 236th regatta, third champio ship, was sailed in a good single-reef breeze. An error of the judge in changing course signal after preparatory gun lost Bernice her chance for the race; a protest was the result, but as the other boats were not at fault it could not be granted.

Anonyma found her day and did well. Grilse did well till it breezed up, then proved again that she was built for and needs four men.

Sippican at last was measured after the race and proved to be 11in. out of class. This gives third prize in July 4 race to Alison, and second prize in July 11 race to Doris.

The race advertised for July 25 at West Falmouth was not sailed, but postponed to Aug 29.

Courses: 11¼ miles for second class, 7¾ for third and fourth classes, 5½ for fifth class; wind S W.

SECOND CLASS CATS

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anonyma, B. Y. C., F. L. Dabney | 24.09 | 2 11 48 | 1 58 06 |
| Linotte, B. Y. C., W P. Wilson | 25.10 | 2 13 11 | 2 00 46 |
| Mist, B. Y. C., Geo. H. Lyman | 25.01 | 2 13 58 | 2 00 36 |
| Bernice, B. Y. C., J. G. Young, Jr. | 25.08 | Sailed wrong course. | |
| May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore | 26.00 | Withdrew. | |
| Surprise, B. Y. C., Jas. L Codman | 24.01 | Disabled. | |

THIRD CLASS CATS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colymbus, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr. | 21.06 | 1 44 31 | 1 32 00 |
| Sippican, B. Y. C., W. H Davis | 22.11 | 1 56 26 | . .. .. |
| Cayuse, B. Y. C., F W Sargent | 20.01 | . .. .. | . .. .. |
| Meiro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore | 20.03 | . .. .. | . .. .. |

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elsa, B. Y. C., H. & F. Burgess | 19.00 | 1 43 23 | 1 28 04 |
| Howard, B. Y. C., H. O. Miller | 18.00 | 1 45 48 | 1 29 12 |
| Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker | 18.01 | 1 46 04 | 1 29 37 |
| Dawdle, B. Y. C., R. S. Harcy | 17.06 | 1 46 35 | 1 29 20 |
| Daisy, B. Y. C., Howard Stockton | 19.00 | Withdrew. | |

FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heiress, B. Y. C., Geo. G. Allen | 19.00 | 1 36 40 | 1 21 21 |
| Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis | 19.00 | 1 40 05 | 1 25 26 |
| Ghuzz, B. Y. C., Lawrence Brooks | 18.09 | 1 46 54 | 1 31 16 |
| Silence, B. Y. C., J. Crane, Jr. | 19.00 | 1 50 34 | 1 35 15 |
| Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess | 19.00 | Disabled. | |

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Imp, B. Y. C., Geo. B. Dabney | 14.05 | 1 31 21 | 1 06 27 |
| Vit, B Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr. | 14.04 | 1 35 55 | 1 10 54 |

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P D Q, B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons | 14.04 | 1 35 00 | 1 09 46 |
| G G, B. Y. C., H. E. Brewer | 15.00 | 1 34 41 | 1 10 56 |

Winners of prizes: Second class cats, Anonyma first, Mist second; third class cats, Colymbus first; fourth class cats, Elsa first, Howard second; fourth class sloops, Heiress first, Grilse second; fifth class cats, Imp first; fifth class sloops, P D Q first.

Anonyma, Colymbus, Heiress, Elsa and Imp win second legs for pennants; Surprise, Meiro, Dawdle and Vit each having one leg. P D Q wins a leg.

Judges, S. G. King and Geo. P. Gardner.

The open regatta at Marblehead on Aug. 8 was postponed to Aug. 29 on account of a calm.

## American Steam Yachts.

THE *Marine Record*, in commenting on a quotation from an English journal relating to the position of the FOREST AND STREAM in opposition to the Payne bill, says:

We must take some exception, however, to the statement that the FOREST AND STREAM is ahead in its arguments against the Payne bill. These so-called arguments, so far as we have seen them, consist of mud-throwing of a nasty and unconvincing character. Among the yachts which have been made the targets for the malice of this publication are the Wadena and Comanche, the former built by the Cleveland Ship Building Co., and the other by the Globe Iron Works Co., of Cleveland. * * * The remark regarding the Wadena is a palpable misrepresentation, as the lengthening occurred after she had been in commission some time. True, it was "after trial," but not immediately after her trial trip, as the Anglomaniac sporting paper would have it believed. The lengthening was caused by no fault in the original design, but because the owner wished to reduce her draft without sacrificing any of her rather unusual amount of auxiliary machinery. As for the Comanche, this far-fetched comparison is based upon the simple fact that considerable deck space was allowed forward, in compliance with the wishes of her owner. This does not spoil her looks by any means, and both the Wadena and Comanche are yachts of which any American might be proud. The Comanche was built to be in every respect an American yacht, in design as well as in material, and the fault found with her appearance seems based solely on the idea that nothing is good which does not follow the English styles, in the matter of houses as well as of model. The continuous success of American sailing yachts over their British competitors, in which the credit is given very largely to the hull design, is a sufficient vindication of American ability in that direction. Why should designers not be allowed some latitude in laying out the deck plan as well?

---

When Wadena was lengthened has nothing whatever to do with the question of her design, it is even a fact that she made a trip across the Atlantic and back before being rebuilt; but many of the old salt-water sailors who saw her leave Tebo's with her decks nearly level with the water never expected to see her again. That she did get back proves just about as much as the recent crazy venture of rowing across the Atlantic in an open boat. The *Record* chooses its words very carefully in explaining that the object of lengthening was to reduce her draft, 10ft. 6in., certainly not excessive for a seagoing yacht of her length. The real reason for the alteration was that the yacht as designed had not sufficient displacement for her machinery and coal, and with enough coal aboard to carry her to a convenient coaling station on her ocean trip she had next to no freeboard, her deck being perilously near the water. If this is not bad design, we do not know what to call it, for the yacht was specially designed for a trip around the world. The faults were later remedied at an expense that would have paid a designer's fee many times over.

Comanche is a very serviceable craft, far superior to many other American steam yachts, a good sea boat and elegantly furnished below, but that she is absolutely devoid of that graceful appearance which is popularly supposed to characterize the more costly steam yachts is hardly capable of argument, it is only necessary to look at her.

The "latitude" of her deck plan is only one point of many open to comparison in considering her appearance.

The *Record* continues:

But even if these statements were true, it must be admitted that the only means which builders have at their command for securing improved pleasure tonnage is practice, and how is this to be secured when owners spend their money across the water? Builders are not warranted in building large yachts for sale, as the people who enjoy sufficient means to possess such luxuries insist upon outlining the general arrangement of such a boat. And as for the alleged deficiences in American yachts, the root of the whole matter, it is most likely, lies right in this characteristic. The prospective owner who places an order for a yacht with an American builder insists on being her architect, and the gentleman who enjoys that title is reduced, in fact, to the standing of a mere draftsman. The owner wants things arranged after a certain fashion, and often his desires are such that compliance with them is an absolute impossibility, especially if he has had no experience to give him proper and practical ideas. After this is explained to him, he will insist on having his own way as nearly as possible, and in this way builders are in many cases forced to act against their better judgment. Then, if the experiment turns out badly, the builders receive all the discredit. If an American places a yacht order in England, he either gives the builders full discretion in the matter, or else he is so far distant that he is unable to dictate with any certainty. He is either too far away to inspect the yacht during process of her construction, and the builders, it is probable, either do not consider his unique instructions as matters serious enough to pay any attention to, or else they convince him in a peremptory and *ex cathedra* style that his suggestions cannot be considered for a moment; that they violate all established rules for English yachts and yachtsmen, and the owner is awed into submission. It is admitted that American merchant vessels of the same grade of workmanship present a far better appearance and are really better than those of the British; and why should it be otherwise, under the same conditions, with pleasure craft?

---

We were under the impression that most shipbuilders ask for trade under the representation that they are masters of their profession, fully competent to carry out all contracts that they make; according to the *Record*, however, it is the duty of the customer to pay for the education and the unsuccessful experiments of the builder. This is closely in accord with the idea prevalent in many trades, that the yacht owner of all men was specially created to pay bills, and for no other good purpose.

The plea of the interference of the owner has come up repeatedly in this discussion, but whatever weight may attach to it, there is in it nothing to justify an ignorance of design. Some of the most conspicuous failures have been made in filling what was practically a *carte blanche* order, with a minimum of limitations from the owner. On the other hand, one of the largest of the new Watson yachts was practically designed in New York last fall under the eye of the owner, who was most rigid in his requirements. Like others who have advanced this same point, the *Record* fails to explain why there is such a difference as it claims between steam yachts and sailing yachts; in the latter, as in Yampa, Lasca, Emerald and Defender, both owner and designer manage to work in harmony and a perfect vessel is produced; if this method of procedure is possible with sailing yachts in this country, and with both steam and sailing yachts in England, why is it not possible here in the case of steam yachts?

The *Record's* remarks about mudslinging and malice are strongly suggestive of our recent experience with the *Marine Journal*, which started on the same tack by denouncing our statements as untrue, but when confronted with an opportunity to prove them so promptly declined the issue. As the *Marine Record* has assumed to speak with authority as to Wadena and Comanche, possibly it will give us some information which we have been unable thus far to obtain, and tell us who the designers or draftsmen were who made the plans for these American yachts.

---

We are willing to give to this discussion the widest possible scope, as we believe in the end good will come of it, but we must remind our correspondents, however, that our space is limited, and request them to keep as closely as possible to the direct points at issue, and to avoid the introduction of others less relevant. The following letters have come to us in answer to the statements of a correspondent a short time since, and as a matter of justice to both sides we publish them, but we can give little space in the future to such side topics.

---

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I certainly take exception to some of the statements of Mr. H. R. l'Hommedieu in his article "Yachts on the Pacific Coast," which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 18.

In the first place he says I start off by generally abusing the shipbuilders on the Pacific Coast, and says that the fast war ships that have lately been built here speak well for some one's brains in designing.

I am glad to see that Mr. l'Hommedieu gives some one the credit for the design of these war ships, but why not be consistent and also give Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Burgess credit for their work? Their work not only speaks for itself and needs no defender, but is a monument to their ability, which will forever be the admiration of their fellow craftsmen.

The statements I made were intended as advice to those who might be thinking of following naval architecture as a means of livelihood, and are plain facts which can be greatly enlarged upon with regard to the conditions to be encountered.

One of the greatest dangers to American workmen, that of foreign immigration, could be easily overcome if employers would only live up to the contract labor law. It is a well-known fact that this law is evaded in every line of manufacture. The knowledge of these things may be the means of saving some young man from wasting a whole lot of time which he can put to much better advantage.

Mr. l'Hommedieu says, "If an American shows that he can design a fast craft he may be sure of holding an enviable position."

My advice to him is to say any of the men—for the product of whose brains some one else invariably gets the credit—who have grown gray at the business and who are still just plain ship draftsmen, why they are not holding these enviable positions. There are some people green enough to believe that conscientious efforts will bring their own reward, but they will soon find that we have not yet reached the millenium. Perhaps he can tell what becomes of all the apprentices who disappear when their apprenticeship is completed. Let me tell him that the majority have had their eyes opened sufficiently to quit the business and seek a more profitable occupation. A few—poor fellows—who feel that they have neither time nor money to spend in learning a new profession, are obliged to work at their trade and be contented with a bare living, without any hope of bettering themselves.

As for yacht designing, the man who patronizes the naval architect will not only get his yacht cheaper in the end, but will stand small chance of having a failure, provided he goes to a designer who knows his business. The boat builder goes to work and whittles out a model from which he gets his lines. The chances are he knows nothing whatever about displacement or stability, and is therefore unable to tell how much ballast the yacht requires or just how much canvas she can carry. The best he can do is to make a guess by comparison with a similar yacht which has been tried. In nearly all of these boat-builder productions a large percentage of the ballast is carried inside the hull, where it does not belong, and this is one great reason why the yachts of the Pacific Coast are unable to carry the sail spread of the Eastern yachts.

I have also heard a prominent boat builder of San Francisco tell some most unique yarns about the awful effects of outside ballast. Now these yachts, designed on methods which are absolute, are the so-called modern yachts of the Pacific Coast. I fail to see how a boat can be called modern which is cut in two amidships and has an overhang stuck on the bow and stern, as I see Catherine, one of the boats mentioned by Mr. l'Hommedieu, was treated.

In what respect are these yachts any better than the yacht of twenty years ago?

The successful yacht of to-day is designed without reference to any model whatever. Her displacement, centers of buoyancy, gravity, metacenter, center of lateral resistance and center of effort, are found or closely approximated before a single stick is touched. There are certain elements—such as the center of gravity—that cannot be accurately located until the ship is completed, but they can all be closely approximated from the design beforehand, which is a great deal better and more likely to result in a successful boat than by the rule-o'-thumb methods and guesswork employed by the boat builders.

Before ending I should like to add that there is a field for the naval architect where the recompense is sufficient to enable a man to have a good, comfortable home, but even there the position is a sadly underpaid one for the duties and responsibilities involved. I refer to the construction corps of the United States Navy. To become a naval constructor a boy must enter the naval school at Annapolis and graduate at the head of his class or second, the first two being given the choice of entering the construction corps. This will mean lots of hard work, but anything that is worth having is worth working for. I believe the age for entrance to Annapolis is fifteen to nineteen years. Let me add just one more statement. A man with the mental attainments of our naval constructors would be sure of a high salaried position in some other walk of life. The appended letter from the owner of Folly, which Mr. l'Hommedieu belittles, is self-explanatory.

WM B. COLLIER, JR.

VALLEJO, July 25.

*Mr. W. B. Collier, Jr., Vallejo, Cal.:*

Regarding Folly, which my brother and I built from design No. 124, by the late Edward Burgess, and which Mr. l'Hommedieu says never showed any evidence of speed, I can say that in the first and only race she ever sailed, some five years ago, on Admission Day, she easily beat Mollie Woggin, built by Capt. Turner, our foremost shipbuilder, for his own use in a moderate breeze, without any kites and only a mainsail and two headsails. Mollie Woggin is a boat of about the same size, and Capt. Turner expected he would have no trouble in disposing of us. You can get a corroboration of this statement from Mr. J. W. Pew, of Truant, who sailed Folly on that day. The rest of the class was nowhere.

What she would do against the present boats of the same size I cannot say, as she has not been in commission for some years. I have been too ill to do any sailing, and my brother has been too busy. She is yet in good condition, and I hope some day to have a try against the latter-day craft. Folly was designed especially for this bay, to be a "safe, comfortable and fast boat," and not for speed alone. She draws rather too much water for ordinary bay use. She is certainly safe, as I have had her out in a white squall and sailed her to her anchorage without letting go a sheet. Yachtsmen who saw this performance say they now have no doubt of the safety of this type of boat.

I believe that at the time we built the boat she was the first built on lines furnished by others than our home designers; and if I remember rightly Mr. Pew was the next to get an Eastern design for his catboat Truant, now a sloop.

As to Mr. Burgess not being familiar with our waters, that may be so; but I gave him our conditions after consultation with Mr. Chas. G. Yale, a man who is better posted on yachting hereabouts than any body now sailing. And as for Folly being a failure, I can only say that, in my opinion and in the opinions of many others more competent to judge perhaps than your critic, she is not; on the contrary, she fully answered my expectations in every particular. It has been the fashion of those ignorant of her performance to call her "well named," and I find the belief still extant. Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. DAVIDSON.

## The New Y. R. A. Rule.

TO ALL appearances the new rule of the Y. R. A., adopted late last season, has already proved a complete failure, the yachts built under it, quite a number in all the classes from 50ft. downward, being in no way an improvement on the bulb-fins produced under the rating rule in its later years The English yachting journals are now discussing the situation; the *Yachtsman* has published several letters, too long for reproduction here, condemning the rule, and the *Field* criticises it as follows:

Talking of rating rules, there seems to be a chorus of opinion that the new rating has produced an over-canvased boat in all classes, and that already the coefficients require altering. The principal charge against the rule is that it admits of too much canvas, and in the small classes holds out an inducement to cut down draft of water, while at the same time it does not encourage an increase of under-water body, or the increase is so trifling that it is not worth consideration. The fin bulb has not even been "scotched," nor in the large craft has draft of water by the girth measurement. Beyond this the girth measurement is a great deal of trouble and endless expense to owners. We think the ideal rating rule has yet to be found. Girth, as at present used in the formula, does not check draft to any appreciable extent, and might as well be dispensed with, and the light tax on canvas encourages enormous sail plans. If girth is to be retained with all its troublesome details, it should be whole girth, and most decidedly the square root of the sail spread should be used at its full value and not at half its value. If the coefficients are struck out of the rule and the constant divisor altered, the formula may produce the type of yacht which is said to be desirable, but we very much question whether the formula as it at present stands will ever produce anything but a very much over-canvased vessel and a poor performer in strong breezes.

Pente is an example of what the new rule can work. She is 31.5 on the waterline, and as a 5-rater carried 953sq. ft. of canvas. As a 36-footer under the new rule she could have 1,224sq. ft., and have her girth increased nearly 2ft. No doubt she would be a much faster boat than she is at present, and most likely would win prizes against this year's craft if anyone pleased to make the alterations to her; still, all this does not disclose the benefits which we were led to expect would accrue from the new rating rule.

---

This has brought out the following letter from our old friend Thalassa, in the following issue of the *Field:*

SIR: Many yachtsmen in the small classes will feel grateful to you for your critical paragraph, published in the *Field* of 11th inst. By it we can now see that the new rule has signally failed to do that which it was specially designed to perform, viz., to increase under-water body and introduce a better type with more accommodation.

Mr. Baden Powell's heart-breaking supplications to let the poor erring creature have another chance, because she has been handicapped by the sins of her progenitors, form an excellent specimen of special pleading; but they acknowledge the crimes of his client, and there is no time in this life to await the reforms of the unfortunate.

Most people will agree with you that the girth measurement, being useless and troublesome and expensive, should be discarded; also that the tax on sail should be increased by altering its coefficient to unity.

Were there changes made in the rule we should probably find it an improvement on the old rule, and a vast deal better than the present girth rule. It would become: Linear rating $= \frac{L + B + \sqrt{S}}{2}$. Thus the new 30-rater Florence would figure out $\frac{1}{2}$ (35.64 + 7.36 + 28.69) = 30 81, and Norman at $\frac{1}{2}$ (29 51 + 10.98 + 33.86) = 37.13.

Mr. Linton Hope writes me that he has "come to the conclusion that the present rating rule is no use for the small classes, as it is producing a worse machine than ever"; and Mr. C. P. Clayton has published his opinion, that "the most successful craft built to suit the new rule are worse boats than those built to suit the old rule"; and he also writes of "the utter collapse of the new rule."

When the strongest erst while advocate of the present rule uses such language, what more need be said by one who has opposed the rule from its inception and has predicted that it would never act as Mr. R. E. Froude intended? THALASSA.

## Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

*Saturday, Aug. 8.*

THE third regatta of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 8 in a very light breeze. The race for the Davenport cup, two legs for which are held by Cleopatra, was not finished on account of the light weather. Nancy Hanks was entered for it against Fanny D. The times for the smaller classes were:

FOURTH CLASS, A—CATS, 15 TO 18FT.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr | 17.02 | 1 18 44 | 0 51 55 |
| Honest John, J. C. Dawes | 17.04 | 1 19 44 | 0 54 06 |

FOURTH CLASS, B—SPRIT SAILS, 15 TO 18FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Major D, C. H. Drew | 16.01 | 1 18 39 | 0 51 36 |
| Yankee, A. E. Walker | 16.10 | 1 18 00 | 0 51 49 |
| Natalie, H. M. Jones | 17.02 | 1 18 43 | 0 52 54 |
| Gypsy Girl, W. Steele | 16.09 | 1 20 30 | 0 54 13 |
| Eunice B Weston, I. Symmes | 17.02 | 1 20 10 | 0 54 26 |
| Ideal, C. F. Bradford | 16.10 | 1 21 06 | 0 54 55 |

FOURTH CLASS, C—GAFF FORESAILS, 15 TO 18FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dolphin, N. Morton | 16.06 | 1 24 48 | 0 58 14 |
| Tom Jeff, S. S. Richards | 17.07 | 1 25 06 | 0 59 44 |
| Myra, S. B. Cheney | 18.00 | 1 24 54 | 0 59 57 |

## Jamaica Bay Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY—JAMAICA BAY.

*Saturday, Aug. 8.*

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed a club regatta on Aug. 8 in a fresh S.W. breeze. Runaway and Cecelia were in collision before the start, the former being so disabled that she could not start. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cute | 3 40 50 | 6 26 33 | 2 47 43 | 2 07 43 |
| Iris | 3 44 20 | Did not finish. | | |
| Runaway | 3 44 20 | Disabled. | | |
| Cecelia | 3 44 20 | Did not finish. | | |

CLASS B—CATS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lochinvar | 3 40 40 | 6 36 35 | 2 55 55 | 2 55 55 |
| Loyal | 3 41 25 | Did not finish. | | |

CLASS C—CATS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vitesse | 3 40 20 | 6 44 20 | 3 04 00 | 3 01 00 |
| Trilby | 3 40 55 | Did not finish. | | |
| Gennette | 3 43 23 | Did not finish. | | |

## Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

*Saturday, Aug. 8.*

THE Cohasset Y. C. started a club race on Aug. 8 in a light W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| In It, R. B. Williams | 1 09 30 |
| Heron, E. Stoddard | 1 12 15 |

15FT. CLASS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hoodoo, Gammond & Wheelwright | 1 46 08 |
| Mermaid, W. B. Sears | 1 49 10 |
| Mungo, E. S. Wilcutt | 1 53 30 |
| Jap, Bouve & Pegra | 1 55 18 |
| Swallow, John Richardson | 1 55 28 |
| Sea Gull, Fred Higginson | 1 56 23 |
| Honie, C. H. Cousens | 2 01 04 |
| Nit, Joseph Bigelow | 2 03 05 |
| Blink, Fred H. Pratt | 2 06 30 |
| Scoot, John Dean | 2 10 00 |

## Pathfinder.

THE new steel steam yacht Pathfinder, built for F. W. Morgan, of Chicago, at a cost of $75,000, demonstrated on her first trial trip late this afternoon that she is one of the speediest, if not the speediest, boats on the Great Lakes. The trial far exceeded the expectations of Pathfinder's owners, builders and designer. The engines worked splendidly, and she answered her tiller to perfection. Several thousand people lined the banks of the river and the shores of the lake, watching the beautiful craft as she glided through the water. On board was Capt. Morgan, her owner; Capt Warner, John Williams and Wm. Herrick, of Chicago; Designer Poekel, Walter Reynolds, manager of the Racine Boat Company; Capt. Hale, of the yacht Alcyone, of Chicago, and thirty other guests. She was in charge of Capt. Danstaedt, of Detroit, and Engineer James Froth.

On the first run southeast against a head sea the boat made over nine miles an hour with 182lbs. of steam and the engines running 125 revolutions a minute. With 155lbs. of steam and 155 revolutions of the engine per minute she made seventeen miles an hour. On account of the machinery being new and stiff the boat was not speeded to her full capacity, but good judges aboard predicted that she could make twenty miles an hour with ease, and when pushed can make as high as twenty-two miles.

The yacht is constructed of the finest steel, 148ft. over all, 14ft. 3in. beam, 12ft. depth, 8ft. draft, and has a displacement of 150 tons. The main engines are four-cylinder, triple expansion, 14in., 19½in. and a two 20½in., with 16in. stroke. The boilers are of the company's own special design and will develop 1,000 horse power. In addition to the main engines there are four small ones for driving the dynamos, pumps, blower and circulating fan. There is a steam capstan, electric light service throughout the boat, telephone service, hot and cold water, steam heat, etc. There are four steel water-tight bulkheads, making the yacht unsinkable in case of a collision. These are divided by four different water compartments. The boat has two spars, and in the distance has the appearance of a small man-of-war.—*Chicago Tribune, July 26.*

## The Lake Races.

LAKE ERIE will this year be the scene of a number of interesting races between the best yachts of the lakes, including several new ones. A number of races are scheduled and some interesting matches are promised, with the probable result of a revival of interest in yachting on all of the lakes. The racing opens at Port Dover, Ontario, at the eastern end of the lake, on Aug. 3-4; then follow the Erie regattas, Aug. 6-7, and then the four days, Aug. 10-13, at Cleveland, where the Cleveland Y. C. will hold its open regattas in connection with the centennial celebration of that city. From Cleveland the fleet will go to Put in-Bay, near the western end of the lake, where the races will be held on Aug. 17-22, and then all the yachts will cross to Toledo for the final international races between Vincedor and Canada.

The Chicago champion, Vincedor, left that city on July 29 in tow of the steamer Madagascar, in company with three barges, and should have reached Detroit on Aug. 2, but during the night a heavy N.E. gale sprang up, and the yacht was forced to drop her towline before Milwaukee was passed. She made sail and ran before the gale into Port Washington, north of Milwaukee, lying over night and sailing next morning with a light breeze. The night of July 31 was spent in harbor at Manitowoc; next morning more bad weather was met with, the yacht putting back. On Aug. 2 she started again, and made Mackinac at noon next day.

The Canadian champion, Canada, though unsuccessful at first in her preliminary trials with the older Toronto and Hamilton yachts, has improved greatly, and of late has defeated Zelma and Aggie a number of times. She took part in the Port Dover regatta of Aug. 4 and won easily from two local yachts, Scorpion and West Wind. In the second class, Dinah, of Hamilton, beat Puritan, Eva and Vivia, and in the third class Hiawatha won.

## Cowes Week.

THE racing week at Cowes began on Aug. 3 with the regatta of the Royal London Y. C., followed next day by the race of the Royal Yacht Squadron for the Queen's cup. The course was from off Cowes around the Lymington Spit Buoy and back around the Bullock Patch Buoy, 50 miles, with a N.W. wind. Meteor crossed first, with Britannia on her weather, followed by Hester and Mohawk. Hester was announced as the winner, but the race was afterward given to Mohawk. On the same day Ailsa and Satanita sailed in the regatta of the Royal Southampton Y. C., the former winning. On Aug. 5 Meteor, Britannia, Carena, Ailsa and Satanita started for the R. Y. S. prize of £100. There was a strong N.E. wind and the race promised to be very exciting, but when off Ryde Meteor lost her bowsprit and topmast. Britannia, Satanita and Carena passed on the wrong side of a buoy and withdrew and Ailsa was disqualified. Whether all the withdrawing and disqualification was intentional or not does not appear, but the race will be resailed.

The race of Aug. 6 was for the Town prize of £100, the course being from Cowes west around the Lepe Buoy, then east and around the Warner and back; two rounds, 48 miles. Ailsa, Britannia, Satanita, Corsair and Carena started in a good N.E. breeze; the former winning. On Aug. 7 the Meteor challenge shield was sailed for, again in a northerly wind, Ailsa winning.

## The 30-Footers at Newport.

ON Aug. 4 the 30-footers sailed a race for the Morgan cup, two rounds of a triangular course in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

| | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Esperanza | 4 22 30 | 1 57 30 |
| Asahi | 4 23 15 | 1 58 15 |
| Hera | 4 26 50 | 2 01 50 |
| Caroline | 4 27 35 | 2 02 35 |
| Wawa | Withdrew. | |
| Dorothy II | Withdrew. | |
| Vaquero III | Withdrew. | |

Vaquero took the ground and Wawa, which led the finish, picked up a lobster pot. Dorothy was steered by Gerald Paget, owner of Rosemary.

On Aug. 5 the fleet started again for a sweepstakes, the course being a run from Brenton's Cove to Dyer's Island and a beat home, 16 miles. Asahi and Hera led on the run, but were beaten by Vaquero on the windward work.

Another sweepstakes was sailed on Aug. 7 over a new course, 10 miles to windward to the buoy off Point Judith and return, in a fresh S.W. wind. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vaquero | 11 05 00 | 12 58 45 | 1 53 45 |
| Asahi | 11 05 00 | 12 59 25 | 1 54 25 |
| Hera | 11 05 00 | 1 00 35 | 1 55 35 |
| Caroline | 11 05 00 | 1 01 00 | 1 56 00 |
| Wawa | 11 05 00 | 1 01 15 | 1 56 15 |

On Aug. 8 the wind was very light and a slow race was sailed over the triangular course. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hera | 2 50 00 | 6 08 50 | 3 18 50 |
| Esperanza | 2 50 00 | 6 16 05 | 3 26 05 |
| Vaquero | 2 50 00 | 6 23 40 | 3 33 40 |
| Caroline | 2 50 00 | 6 23 45 | 3 33 45 |
| Musme | 2 50 00 | 6 30 45 | 3 40 45 |
| Wawa | Did not finish. | | |
| Dorothy | Did not finish. | | |
| Asahi | Did not finish. | | |

The racing will continue next week, the new Rosemary taking part.

## East Bay Y. C.

CENTER MORICHES—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

*Saturday, Aug. 8.*

THE East Bay Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 8 over a 10-mile triangular course. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Madcap | 4 01 00 | 6 41 35 | 2 30 35 | 2 30 35 |
| Bunol | 4 10 50 | 7 10 50 | 3 00 00 | 2 58 40 |
| Zoe | 4 10 30 | 7 37 50 | 3 27 20 | 2 53 47 |
| Druid | 4 10 40 | 6 57 50 | 2 47 10 | 2 43 21 |

## YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Eastern Y. C. will hold special open races on Aug. 18 and 19 for sloops of the seventh and special 30ft. classes, and for knockabouts. The races are open to all yachts which conform to the requirements of the respective classes, viz.: In seventh class sloops, waterline 30ft. and not over 35ft.; in special 30ft. class, the agreement of owners as made in November, 1895; in knockabout class, the rules of the Knockabout Association. Entries must be delivered to the secretary of the club, William S. Eaton, Jr., Eastern Y. C., Marblehead, before 10 A. M. on the day of the race. The prizes on Aug. 18 are: For special 30ft. class, first, a purse of $100, presented by Capt. Henry S. Hovey; for knockabouts, first, a cup, presented by Com. Gardner; for seventh class sloops, first, $100. In each class where five or more start, a second prize of $30, and where seven or more start, a third prize of $10. The prizes on Aug. 19 are: For special 30ft. class, first, a purse of $100, presented by Rear-Com. Hemenway; for seventh class sloops, first, $100. In each of these classes, if five or more start, a second prize of $30, and if seven or more start, a third prize of $10. For knockabouts, purses presented by Capt. C. S. Eaton, viz.: First, $100; second, if five or more start, $50; third, if seven or more start, $25; fourth, if nine or more start, $15, and fifth, if eleven or more start, $10. The prizes being given by Mr. Eaton, Cock Robin will not compete. In the special 30ft. class prizes of $50, $25 and $15 will be given to the professional helmsman.

The 30ft. special class has received a new addition in the Sibbick yacht Rosemary, nominally of 36ft. linear rating, Y. R. A., but built, as we understand, to the special rules governing the new 30ft. class. She is owned by Mr. Geraid Paget, of London, brother-in-law of Mr. Whitney, owner of Dorothy, who will spend the summer at Newport and race the yacht there. Mr. Paget also owns the 1-raters Caprice and Cigarette, built by Sibbick last year. Rosemary, as the new yacht is named, came over on the Wilson Line steamer Ontario, and was launched at Brooklyn, being rigged by her skipper, Capt. Vincent, and his crew of two, who accompanied her. She has been accorded the privilege of free entry, as she will be reshipped to England later in the season. She is now at Newport and will sail in all races of the class there.

A race was sailed on Lake Oconomowoc on Aug. 1 in a moderate N.W. wind, the times being:

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Hope | 0 59 12 | 0 55 57 |
| Bird | 1 00 20 | 0 59 24 |
| Skedaddle | 1 01 21 | 1 00 27 |
| Argo | 1 01 20 | 1 00 56 |
| Yumpin' Yaper | Capsized. | |
| Empress | Withdrew. | |
| Idle Hour | Withdrew. | |

The Almy Water Tube Boiler Co. has supplied the following yachts with boilers since the last cruise of the New York Y. C.: Steam yacht Gretchen, John E. Reyburn; Arcturus, Rutherford Stuyvesant; Parthenia, Stephen B. Roach; Giralda, E. S. Renwick; Indolent, J. C. Rhodes; Illawarra, Eugene Tompkins; Corsette, C. A. Tatum; Vesta, Henry A. Laughlin; Orienta, E. R. Ladew; Magnet, T. A. Howell; Valima, Wm. H. Post; Chepita, C. W. Wharton; Iduna, F. A. Foster; Marion, N. Witherell; Kaloiah, C. L. Hubbard; Ardarth, J. A. Aspinwall; Aida, W. P. Douglas. This record speaks for itself.

The third annual regatta of the Chippewa Y. C., of Chippewa Bay, N. Y., on the St. Lawrence River, will be sailed on Aug. 19. The programme includes a race for the Bell trophy, recently sailed for at Ogdensburgh; a race for St. Lawrence River skiffs, and one for sailing canoes, a prize of a $50 cup being offered by C. M. English for the latter event. There will also be rowing races. Particulars may be obtained of H. W. Williams, Secretary, Chippewa Bay, N. Y.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, the Corinthian Y. C. of Atlantic City, the Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle, and the Knickerbocker Y. C. have made a joint cruise on Long Island Sound, from New Rochelle to New London, the combined fleet dividing there for Shelter Island and Newport.

We have received from the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, a copy of the club book for 1896, a handsome volume quite worthy of this flourishing and progressive club. The membership is now 163, with a large fleet of yachts.

A rumor that is hardly worth repeating is to the effect that Valkyrie III. will be raced next season under the management of Sir James Bell, former head of the Thistle syndicate.

Cleopatra, the fast Hanley cat, originally named El Paso, has been sold by Melbourne MacDowell to H. M. Faxon, the Boston yachtsman.

The regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C., set for Aug. 8, was postponed to Aug. 15, on account of lack of wind.

Illawarra, steam yacht, Eugene Tompkins, was at Halifax on Aug. 7 bound from Bras d'Or Lakes for Boston.

Almy, steam yacht, Frederic Gallatin, passed Skagen Fyr, Denmark, on Aug. 1.

# Canoeing.

## THE ROYAL C. C. RACES.

WE published last week the account of the race for the Royal C. C. challenge cup, the principal event of the annual sailing week of the club. The races this year, instead of being up river, were at Burnham-on-Crouch, at the mouth of the Thames; on open, and as it happened rough water. It will be remembered that in 1894, the year Mr. W. W. Howard visited England first and entered for the R. C. C. challenge cup as the representative of the New York C. C., but half an hour before the race started he withdrew his entry on the grounds that the waters were unsuitable for canoe sailing; in consequence of which act the R. C. C. withdrew the offer of a special cup promised for an international race at Burnham later on. Last year Mr. Howard's canoe Yankee was shipped back to Clayton, N. Y., for alterations, and did not reach England in season for the challenge cup race, for which she was entered. This year Mr. Howard arrived from America in season to prepare for the race, which he entered as a member of the British C. A. Unfortunately for the correctness of the *Field's* surmise, his victory has awakened no enthusiasm in this country, and there has been no disposition whatever to claim it as an international event.

The *Field*, in the following comments, deals very severely with some of the leading features of modern canoeing, and in many points we agree with it, having preached the same lesson some years ago when there was still some chance of saving American canoeing from the racing machine. In the canoe yawl race alluded to, two boats were abandoned by their crews and towed in, one being finally wrecked. The *Field's* comments are as follows:

The "sailing week" of the Royal Canoe Club for 1896 was held at Burnham-on-Crouch on open salt water, and has undoubtedly furnished by actual facts just the very lessons which it has been found almost impossible to drill into some men by mere words of warning. If these lessons are now neglected sailing canoeing will be just about killed as a sport; of course, a few odds and ends will always be found at it, but true canoe sailors must forsake the sport if it is kept in its present form, wherein winning races can only be attained by a perfect acrobat mounted upon a dangerous machine.

The Crouch racing has amply proved what it was intended to prove; it has done so in the kindest manner—that is, without loss of life, without actual loss of prestige to British canoe sailors, and without demonstrating any really better type or class of canoe than the existing rules permit to be produced; and yet has clearly pointed out where the present machine nature ought to be toned down for the general good of canoe sailing. The move of the Royal C. C. to open tidal water for a sailing course was decided upon with intent to demonstrate by actual experience and facts that, though the rules permitted equally the sharpie and the skimming-dish type, the racing machine and the useful cruiser type, the man ballasted and the metal ballasted craft, there are conditions on such waters when the type of craft innocently in favor on the Thames and other quiet inland rivers are in other waters absolute death traps. Drowning in the north at Easter, and very nearly drowning in the summer in the south, should be ample teaching for any men who claim to have average quality of brains. Past capsizes, with happily prompt rescues, in sheltered waters, are soon forgotten, and the "cheap-jack" creation, the flimsy flying orange-box type of canoe-yawl, or butchers' tray canoe, are again manned with human life. The reckless life that elects thus to embark may be allowed to go, but the sport of canoe sailing should not also be drawn into the idiotic vortex.

The second point is the slack state into which the sport of canoe sailing has been allowed to drift. When the technical details of the racing are noted, it will be seen that no serious attempt, or, perhaps, proper attempt, was made to defend the cup against the attack of Yankee, Mr. Howard's canoe. It may be all very well to say that Mr. Howard only raced as representing a British club and not as an American, but we venture to say and suggest that ere these lines appear in print the victory will be claimed as international.

It may be international, and whether Mr. Howard was backed by one club in America or one in England matters little or nothing; no doubt he would have raced just the same, but the grave fact remains that the holder of the cup and the club owning the cup were not ready, and were not properly tuned up with defenders; and in the previous days of the week, while the Englishmen were racing in hard weather and straining their flimsy craft to true basket-leaking stage, the American boat never entered a race; she went only for the cup. The holder of the cup, instead of getting to Burnham by train and then practicing over the course day by day, spent his days and nights in an otherwise gallant struggle against wind and tide and a heap of mishaps in a passage around by sea, which landed both man and boat in a state of total collapse at Burnham on the morning of the race. Thus, in part at any rate, the Royal C. C. challenge cup for the first time is won out of the club.

We do not in the slightest degree intend to spare men or materials by using the common form of gushing praise where none is due; we prefer to state facts only, and expert men can thereupon form opinions which, we will venture to say, amply bear out all we have written for years past in connection with the sport.

Looking at the fleet of canoes and yawls at Burnham, with the exception of the two "cruising canoe" class new boats, there was not a canoe "up to date"—that is to say, that new craft could have been built, or older craft could have been reballasted and rerigged "up to date." The two cruiser class canoes were new and untried, and one lost her mast; the other was leaking to perfection all the time, and neither had a suit of sails which could fairly, or at all, be said to "set." The Dragon performed in a manner which should take a few years clean off the life of her owner. She ran before the wind with the whole of her fore deck out of sight under water; the water was up to the tack of her mainsail and rushing aft; the "bucket well" was full, and in this canted-down-by-the-head position of hull the rudder barely touched the water. Can any craft go the pace in such circumstances?

The two cruiser class canoes, though new and untried, were further "out of it," in that with their large sloop rig and very high freeboard and body structure, they demand and were intended to have bulb keels; they had at Burnham only plain metal center-plates, and not heavy ones even at that. Three hundredweight of ballast inside them would not have acted up to 100lbs. on the bulb. Yet their owners and all who saw them acknowledge them as fine, roomy little craft, and speak highly of the class as a future class, capable of racing and of cruising. Prucas, canoe, is merely a 30in. beamed semi-sharpie, not a new boat, but a very fast old one, and if she had not got strained to a bad leaking point we doubt not she would have given Yankee a close tie-up; her sails are far from being in racing fettle, but the handling she received from Mr. Laws was a masterpiece worthy of better stuff to handle.

The Viper, the last year's holder of the cup, was much in the same swim as Prucas; her gear and sails are capable of renewal, and where serious sailing is contemplated it is unfair to the club and country to "spoil the ship for a ha'porth o' tar." The Viper has a heavy lead bulb keel, she has a long slide seat, and every one expected great things of her in a blow, and for light breeze looked to Prucas or Dragon to ghost along with Yankee.

The report of the racing we publish below is from the hand of an able canoe man, who attended closely upon each race. The report gives merely the outline facts; but it cannot be denied that in two, if not three, of the capsizes it was providential that assistance happened to be at hand. The ebb tide would undoubtedly have swept the men out into the open sea, and if not soon washed off the upturned boats exhaustion of the human frame must set in, and with it the end. We have steadily put out and never wavered in our opinion, that for open water, estuary or coasting, there is no excuse for sailing in a capsizable canoe-yawl, and under present rules there is none of the old-time necessity for a sailing canoe to be unballasted; indeed she may easily be fitted so as to be uncapsizable. And further, if common sense and general sport are to be supported, and canoe sailing is to be conserved as a reasonable sport for ordinary men, gymnastic monkeying or dangerous implements must be effectually discouraged. It can be done by the stroke of the pen, and we venture to say that the Burnham racing has furnished the warning to act, because any further warning must come from a coroner's inquest.

So far as the canoe is concerned, though, no doubt, a small thunder clap would be fired off by the racing machine owners—say three men—the class would die an immediate and quiet little death if the sliding deck seat were abolished; at least, and in fairness to moderate men—non-scorchers—the sliding seat length should be limited to the beam of the canoe, as it is already in the cruiser class, and no built-up or box wells should be allowed in any canoe; a canvas bucket well may be movably fitted, and will save a fill up, but the actual well of the canoe should be clearly enough to sit down in. The canoe without a well at all, or fitted with a self-draining, built-up, saucer well, with no possibility of putting anything but a sponge below, is nothing but a necessary flotation evil to float and connect a sail, a center-plate, and some animal ballast. The sliding seat in moderation as to length of slide is a great comfort even for cruising; but when it comes to a full length stretch of some 5ft. or more, it is merely a monkeying machine, whereby the aquatic acrobat is enabled to manage a large sail on an inflated cylinder to more racing advantage than a sailer can manage a fair rig on an honest boat.

In the challenge cup race the Yankee displayed wonderful speed on the reach, and, as two-thirds of the course was in a reaching wind, no doubt she was at her best; but her time win of 27m. 51s. is not really "cut 'em down" time when we see the lamentable condition of each and all her competitors. Here we may point out one important thing. It is, that each of these canoes had traveled in very hot weather on railway trucks, uncased, i. e., bumping; whereas the Yankee had traveled slung on canvas in a case, and from experience of these delicate craft we can certainly say such treatment makes all the difference between a dry and a leaky boat.

We have on former occasions very fully described the Yankee, but many now reading of her may not have heard of her before. She is very fast, straightaway through the water; that is the utmost that can be said in her favor. She is a racer or nothing. The man is always outside her; he is above her so long as he can keep there. With her plate lifted and her sails lowered and with no man on board, Yankee would not float upright. She is a shallow V-sectioned canoe, 16ft. long over all, and nearly the same in the water; 30in. beam, very small freeboard, and very little sheer. The deck seat is raised up like a garden seat, and the side plank, for sliding the man out to windward, is about 5ft. long; the well is only a few inches deep, and drains any water into the centerboard case. The spars are stumpy, and of ridiculous and unnecessary diameter; her masts, booms and gaffs are hollow, but about half their diameter would give ample size for equally light hollow spars if built in fair quality of wood. The wooden jaws to the booms, battens and gaffs are cumbersome, and had far better have been made even in sheet brass; the rigging has very much of the toy shop look, bar one fact, that the sails certainly stand well. The reef gear as fitted, which is the old loop-draw-through gear, is not novel; it is simple, but we found similar gear in days gone by worked well enough in fine weather, but kinked and snarled in wet and refused duty; yet such loop gear is very handy for a cruising sail, but is not close enough for racing. The rig is mainsail and mizzen, nearly of equal area; the mainmast is stepped right in the eyes of the canoe, and the mizzen not far aft of midships; hence, in order to get the lateral resistance center sufficiently far aft for such a sail plan, the center-plate has to be dropped through the boat right in the well and amidships, thus putting an end to any possibility of having a sit-down well or any other pleasure or comfort, or cruising fitments.

Perhaps this is as it should be allowed in the unlimited racing machine; but the whole contrivance is foreign to one's feelings as to a genuine boat; she is a machine, she is raced as a machine, she comes to England for a particular pot race, she sails in no other race (this year) and she is packed up and goes away. Dragon in shape and fitment is but little better from the useful point of view, and has not proved as good from the racing view. It must be devoutly hoped the club will not encourage any further building of these useless things; the cup can be just as sportingly raced for in a useful type of canoe. The only source of life to these racing machines lies in the extraordinary long slide of the deck seat; this in balancing outboard of crew is about equivalent of 6ft. beam, whereas the rule only allows 30in.; but if the slide seat were limited to the width of the canoe, the extreme end could only run out about 1ft. beyond the side, and then the sail could not be carried on the machine except in very moderate weather.

The defaulters in the canoe-yawl class were both of semi-sharpie type—wretched, shallow, uncomfortable and dangerous things; no good even for speed. The canoes beat them in fine weather and smooth water, and in rough water they capsize and risk their crews' lives. Except lightness of hull for transport, and perhaps cheapness of first cost, there is little to be said in their favor. It is a pity that one or more of the powerful canoe-yawls were not down and sailing the Buxy course, just to have exhibited the difference of behavior, but probably the crews of Meryl and Rogue experienced enough to know how certainly they would be drowned if a similar accident occurred in a rather more open and less frequented place.

Be it remembered, these boats were not in novices' hands; they were manned by some of our smartest canoe sailers, and probably got all the handling the poor things were capable of receiving. One is a "total loss"—a wreck—and the sooner the others go the same track the better for genuine canoe-yawl sailing and cruising.

### The Grindstone Meet.

COM. HUNTINGTON and Mr. Robertson, of the camp site committee, went to Grindstone Island last week and established the camp. Though Friday is the date of the formal opening, the camp has been ready all this week.

### A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

| Name. | Residence. | Club. |
|---|---|---|
| A. W. McAdams | Newton | —— |

CENTRAL DIVISION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jesse J. Armstrong | Rome, N. Y. | —— |

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| E. H. Stockwell | New York City | Knickerbocker C. C. |
| L. S. Stockwell | New York City | Knickerbocker C. C. |
| J. W. Watts | New York City | Knickerbocker C. C. |
| Perry D. Fraser | New York City | Knickerbocker C. C. |
| J. H. Armstrong | Sing Sing, N. Y. | Shattemuc C. C. |
| Albert Rivers Genet | Sing Sing, N. Y. | Shattemuc C. C. |
| Lloyd Titus | Philadelphia, Pa. | Red Dragon C. C. |
| Wm. B. Pierson | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Orienta B. C. |

NORTHERN DIVISION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wm. Monk | Montreal | Pte. Claire |
| W. F. Lawless | Ottawa | Ottawa |
| R. W. Parkinson | Toronto | Toronto |
| J. Herb. Redpath | Montreal | —— |
| Fred R. Gilbert | Brockville | Brockville |
| J. F. Chapman | Gananoque | —— |
| Geo. Howell | Toronto | Toronto |
| W. Barclay Stephens | Montreal | Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. |
| Miss Edith Parkinson | Toronto | —— |

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Bisley Revolver Competitions—July, 1896.

In all the competitions, except the aggregates, 42 is the highest possible score, bullseye 2in. at 20yds. and 4in. at 50yds.

Military Series I., sliding target, 20yds.: First, Walter Winans 39; second, A. Bosling 38.

Military Series II., disappearing target, 20yds., at intervals of 3 seconds: First, Walter Winans 42 (best on record); second, A. Bosling 41

Military Series III., rapid firing, 20yds., 6 shots in 12 seconds: First, Walter Winans 38 (equals his previous best on record); second, A. Bosling 36.

Military Series IV., limited entry, stationary target, 20yds.: First, Lieut. Stanton 40, Walter Winans 39.

Military Series V., 50yds. target: Walter Winans and Lieut. Staunton tied on 38.

Military Series VI., advancing target, 50yds. to 20yds.: First, Walter Winans 38 (best on record now); second, W. B. Joynt 37.

"Any" Series I., sliding target, 20yds.: First, Walter Winans 38; second, A. Bosling 37.

"Any" Series II., disappearing target, 20yds., at intervals of 3 seconds: First, Walter Winans 41 (equals his previous best on record); second, L. Pritchard 40.

"Any" Series III., rapid firing, 20yds., 6 shots in 12 seconds: First, Walter Winans 39 (equals his previous best on record); second, A. Bosling 38

"Any" Series IV., limited entry, 20yds., stationary target: First, W. B. Joynt 42; second, Walter Winans 41.

"Any" Series V., 50yds. target: Walter Winans and Lieut. Staunton tied on 39.

"Any" Series VI., advancing, 50yds. to 20yds.: First, Walter Winans 42 (best on record, target inclosed); second, Lieut. Pritchard 41.

Military Aggregate, highest possible score 252: 1st, Walter Winans 234; second, A. Bosling 226.

"Any" Revolver Aggregate, highest possible score 252: First, Walter Winans 240; second, Lieut. Pritchard 230.

Revolver Grand Aggregate (revolver championship of England), highest possible score 504: First, Walter Winans 474; second, Lieut. Pritchard 458.

# Trap-Shooting.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

### FIXTURES

Aug. 19-20.—WARSAW, Ind.—Third annual tournament of the Lake City Gun Club.

Aug. 20.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Heikes versus Gilbert, for the world's championship at targets. Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., 2 P. M.

Aug. 25-27.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Binghampton Gun Club's tournament for amateurs; two days targets, one day live birds. Money divided under the Rose system. H. W. BROWN, Manager.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club, on Young & McShae's pier. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y

Sept. 8-9.—MARION, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J.; $150 added money.

Sept. 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 10.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

B. F. Smith is making every effort to have a successful shoot at Audubon Park, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 1-5. Tuesday, Sept. 1, is preparation day; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2 and 3, target days; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4 and 5, are live-bird days. At least $500 will be added to the purses in the target events; $750 guaranteed in the live bird handicap, all surplus added. An item of interest to amateurs is the announcement that the management will have events in each day's programme open only to shooters who cannot break more than 75 per cent. There will be eight events each day open to all. Of course the Rose system of dividing purses will be used at this tournament; B. F. Smith knows a good thing when he sees it, and is glad to push it along. Another special feature is Smith's statement that magautraps will be used in all the open events. The Buffalo shoot of Sept. 1-5 promises to be a good one. Keep your eye on "Buffalo" Smith.

The victory of Bert Claridge in the Du Pont trophy shoot at Chicago last week is a very popular one among Eastern shooters. Claridge is a consistently good shot, and has always made good records on his home grounds at Baltimore. In the shoot for the Du Pont trophy last October, on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Claridge was strongly fancied as a probable winner, his mark being 28yds. His 9th bird, however, fell dead out of bounds; his 10th also escaped, but he finished with 23. In this year's Grand American Handicap he was placed back 1yd., his handicap being 29yds. At the end of the 20th round there were only two straights, Carl von Lengerke and Claridge. Both lost their 21st birds, while the Baltimorean followed the precedent he established in the Du Pont shoot by losing his 22d, and going out with 23. His mark at Chicago last week was 28yds. Last October Fred Gilbert was placed on the 27yds. mark; at Chicago he stood at 32yds.

The Interstate Association's tournament at Burlington, Vt., promises to be an interesting affair. The programme of events for the first day calls for 175 targets, all in 15 and 20 target races, some at known and some at unknown angles, with a total entrance fee of $17 50; $40 will be added to the purses on this day. On the second day the programme consists of 10 events, the first 9 being similar to those on the programme for the first day; the 10th event is a handicap event, 25 to 33 targets per man, $2.50 entrance, $25 added to the purse in this event; altogether $60 will be added to the purses on this day. In all events there will be 4 moneys, and all purses will be divided under the Rose system. In the first two events on each day, a 6¼lb. keg of Hazard's Blue Ribbon will be added to first money. Information relative to the tournament, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by J. S. Denning, the secretary of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, Burlington, Vt.

The annual shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was a monster affair. It took place at Dexter Park, L. I., on July 28, fifty-seven shooters facing the traps. In eleven out of the twelve months in the year the club meets once each month, the members present shooting at 10 live birds per man for yearly prizes, handicaps being awarded to the more skillful shots. On July 28, it being the annual shoot, each man shot at 20 birds, no handicap. There were twelve prizes offered for competition. S. J. Held and J. P. Dannefelser, the latter the well-known gunsmith of Chambers street, tied for first place with 18 out of 20, Tom Short and Eugene Doelnck being next with 15 each. On the shoot-off at 10 birds, Dannefelser defeated Held by 9 to 6. The twelve winners were: Dannefelser, Held, Short, Voss, Doelnck, Gunther, Sands, Steffens, Webber, Himmelsbach, Paynter and P. Woelfel.

Thursday, Aug. 20, 2 P. M., and Watson's Park, are the date, hour and place for the contest between Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert for the world's championship at targets and for the cup emblematic of that championship presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. The conditions are: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rule, one man up, 5 traps down and retire, and 25 pairs. As noted in our issue of Aug. 8, Fred Gilbert readily accepted Heikes's challenge, naming date, hour and place as above. Heikes and Gilbert will probably meet in front of the magautraps at Detroit this week; Jack Parker's shoot always draws the boys together.

The programme for the Interstate Association's tournament at Marion, N. J., Sept. 8-9, will soon be in the hands of shooters. It will be found that the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, the club under whose auspices the shoot will be given, has decided to do its best to make the shoot an interesting one. A special feature will be the revival of the Novelty rule, a style of shooting that has been neglected too long, and that is really one of the most sporting ways of shooting at targets that has ever yet been devised. The club will add $75 a day to the purses—$150 in all.

G. S. McAlpin, of this city, won the Brookdale handicap on the Hollywood, N. J., grounds on Saturday last, Aug. 8, by killing his 15 birds. Edgar Murphy was second with 14. McAlpin was at 29yds., Murphy at 30yds. The other shooters with their handicaps were: Bland Ballard (30), T. W. Morfey (30), Branch (30), Count (30), White (28), P. Daly, Jr. (30), L. Finletter (30), Clancy (30), Edwards (30), Fred Hoey (30), A. L. Ivins (30).

Last week's extremely hot weather spoiled many of the club shoots in this neighborhood. It is all very well to say in winter: "I prefer hot weather for target-shooting." But there's a limit to the degree of heat referred to, and if E. S. Rice broke the live-bird tournament record in Chicago, Sergeant Dunn, the weather prophet of New York city, gives the credit of heat record-breaking to the week of Aug. 2-8. The East is bound to be in it some way or another.

The South End Club, the Independent and the East End clubs, all trap-shooting organizations in the city of Reading, Pa., have recently concluded a series of three interclub team races for the team championship of the city. The teams were of six men, each man shooting at 25 targets. The grand aggregate for the three matches—450 targets per team—shows South End 336 breaks, Independent 300 breaks, and East End 294.

The Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club's tournament, Aug. 26-27, is a purely invitation shoot. The programme contains the following personal note: "You are cordially invited to attend this tournament, which is strictly for amateurs, and no one is eligible to participate without a personal invitation."

Steps are now being taken to bring back to life the New Jersey State Association. This Association was in a healthy condition when it suddenly ceased to breathe some ten or twelve years ago. With State organizations all round her, New Jersey should not be willing to remain behind the times in that line.

Next Saturday the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., and the Dunellen, N. J., Gun Club shoot the third and deciding match in their series of twelve-men team races. This one being the rubber, both clubs will do their utmost to put their best teams in the field. The shoot takes place at Marion, N. J.

Mr. E. E. Lincoln, secretary of the Hingham, Mass., Gun Club, writes us under date of Aug. 6 that the first monthly shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association for the season of 1896-7 will be held on the grounds of the Hingham Gun Club, Hingham Center, on Wednesday, Aug. 19. All persons interested in the sport of trap-shooting are cordially invited to take part.

The Hazard tournament at Cincinnati last May was a record-breaker in its own particular line, and now here comes the Du Pont live-bird tournament at Chicago making a new record in the way of attendance and number of contestants in any one live-bird event; and that, too, in the month of August!

If there was not a large attendance at the recent tournament held at Worcester, Mass., on the grounds of the Sportsmen's Club, the quality of those present was quite warm enough. Van Dyke's work with the new Winchester rifle does not seem to have spoiled his handling of the repeating shotgun.

Jack Fanning, the Gold Dust representative from San Francisco, has been doing some rattling good shooting while here in the East. Last week he showed the boys in Chicago that he was just as well able to mow down live birds as any of them.

The third shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League will be held at Passaic, N. J., on Aug. 20, on the grounds of the Passaic City Gun Club.

The U. M. C. Co. advise us that the new Acme shell noted in our last issue replaces the Walrode shell and not the Smokeless, as our note read.

AUG. 11. EDWARD BANKS.

### Western Traps.

WINSTON—"DAVENPORT."

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—On Monday next, Aug. 10, Jack Winston and Louis "Davenport," of New York City, shoot a 100-bird race, live birds, $100, side bet of $50.

George Kleinman may shoot Winston a race next Wednesday, Aug. 12. Winston wanted to shoot Budd, Gilbert, Bingham and the whole wide world this month. It is hoped he will close some more races, as the boys here have their shooting blood warmed up a little and are not averse to a carnival of the old-time sport.

Jim Riley will accept Jim Elliott's (forfeitless) challenge to shoot soon.

A good entry is expected at Jack Parker's shoot next week. A number go on from here. E. HOUGH.

## Trap at Richmond, Ind.

RICHMOND, Ind., July 31.—The members of the Richmond Gun Club spent a very pleasant day on their grounds at Athletic Park to-day. Abundance of shade, plenty of green grass and a good supply of pure water make the park an ideal spot for spending a summer day. This fact, added to the shooting, attracted a goodly number of spectators. The shooters were few in number, but were thoroughly interested in the sport and kept the trappers busy. When the Richmond boys have another shoot I want to be there. Scores:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 20 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 5 | Shot at. | Broke. | Av |
| Weaver | 9 | 10 | 5 | 14 | 10 | 9 | 5 | 9 | 20 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 4 | 5 | 8 | 5 | 150 | 130 | 92.6 |
| Bush | 10 | 9 | 5 | 13 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 9 | 16 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 5 | .. | 3 | 140 | 124 | 88.5 |
| Kirby | 9 | 7 | 5 | 13 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 17 | 7 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 115 | 95 | 82.6 |
| Cook | 9 | 5 | 4 | 14 | 5 | 8 | 4 | 8 | 14 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 150 | 120 | 80 |
| Giuat | 9 | 10 | 4 | 14 | 10 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 15 | 9 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 135 | 98 | 78.4 |
| Koontz | 7 | 9 | 5 | 12 | 7 | 8 | 4 | 8 | 16 | 9 | 8 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 125 | 98 | 78.4 |
| Hampton | 5 | 5 | 4 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 4 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 150 | 116 | 76.3 |
| Martin | 10 | 8 | 4 | 10 | 4 | 8 | 3 | .. | .. | 8 | 4 | .. | 3 | 4 | 7 | .. | 105 | 68 | 64.7 |
| Crawford | 9 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 7 | .. | 8 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 8 | .. | 125 | 75 | 60 |
| Seany | 6 | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | 2 | 40 | 23 | 57.5 |
| Vaughn | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | 3 | 4 | .. | 20 | 11 | 55 |
| Druley | 2 | .. | 3 | .. | .. | 3 | 3 | 6 | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 50 | 21 | 42 |

O. H. HAMPTON.

# THE DU PONT TOURNAMENT.

## A Grand Success.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—The year 1896 has been one of great tournaments. So great have some of these been that it seemed the high-water mark of tournament records had been reached, and that it would be presumption to confidently set a higher mark for an ambition in tournament giving. Certainly had it been left to the unbiased opinion of experts it would hardly have been decided that the records of so great a year, as well as the record of all the years, and probably of all the countries, would be broken by a man who had never held a tournament, who was not familiar as a personality in the trap circuit, and who set for the meeting place of his tournament the city of Chicago, a great city to be sure, but one which had been deficient for some time in great shooting gatherings. The result has shown that Chicago is really the best place in the country for a great undertaking demanding public spirit and unlimited expenditure of means. That city certainly is the home of hustling, and time and again has shown its parentage of sons able to handle large material affairs. It would be something very much less than fair which would detract from Mr. E. S. Rice, the general agent of the Du Pont Powder Co., an iota of the full credit he deserves for conceiving and carrying out to perfection the greatest shoot of the day—the Grand Smokeless Powder Championship Handicap Live-Bird tournament of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co Mr. Rice had the idea of the shoot in his head for more than a year, and has quietly and with perfect system been elaborating his plans during that time. He has had at his disposal the powerful machinery of a number of agencies throughout the country, and he has behind him the resources of a great firm. The shoot represents an expenditure in all of abou $10,000. Even with such backing no ordinary executive ability would have produced a result like the one visible to-day, a result which is simply an astonishment alike to the participators and the promoters of the enterprise. There seems to have been an entire independence in plan and in method, and an entire carelessness of method of other managements in the past. For instance, it was a very wise idea not to attempt a mixed tournament of live birds and targets, although it was freely predicted that a live-bird tournament alone would not bring out a crowd. Mr. Rice banked on the unapproached reputation of Chicago as a live-bird town, and built upon the information coming in to him from his agents over the country. He felt that he could go ahead upon the lines laid out, and the result has far more than justified his widest expectations. He deserves credit not short of enthusiastic praise.

### SPECTACLE OF THE GROUNDS.

An entrance to the old-time grounds of Watson's Park at Burnside, on Monday, the preparatory day of the big shoot, offered a stroke of the eye not less than astonishing, and such as has never been possible here before. The ample resources of the park had been amplified and extended. Beyond the extremity of the long row of club buildings reached a vista of canvas, not less than a dozen great house tents in line, giving the idea of a military encampment, and one governed with military neatness and precision. Additional buildings, booths, screens, rooring stands, settees, awnings, etc., etc., lay to the back of the double set of traps which occupied the center of the field. Near the club house stood the big headquarters tent of the Du Pont Co., occupied by the Du Pont Co. as headquarters. Here were the desks, tables, secretaries' appliances, etc., etc., with ample room left for guests. Many ladies were here at all times. Messrs. Francis and Alexis du Pont, of Wilmington; Mr. E. S. Rice, Mr. Wm. S. Colvin, president of the Hazard Powder Co.; Messrs. R. S. and Fred. Waddell, Mr. Wm. McBlair and others of the associates or agents of the Du Pont Co. were to be found at this headquarters in the field. The handsome Du Pont championship trophy naturally held a prominent place at the headquarters, and a series of glass cases displayed in a fetching manner the products of the great powder house whose munificence and enterprise were so unmistakably in evidence. Back of this was situated the general office of the cashier and chief of scorers, an office so admirably and systematically managed as to be beyond all criticism The executive staff of the office and grounds management was as follows: E. S. Rice, Manager; H. P. Collins, Secretary, Baltimore, Md.; Jos D. Wood, Treasurer, Chicago, Ill.; Executive Committee: W. L. Shepard, 155 La Salle street; Col. C. E. Felton, Hartford Building; E. S. Rice, 60-62 Wabash avenue, Chicago; George W Andrew, official scorer, Chicago: Referees: Cup event, John Watson, Chicago, Ill; team contest, W. L. Shepard, Chicago, Ill;

event No. 1, Aug. 4, Dr. O. F. Britton, Indianapolis, Ind.; event No. 2, Aug. 4, Col. C. E. Felton, Chicago, Ill.; preparation day, John G. Smith, Algona, Ia. Beyond the headquarters tent was the Audubon Club tent, and next stood the tent of Montgomery Ward & Co., well occupied, of course, and near by the big pavilion set aside for the use of the press. The latter body has never had such royal treatment as it has received from the management of this shoot. Beyond the press tent there stretched to the south a series of fine canvas houses devoted to the general public of shooterdom, and arranged after a unique fashion One tent bore the wide placard of "Dixie" ("Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and the South"), and was devoted to the use of gentlemen from below the Ohio River, although it is not of record that the Ohio River constituted any line of demarcation either in this tent or anywhere else upon the ground. Other tents bore the banners of "New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio," "Indiana, Illinois and Iowa," "Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota," "Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska," etc., etc. So imposing an array of edifices for the convenience of shooters has never been seen in the history of tournaments in this country. In the sunshine of a perfect day, countless streamers and banners floated cheerily and added life to the scene already animated. It was not a shoot, but an exposition; it was not a tournament, but a spectacular assemblage of the clans, a rallying of the regiments of the gun, a great fair wherein was to be seen the best of the phenomena of the sport of shooting at the trap. It was a privilege and an education to be present.

### THE TRIBUTE OF THE COUNTRY.

By noon of the first day there were present or in town, as nearly as could be determined, representatives from twenty-five States of the Union. The entry as announced by wire to FOREST AND STREAM reached the figure of 134, a number fairly unprecedented in view of the character and significance attaching thereto. Nearly 200 shooters were upon the ground or in the city of Chicago on this first day. These were men representing the flower of the trap shooting country, North, South, East and West, men who came here seriously with plenty of money in their pockets, and each one seriously expecting to go away with more money than he brought. The programme certainly gave lavish promise of this. It said to the shooters for the big team event: "No matter how many of you there are, nor how great a purse your sweepstakes may constitute, the management will add to that purse an equal amount, not guaranteeing the purse merely, but doubling it." Other added money was also of princely amount. With such a basis, productive of such a gathering of typical shooters, and amid a setting so magnificent, it is no wonder that Mr. Rice, whose daring and executive ability has brought this to its climax, felt his heart filled with a pardonable pride. He has worked day and night over this for months. When he saw success so well in hand he was in danger of a reaction, and privately admitted that he was fairly on the point of collapse, and hardly knew whether or not he could run through the week without breaking down. It is not the hurried and imperfect words of a newspaper report which will give the best idea of this tournament, no matter how enthusiastic such may be Its record will best be scattered by the lips of those who saw it and returned to their homes over the country. In these reports, and not in even the most well-meaning of those of the sporting press, will Mr. Rice and the company he represents find their best recompense of praise and the reward for an undertaking so perilously begun, so safely ended.

### THOROUGHNESS OF DETAIL.

If it be impossible to speak too highly of the scope and daring of the business enterprise in holding this shoot, it is alike impossible to avoid praise for the thoroughness of detail in carrying it out. It was in every way a show affair. There has never been a tournament so spectacular, so attractive and so essentially high grade in every respect. The free and easy side in the methods of shooterdom were not visible. It was the best dressed crowd of shooters and spectators one has ever seen at a tournament. There was not the first suspicion of indecorum or carelessness in any regard. In this one does not mean to reflect in any way upon the usual customs at tournaments, but simply to commend especially the excellence of this tournament. It was neat and orderly—as quiet and elegant as an evening entertainment. There was no undue jollification at any time, and not a boisterous word or remark heard upon the grounds In short, it was shooting as it can be and as it ought to be among the gentlemen of the gun.

All this smoothness of detail evinced careful preparation and intelligent execution. From the tournament stationery up to the cashier's printed blanks, from the legendary banners to the uniform of the executive staff, everything was thoughtful, thorough, neat and precise The uniform of the field staff attracted favorable comment. It consisted of a white cap of yachting model, and white sweater with the magic word Du Pont on the breast. These insignia were carried into the squad arrangements to some extent. The Southern men wore the white cap, white sweater and white duck trousers, the sweaters bearing the inscription, "Dixie for Du Pont." The Southern men made what was called the "White Squadron," and presented a very fetching appearance. The tireless hustler, Mr. Fred Waddell, had done all that he could in his section of the country for the success of the shoot, and of course was here and there and everywhere over the grounds. Mr. R. S. Waddell, of Cincinnati, filled a similar rôle. St. Louis sent Mr McBlair, the company's agent, and Baltimore contributed Mr. Collins. The Messrs. Du Pont, who were present at the shoot, could certainly look about with pride upon their large and able business family.

### VISITING SHOOTERS.

It would be impossible in the space allowable to mention even the names of the entire multitude of shooters who were present. Chicago and Illinois of course turned out in force, and in a measure the local men felt themselves joint hosts in receiving the distinguished visitors from all over the Union. All the way from San Francisco came Mr. John S. Fanning, the only, but the able, representative of the coast. From the other side of the continent, the Empire State of New York sent the following able delegation: Buffalo, Audubon Club team—C. S Burkhardt, captain; E. C. Burkhardt, F. D. Kelsey, B. F. Smith, H. D Kirkover, Clinton Bidwell, manager; Mrs. H. D. Kirkover, mascot. Also Messrs. Harvey McMurchy, Sim Glover, E. D. Fulford, L. T. Davenport, Justus von Lengerke.

Pennsylvania sent most of her men from Pittsburg. Besides Mr. Seth Clover, of Erie, there were Messrs. J G. Messner, A. H. King, W. S. King, W. G. Clark, J. O'H. Denny, W. J. McCrickart, Elmer E. Shaner, all of Pittsburg.

Ohio, the State of corn and champions, sent out the following highly respectable body of men: Messrs. R. O. Heikes, E. D Rike, Chas. Tippy, Dayton; Chas. Young, Springfield; D. A. Upson, Ralph Worthington, Cleveland; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn; Geo. Spross, Toledo; C Bodifield, Cleveland; R. S. Waddell, Wm. Schuler, Cincinnati; Capt. W. A. West, Portsmouth.

Indiana was represented by the following well-known gentlemen from different parts of the State: Messrs. Hyatt L. Frost, J. L. Winston, Geo. A. Beck, Willard Thomas, R. B. Hill, J. G. Small, Fred Erb, Jr.

Maryland contributed the following thoroughbreds, all reared on wild celery and terrapin: Messrs. Chas MacAlester, J. R. Malone, H. T. Ducker, B. W. Claridge, C. E. Bonday, J. M. Hawkins, H. P. Collins.

Old Kentucky contributed a handsome quota in the following: Messrs. Samuel Hutchings, J. S. Phelps, Jr., W. W. Watson, Ralph Trimble, Jos Coyle, Tony Gastright, Lieut. A. W. du Bray.

Tennessee was represented by these popular gentlemen: Messrs. T. A. Divine, F. P. Poston, F. J. Waddell, Frank Legler and Thos. Callendar.

Minnesota sent a strong delegation, which included Mrs W P Shattuck, the accomplished lady shot of Minneapolis. When Mr. Rice made the acquaintance of that lady and learned that the State of Minnesota had other skillful lady shots, he declared that next year he would have a special event arranged for lady shooters. The Minnesota delegation was as follows: Dr. L. W. Lyon, Messrs. B. F. Schurmeier, H. C. Hirschy, J. C. Highhous, John P. Burkhard and Roger McGinnis, of St. Paul; W. P. Shattuck, of Minneapolis; Mr. Muir, of Jackson

From Georgia came Mr. T. C. Etheridge, of Macon; and to offset the Minnesota delegation from the north end of the country, Texas sent from the antipodes the popular circuit rider Mr. Wallace Miller. The State of Michigan sent Mr. Jack Parker, of Detroit; Mr. S. J. Corbett, of Detroit, and Mr. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo; J. H. Shrigley and McQueen. The Kansas delegation lined up as follows: Messrs. B. O. Running, Atchison; Jas. W. Sexton, Leavenworth; D. W. Edwards, Severence; Lou. Erhardt, Atchison.

Mississippi was voted by Mr. L. D. Herrick, of Scranton.

MR. FRANCIS G. DU PONT.

Iowa sent the strong aggregation whose names follow: Messrs C. W. Budd, C. M Grimm, F. Gilbert, G. Peterson, E. D. Trotter, H. J. Wilson, J Georgeson, J. G. Smith, G. E. Agard, G. Lyons, G. P. Christianson, L. T. Crisman, J. Avery, J. Little, F. J. Scott, J. Wilson, H-West.

Wisconsin was well represented by Messrs. G. L. Dieter, R. Merrill, Dr. Williamson, Theo. Thomas, L. J. Petit, H. Vose, Dr. Morrison, Hon. George W. Peck, H. Carter, G. Wise, G. A. Lougee, C. Cooley, Mr. Ford, Col. Farrell, H W. Bosworth, Paul Browne.

The State of Nebraska sent a lot of stalwarts, as shown below: Messrs. J. P. Smead, F. Montmorency, G. F. Buckee, J. C. Read, F. S. Parmelee, W. P. McFarland, J. J. Dickey, Omaha; A. A. Glade, Grand Island; C. E. Latshaw, Lincoln; J. W. Den, Arapahoe; W. T. Den, Brownville.

Arkansas had but one representative, but a good one, Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs.

Missouri had on hand five well-known men: Messrs. J. E. Riley, J. Porter, C. Gottlieb, Chas. Schmelzer and Mr. Wilmot.

The State of Illinois and the city of Chicago had a great many men in attendance. It would be impossible to attempt to give a complete list of these, but among those present on the second day were the following:

Dr. H. H. Frothingham, Chauncey Powers, T. A. Marshall, Mr. Samuelson, A. M. Bacon, Harry Dunnell, Burt Dunnell, Capt. A. H. Bogardus, J E. Price, Capt A. Arison, J. J Kleinman, Abe Kleinman, Geo. Kleinman, M. J. Eich, H. McFarland, Col. C. E. Felton. T. L Parker, Geo. Roll, J. A. Rubie, Ed. Bingham, Fred Taylor, Dr. McKey, Dr. Liddy, T. P. Hicks, Dr. Shaw, R. Kuss, S. Palmer, W. L. Shepard, A. W. Adams, Ed. Steck, W. R. Morgan, R. B. Organ, W. P. Mussey, B. Barto, T. B. Leiter, Wm. Crosby, C. E. Morris, I. P. Watson, L. C. Willard, Geo. Sibley, C. S Wilcox, Frank Bissell, Frank Place, C. B. Dicks, M. J. Pitzen, J. J. Smith, Geo. Franklin, Fred. Dilg, Geo. Beck, R. S. Motz, F. P. Stannard. O. von Lengerke, Ab. Price, H. Levy, W. S. Cutler, J. Hoyt, Ernest Rice, F. E. Coppernoll, Al. Miller, E. E. Parkman.

### THE RECORD ENTRY.

Aug. 4.—It often happens that in crack tournaments the first event is the largest of the shoot, the entry being boomed up as much as possible. One must confess that on seeing the record of 134 shooters in one event of the preparatory day it seemed possible that this would be the highest entry of the occasion. It seemed unlikely that at so late a date of the circuit a greater number of shooters could be assembled who would actually go into a live-bird event with a stiff entrance fee. It was almost amusing to see the look of surprise upon the faces of all when the entries began to come in on the first event of Tuesday, the first day proper of the shoot. The tide rolled up and swelled past the mark of 134, and did not pause until it included thirty-five squads of five men each, a total of 175 men who put up $10 each to shoot at 10 live birds. This purse, although of course it was all division, carried with the $150 added money the total cash of $1,900, birds included. It occupied the entire day for its shooting. Event No. 2, at 15 birds, was never begun, nor did it seem that it was to be reached at all. The enormous entry blocked the wheels of the programme. It was decided to drop the 15-bird shoot and go on with the team contest Wednesday morning.

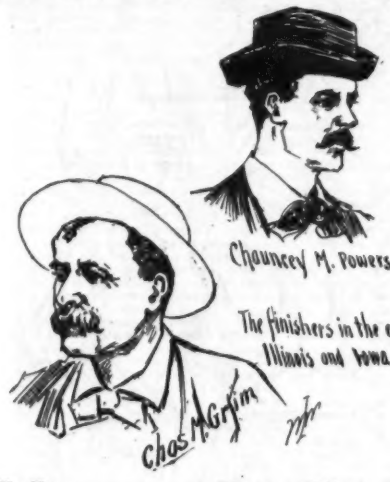
This was the largest live-bird sweep the writer has ever seen. It was surpassed at one time in Chicago in 1881, the wild pigeon days, in the Board of Trade Badge shoot of the Illinois Association, to which such frequent reference is made as the record shoot. In that event there were 185 entries, and the shoot was at 15 birds per man. There were eight plunge traps in line, and the then famous Louisville ball team were imported to do the trapping. Fred Pfeffer, of later base ball celebrity, was one of the trappers in that shoot. The shooting went on with such rapidity that, although it began at 11 A. M., the entire event of 185 entries was concluded before dusk. Still, one would not wish a return to the brutal plunge trap, single barrel days. It is impossible to evade the belief that this sweepstake of the Du Pont tournament has a higher significance and represents a more considerable following of the sport.

The weather for Monday, the first day, was clear and warm. On Tuesday the thermometer ran up to 94, and Chicago was treated to one of her unusual hot spells. The heat was oppressive and fatiguing. In spite of it the shooting went on, and strange to say the birds needed little flagging. The birds are doing very well indeed for August. On the average they start well and fly strong, though their lack of plumage is shown in a weakness which succumbs readily to a few pellets of shot, which in the winter would not stop them at all within bounds. It would be impossible at this season to hold a live-bird shoot successfully in the South, and it is pleasant to be able to add that the experiment of holding one in the North is the opposite of a fiasco from a shooter's standpoint.

Below are the scores made in the two events shot on "Preparation Day," and in the one event decided on the first day of the tournament, Tuesday, Aug 4. On Preparation Day No. 1 was 5 birds, $5, birds included, $75 added, three moneys; No. 2 was 7 birds, $7, birds included $100 added, four moneys. The event on the first day of the shoot was at 10 birds, $10, birds included, $150 added, 5 moneys:

| | Preparation Day. | | First Day, Aug. 4. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 1. |
| F Gilbert | 00125—4 | 2212210—6 | 2111121109— 9 |
| C Macalester | 10122—4 | 2120212—6 | 2121222210— 9 |
| B W Claridge | 12222—5 | 1100220—5 | 1212222221—10 |
| A Rupie | 12121—5 | 1011001—5 | 0010001001— 5 |
| E Bingham | 20222—4 | 1222222—7 | 2110223112— 9 |
| J R Malone | 01110—3 | 1122022—6 | 1212212222—10 |
| M Hawkins | 12021—4 | 0110210—4 | 1121222110— 9 |
| C Bonday | 11011—4 | 0210001—4 | 1211211111—10 |
| J A Samuelson | 20110—3 | 2201220—5 | 1111001201— 8 |
| H A Solomon | 22012—4 | 1221221—7 | 0221200121— 7 |
| Smoke | 00100—1 | 2100112—5 | 2201100221— 7 |
| A W West | 22022—4 | 1101121—6 | 0100222201— 8 |
| Du Pont | 22122—5 | 0112411—6 | 0211401141— 8 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H B Hill | 21113—5 | 0612210—5 | 1110021122—8 |
| C W Powers | 22222—5 | 2221111—7 | 1212221221—10 |
| J P Watson | 22222—5 | 2222222—7 | 2222202222—9 |
| F Harrold | 12020—3 | 2002020—4 | 1112110123—9 |
| J Crownell | 02210—3 | 1201110—5 | 1211010122—8 |
| A Henry | 10020—2 | 1221022—5 | 0122122122—9 |
| Fred Erb, Jr | 11202—4 | 0211111—6 | |
| E D Fulford | 22101—4 | 1111111—7 | 2222111221—9 |
| G Jack | 22101—4 | 1220121—6 | 1221101001—7 |
| L C Willard | 21201—4 | 1220110—5 | .....—10 |
| C Morris | 22101—4 | ..... | ..... |
| C M Grimm | 11222 5 | 0222222—5 | 2222222222—10 |




| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sim Glover | 22001—3 | 2201201—5 | 2122212222—10 |
| E E Rice | 12002—3 | 0121122—6 | .....—8 |
| G Roll | 22211—5 | 1122111—7 | 1212112211—10 |
| Staples | 12122—5 | 2220120—5 | ..... |
| J E Price | 01211—4 | 1012001—4 | 0212121100—7 |
| L T Chrisman | 10221—4 | 0102220—4 | 0022222212—8 |
| W J Scott | 20111—4 | 1120110—5 | 2112211221—10 |
| H McMurchy | 21212—5 | 1101211—6 | 1211011111—9 |
| Dr Carson | 01011—3 | 1001200—1 | ..... |
| R O Heikes | 01021—3 | 2202212—6 | 2122101222—9 |
| R Trimble | 12112—5 | 2111222—7 | 1212211211—10 |
| J J Messner | 11220—4 | 2222112—7 | 0122122212—9 |
| L T Davenport | 22222—5 | 2222112—7 | 0221221112—9 |
| W Dupee | 12212—5 | 0102222—5 | ..... |
| Leach | 02111—4 | 2220222—6 | .....—8 |
| Thomas | 21212—4 | 1211202—6 | 2210200112—6 |
| Mead | 21011—4 | 1111111—7 | ..... |
| Sproes | 12100—4 | ..... | 2001100201—6 |
| Redwing | 02122—4 | 1110120—6 | 2122112212—10 |
| C T Bodifield | 21211—5 | 1111110—6 | 0220112222—8 |
| J S Fanning | 20111—4 | 1112122—7 | 2222111121—10 |
| Coyle | 1 001—3 | 2202120—5 | 1222201222—9 |
| F D Albire | 21222—5 | 1212011—6 | 1112111112—10 |
| Westfield | 22211—5 | 2202122—7 | 2102112112—10 |
| C E Felton | 22012—5 | 2021202—5 | 1202222010—6 |
| R Merrill | 10021—4 | 2222122—7 | 2220112221—9 |
| C S Wilcox | 02211—4 | ..... | 2020202202—6 |
| G M Lyon | 11001—4 | 2210012—5 | 1110111121—9 |
| G L Delter | 22221—5 | 2222002—5 | 2202222221—9 |
| H J Wilson | 21112—5 | 1201121—6 | 0211001102—6 |
| A W du Bray | 01111—4 | 2211112—7 | 1111212121—10 |
| W L Hoyt | 22122—5 | ?..... | .....—9 |
| D A Upson | 22222—5 | 2222220—6 | 2200022221—7 |
| H Kirkover | 22202—4 | 2220222—6 | 1022021212—8 |
| C S Burkhardt | 22222 5 | 2222022—5 | 2222222212—10 |
| E C Burkhardt | 100 0—1 | 0012221—5 | 2222202220—8 |
| S Corbett | 22102—4 | 2120021—5 | 0100020001—4 |
| Pefeifer | 02012—3 | 1000000—1 | ..... |
| Dr Frothingham | 11212—5 | 0222112—6 | 2022112221—9 |
| Chadwick | 22222—5 | 0222112—6 | 1112222221—10 |
| Phelps | 22011—4 | 1000071—3 | 0101001001—5 |
| E D Trotter | 20112—4 | 1122212—7 | .....—8 |
| Blyth | 11212—5 | 2001220—5 | ..... |
| C W Budd | 12211—5 | 0121011—5 | 2122121021—9 |
| H Lee | 20000—1 | ..... | ..... |
| B F Smith | 22222—5 | 2022221—6 | 2222222222—9 |
| Christianson | 11211—5 | 0020211—4 | 2221210121—9 |
| Georgeson | 22202—4 | 1212122—7 | 2222221212—10 |
| Geo Agard | 20011—4 | 2202121—6 | 1211011220—8 |
| Barto | 21002—5 | 2222122—7 | 2200212222—8 |
| Simonetti | 02101—3 | 2002212—5 | ..... |
| Kelsey | 21022—4 | 2221112—7 | 1101222112—9 |
| G Kleinman | 21011—4 | 2101211—6 | ..... |
| Etheridge | 00200—1 | 2222222—7 | 2121110212—9 |
| Dwyer | 20222—4 | 0220023—4 | 2112211212—10 |
| Bassl | 20000—1 | 0212000—3 | ..... |
| Denny | 00200—1 | 2212200—5 | 2222222102—9 |
| W S King | 21211—5 | 2100012—4 | 2121112212—10 |
| F B Bissell | 12112—5 | ..... | 1001001012—5 |
| W G Clark | 12201—4 | 2212202—6 | 2212222220—9 |
| F Conrad | 02012—4 | 0220122—5 | 2202202012—7 |
| A H King | 22222—5 | 2222122—7 | 2222222222—10 |
| J Ruble | 11222—5 | 2211011—6 | 2111010012—7 |
| F Parks | 12222—5 | 2121122—7 | .....—9 |
| J R Porter | 12012—4 | 0221222—6 | 2122011212—9 |
| J E Riley | 02211—4 | 2102222—6 | .....—7 |
| F S Parmelee | 22021—4 | 1202120—5 | 2221201210—8 |
| J W Den | 20022—3 | 2022222—6 | 0122010101—6 |
| Plumber | 12021—4 | 1212121—7 | 1021011121—8 |
| J von Lengerke | 11111—5 | 1110202—5 | 0121221221—9 |
| G Brucker | 22212 5 | 1211212—7 | 0112212011—8 |
| J Parker | 00120—2 | 1212111—7 | 1011201212—8 |
| Montmorency | 11112—5 | 1111112—7 | 1201120210—7 |
| J J Dickey | 20001 -2 | 0211111 6 | ..... |
| L D Herrick | 02201—3 | 0111'00—4 | .....—6 |
| J P Snead | 12111—5 | 1211211—7 | 2012111112—9 |
| A A Glade | 21112—5 | 2121201—6 | 1111002212—8 |
| T L Parker | 02101—3 | 0222212—6 | 0122112210—8 |
| J S Luthy | 12002—3 | ..... | ..... |
| H P Tenzel | 20200—2 | 1002021—4 | 0022112210—7 |
| D W Edwards | 22211—5 | 1001210—4 | .....—9 |
| R S Waddell | 22221—5 | 2122220—6 | 2212020020—6 |
| A Kleinmann | 21112—5 | 1111212—7 | 0012011122—7 |
| Callender | 11112—5 | 1200212—5 | 1122120111—9 |
| W Miller | 12112—5 | 2202210—5 | 1222221121—10 |
| J J Sumpter, Jr | 12012—4 | 2112221—7 | 1101222221—9 |
| C Gottlieb | 22221—5 | 2110201—5 | 2002202122—7 |
| J W Sexton | 12112—5 | 2012211—6 | 1212000112—7 |
| J R Wilmot | 02112—4 | 1112211—7 | 2111212111—10 |
| McVey | 22210—4 | 2201212—6 | 2122112012—9 |
| W L Shepard | 12201—4 | 0012202—4 | 0121122102—8 |
| Carkeek | 22202—5 | 1221022—6 | ..... |
| Sherman | 12012—4 | 2112120—6 | 1222102211—9 |
| A C Anson | 2 2212—5 | 2212222—7 | ..... |
| S R Anson | 20210—3 | 0112204—5 | ..... |
| J C | 22222—5 | 2001100—3 | 2120212212—9 |
| Robin Hood | 02122—4 | 0200222—4 | 2220222222—9 |
| Reed | 11102—4 | 1211222—7 | 2220122122—9 |
| R Kuss | 01122—4 | 2121122—7 | 1222220221—9 |
| Anthony | 11211—5 | ..... | 2121112111—10 |
| Dr L'ddy | 02101—3 | .. .... | 1021210120—7 |
| Latshaw | 2 2 1 - 4 | ..... | 22.1212201 - 8 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Muir | 12111—5 | 2021102—5 | 1220010202—6 |
| Dr McKay | 00101—2 | ..... | ..... |
| H L Frost | 01111—4 | 1111122—7 | 1222211111—10 |
| Dr Shaw | 02022—3 | ..... | 1111001211—8 |
| C R Dicks | 21222—5 | 2221222—7 | ..... |
| T F Hicks | 12200—3 | ..... | 2001112202—7 |
| Small | .... | ..... | 0010100031—4 |
| Little | .... | ..... | 2212222001—8 |
| R E D | .... | ..... | 2212211112—10 |
| Willie | .... | ..... | 2012110100—6 |
| Franklin | .... | ..... | 1221121112—10 |
| Johnson | .... | ..... | 2012010111—7 |
| Turner | .... | ..... | 2110121121—9 |
| Fawcett | .... | ..... | 2120221222—9 |
| Adams | .... | ..... | 1211101212—9 |
| Wits | .... | ..... | 2122222012—9 |
| Hickey | .... | ..... | 2021111220—8 |
| St Clair | .... | ..... | 1222221210—9 |
| Marshall | .... | ..... | 2222212122—10 |
| B Dunnell | .... | ..... | 2222122021—9 |
| C H Miller | .... | ..... | 1020010100—4 |
| C Young | .... | ..... | 2122012222—9 |
| W W Watson | .... | ..... | 2220121221—9 |
| Tippy | .... | ..... | 2221102220—8 |
| Clover | .... | ..... | 2212122211—10 |
| W Dunnell | .... | ..... | 1120122222—9 |
| Pitzer | .... | ..... | 0212021102—7 |
| Argraves | .... | ..... | 2011110012—7 |
| Dr Williams | .... | ..... | 2102210221—8 |
| Vass | .... | ..... | 2220121111—9 |
| T A Thomas | .... | ..... | 2222102222—9 |
| McQueen | .... | ..... | 2110121112—9 |
| J M Avery | .... | ..... | 1111111010—8 |
| A Miller | .... | ..... | 2111101111—9 |
| A H Bogardus | .... | ..... | 2111111111—10 |
| J J Kleinman | .... | ..... | 2222112122—10 |
| H Green | .... | ..... | 2222222221—10 |
| J Erb | .... | ..... | 1111222221—10 |
| Rooney | .... | ..... | 1112111011—9 |
| Peterson | .... | ..... | 0112112221—9 |
| Buab | .... | ..... | 0212202112—8 |
| Dilg | .... | ..... | 2102211222—9 |
| Schmits | .... | ..... | 2221022222—9 |
| Dukey | .... | ..... | 1012112012—8 |
| Squirrel | .... | ..... | 2202112112—8 |
| Riley | .... | ..... | 0220212202—7 |
| Eich | .... | ..... | 2120201012—7 |
| Weston | .... | ..... | 0210101121—6 |
| Bender | .... | ..... | 1212212121—10 |
| Vance | .... | ..... | 1001121112—9 |
| Holt | .... | ..... | 2202102210—7 |
| Robin | .... | ..... | 0212100211—7 |
| S Palmer | .... | ..... | 2122001112—8 |
| McDuff | .... | ..... | 2202102112—8 |
| Shattuck | .... | ..... | 1101211102—8 |
| Burke | .... | ..... | 2220021010—5 |
| Alabaster | .... | ..... | .....—9 |
| Quinn | .... | ..... | .....—8 |
| J J Smith | .... | ..... | .....—9 |
| Hughes | .... | ..... | .....—9 |
| Klebm | .... | ..... | .....—10 |
| Steck | .... | ..... | .....—10 |
| C M Price | .... | ..... | .....—8 |
| Welch | .... | ..... | .....—6 |
| Davey | .... | ..... | .....—9 |
| Mock | .... | ..... | .....—10 |
| Turner | .... | ..... | .....—9 |

THE GREAT TEAM CONTEST.

*Aug. 5.*—The heat continued intolerable, the thermometer during the day ranging at 98°. As usual upon these grounds a smart breeze blew during part of the time, but the air was laden with heat and failed to refresh the sweltering mass of humanity that crowded the ground. Of shooters and spectators there were several hundred

W. B. CLARIDGE AT THE SCORE.

present, including a large number of ladies, who held the places of honor in the headquarters tent and under the canopies near the scoring line. It was a beautiful crowd, and one whose presence was inspiring to the management and to the shooters participating. Both sets of traps were kept busy during the day. In spite of the heat the birds did their part well and straight scores were by no means numerous. It was commonly said that any man ought to kill every bird he shot at in such weather, but not every man did so by any means. The sultry and oppressive day did not serve to materially lower the spirits of those present, and the time passed by in merriment and jolility of a quiet sort. Toward evening the heat became mitigated somewhat and the shooting was more enjoyed. The crowd stayed until nearly dusk, reluctant to leave the scene. After the close of the regular events Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, shot a few birds at No. 1 set of traps. She killed 4 out of 5 in very pretty style and called forth much applause.

As mentioned earlier, the 15-bird sweep was carried forward another day, and shooting was begun at once on Wednesday morning in the team contest, the conditions of which were as follows: Five men from any one State (all members of an organized club) to constitute a team, no limit to number of teams entering from State, 10 birds per man, entrance per team $50, added money per team entering and shooting $50, birds included, 4 moneys.

The liberal terms of this contest called forth the magnificent entry of twenty-eight teams of five men each from all parts of the country, a total of 140 men who put up $10 each on the third day of a live-bird shoot in the month of August. We have had no event of any such magnitude in live-bird matters in this part of the country. This contest attracted a great deal of attention, and was concluded late in the day amid the close attention of all who understood the least about shooting. The emulation among the different teams was very keen, State pride entering into it somewhat as well as the desire to get high up in the great purse of $2,450. It was well in the middle of the after noon when matters began to approach a climax in the team contest. It was rumored about the grounds that no team could go straight, but that a possible 49 out of 50 remained for Iowa and Illinois teams, Mr. Chas. Grimm for Iowa, and Mr. Chauncey M. Powers for Illinois, still having to shoot their 10 birds. In order to make the competition absolutely fair no team shot together, but the squads were broken up so that each team member shot with members of teams other than his own, and shot 5 birds at each set of traps. This method was certainly fair, though it made the shooting appear somewhat complicated to those not posted in the game.

At length it was noised about that Grimm was to shoot his score. The Iowa veteran stepped to the line as sturdy and self-confident as ever. His friends were around him and behind him, regarding his every move with eager interest. In his first 5 there were whispers that he was not centering his birds with his first barrel, though he mowed them steadily with his second. In his last 5, however, he steadied down and shot like a machine, going straight amid great applause. Then the scene shifted to No. 2 set of traps, where, amid a squad of other team members, the tall, dark and slender young Decatur shooter, Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, was called on to shoot the last 5 birds of his string. He too was surrounded by his friends; the non-shooters openly eager and disturbingly apprehensive, the shooting friends equally eager, but encouraging by their stolid silence. Of course the squads were shot in rotation, each man shooting 1 bird out of 5 in order. This prolonged the finish. As his turn came, Mr. Powers stepped to the score quickly and nervously, but without agitation. He had said to the members of his team, "If those other fellows can run 10 straight so can I, and I am going to do it." Each time as he stepped to the score he dried the perspiration on his ungloved right

hand carefully, and stood with his gun broken, not inserting the shells until the trapper boys were well back from their work. His coolness was good prophecy, and he cut down his birds, none of which were very hard, in very handsome style until but two remained for him to shoot at. At this time there was heard along the spectators' line, which crowded the rail, a certain amount of talk of a sort which had come up earlier in the day over this question of the finish between the Illinois and Iowa teams. One lanky individual voiced this loudly in the remark, "If that man drops one bird, he will make about $300 for his gang." Another asked him how this was, and he explained by showing that if Mr. Powers should drop one bird and throw his team in the second place, the two teams could divide all of first money and a part of second money among themselves. Mr. Powers knew this situation perfectly, and indeed it had been recognized by members of both teams. He must have heard something of the talk which was going on about the score at the finish, and if he did the situation must have been a peculiarly trying one, for any man is apt to miss a bird, and had he done so there would have been ugly rumors about, although no one in the least acquainted with him or his friends upon his team would have entertained the least suspicion of their honesty, no matter what happened. While some of this talk was going on, the artist, Mr Wells, and myself were standing back of the score, and we had occasion to remark to the lanky individual above mentioned that they could not pile up money enough in front of Chas. Powers to make him miss a bird. About this time I heard Tom Marshall talking behind us (Mr. Marshall, by the way, having lost the only bird for the Illinois team through over confidence in the use of his second barrel. He had his bird knocked down with the first barrel near the line and it could have been retrieved, but he fired at it on the ground with the second, missing it, but scaring it over the line, where it died). Mr. Marshall when overheard was talking to some one about the situation in progress, and I heard him say, "I will bet you $300 to $100 that Powers kills straight, and if he did not I would bet you all I had he did not miss on purpose."

There was silence when Mr. Powers stepped to the score for his last bird. He rubbed his hand on the side of his coat, and quietly dropped in his shells. His bird, out of No. 8 trap, tarried an instant and then went an easy right-quartering incomer, which he killed in one-two order. There was a great burst of applause at this, and Mr. Powers was very heartily congratulated on his plucky finish. There was much talk upon the grounds of this after the conclusion of the contest, and a great many pointed out with pride the fact that the Western men had not dropped for place when the opportunity offered. One fails to see the pertinence of such pride It is a matter of course that gentlemen shooting in competition for money will shoot honestly. It is not necessary to remind a gentleman that he is a gentleman, nor does he need cautioning to be one. Had Mr. Powers been unfortunate enough to lose his last bird, he would not have received the slightest suspicion from any one who knew him. All of which shows the benefit of a clean and gentlemanly record as a man and a shooter. Inferentially it shows the disgust in which the public holds any other kind of a shooter.

Mr. Trotter, who was unfortunate enough to lose the only bird for the Iowa team, shot a strong gait, but caught a twisting, left-quartering driver which was too much for him.

It was expected that some of the Eastern teams would go up into the money, but Baltimore went to pieces, and New York got two 8s and a 9 in her string. The Buffalo Audubons fell down and did not get into the money Kentucky shot the strong gait of 45 and yet did not get into the money. Second place was shared by Pittsburg's team, the Summer Gun Club of Chicago, and the Ohio team, these tieing on 46. Capt. Parmalee, of Omaha, escorted a strong team into third money with 47. Fourth place on 46 was divided by Kansas City, Wisconsin and Garden City team, of Chicago. It is a pretty hot competition when in a five men team event at 10 birds there are four moneys and 45 will not get a place. Yet there were five ties on 45: Ohio No. 2, Ohio No. 3, Kentucky, South Chicago and New York. The purse was divided: $980 first money, $740 second money, $485 third money, and $245 fourth money.

Considerable interest attached during this team contest to the squad of veterans known as the "Old Shooter's" team. Of these the names are familiar with the shooting public. Capt. Bogardus once electrified the word with his skill. Col Felton is one of our old old-timers, and Abner Price, his companion in the Chicago Audubon Club, showed he could still shoot a bit when he went out with 10 straight. J. J. Kleinman is getting along in years now and is well entitled to be called a veteran of the gun. J. E. Price is also one of the familiar faces at Chicago traps.

The Kentucky team might have done better had it not been for an accident which occurred to Mr. Watson's gun. A bit of primer blew back into the lock and the gun would not stand cocked. He took up another gun and lost 3 birds with it.

This team contest was admirably conceived and well executed, and constituted an event of great shooting interest.

It now appearing that the programme could be shot through, it was resolved to take up on Thursday the unshot 15-bird sweep and the grand Championship Handicap for the trophy.

Scores in the team race follow:

Nebraska: A. A. Glade 8, J. J. Dickey 7, Squirrel 7, J. Dan 10, Latshaw 7—39.

Pintakee: H. Dunnill 10, M. J. Pitzen 6, W. Dunnill 9, R Dunnill 9, R. S. Mott 6—40.

Kansas City: J. B. Porter 10, J. E. Riley 8, Gottlelb 10, Taylor 8, Wilmot 10—46.

Garfield: Dr. Shaw 6, F. P. Hicks 9, Dr. Liddy 9, S. Palmer 8, P. Kuss 8—40.

Ohio No. 2: D. A. Upson 10, Bodie 10, Sproes 10, Tippy 8, R. S. Waddell 7—45

Fox River Gun Club: F. Dilg 7, Jas. J. Smith 9, A. Schmits 7, Franklin 9, Bush 9—41.

THE TENTED FIELD OF THE DU PONT TOURNAMENT.

Kansas team: Edwards 9, Sexton 9, Running 9, Erhart 4, Rooney 6—37.
Illinois No. 2: T. Marshall 9, R. Bacon 10, E. Bingham 10, Crosby 10, Powers 10—49.
Old Shooters: J. E. Price 7, A. Price 10, Col. C. E. Felton 8, J. J. Kleinman 9, A. H. Bogardus 9—43.
Ohio No. 2: Schuler 10, West 9, Ackerman 10, Hickey 8, Small 9—45.
Kentucky: Chadwick 10, Du Bray 10, Watson 7, Trimble 9, Faucitt 9—45.
Pittsburg: W. S. King 10, J. O'H. Denny 10, A. H. King 9, W. G. Clark 10, Messner 9—48.
Ottumwa, Ia.: J. Avery 8, T. J. Scott 8, Scott 9, Conrad 7, Chrisman 9—41.
Western, Ia: Peterson 9, Hughes 10, Christianson 8, Georgeson 10, Lyons 7—44.
Baltimore: Macalester 9, Bonday 8, Hawkins 9, Du Pont 10, Claridge 8—44.
Indiana: Voris 8, Hill 9, Winston 10, G. Beck 6, F. Erb, Jr., 9—42.

C. E. Latshaw. Frank Parmelee. W. T. Den. J. W. Den. G. F. Brecker.

Summer Club, Chicago: George Roll 10, J. Samuelson 10, T. L. Parker 9, Dr. Frothingham 10, C. B. Dicks 9—48.
Omaha: F. Parmalee 9, Brucker 9, Smead 9, Montmorency 10, J. C. Read 10—47.
Council Bluffs: R. O. Graham 8, A. Beresheim 8, W. F. West 9, Harden 7, J. G. Smith 8—40.
South Chicago: J. P. Watson 10, L. C. Willard 10, A. C. Anson 8, Anthony 8, Steck 9—45.
St. Paul: J. C. 9, Holt 7, Reid 8, Hamlin 7, McGinniss 9—40.
Wisconsin: Dr. Williamson 9, Thomas 10, G. Deiter 9, Petit 9, Merrill 9—46.
Tennessee: F. P. Poston 9, J. J. Sumpter, Jr., 9, Etheridge 8, Callender 7, Divine 8—39.
Garden City, Chicago: G. Kleinman 10, M. J. Eich 8, McFarland 9, A. Kleinman 10, Ruble 9—46
New York: Fulford 9, Glover 10, McMurchy 8, Davenport 10, J. von Lengerke 8—45.
Iowa "Indians:" Gilbert 10, H. Wilson 10, Trotter 9, Budd 10, Grimm 10—49.
Buffalo "Audubons:" C. S. Burkhart 8, E. C. Burkhart 9, B. F. Smith 8, Kirkover 9, Kelsey 9—43.
Ohio: R. E. D. 10, Aikire 9, Redwing 10, Young 9, Heikes 10—48.

UNPRECEDENTED CHAMPIONSHIP ENTRY.

*Aug. 6.*—The weather remained extremely warm, the thermometer registering 88° at 8 A. M. This heat continued during the day until in the afternoon the sky was overcast by thunder clouds. At 4 o'clock a blinding, driving rain set in, which drenched the grounds and drove shooters and spectators into huddled, laughing groups inside the big tents. The excellence of the arrangements now became manifest, for there was ample canvas room to house all comfortably. At 5 P. M. the storm broke away, leaving a smiling and cheerful mass of humanity behind it in the city of Chicago, which had sweltered for four days in the worst heated term ever known here. The swift drop of the temperature was appreciated by the shooters, who welcomed the relief from the torrid heat. The quacking of ducks, honking of geese and whistling of snipe could be heard arising along the line, which contained abundance of high quality field shooting material. Shooting from No. 1 set of traps, where the score was under cover, continued during most of the storm.

No event was concluded on this day, but the phenomenal character

of this tournament again manifested itself in the unprecedented strength of entry. The management never at any time expressed itself as hopeful of more than seventy-five entries in the championship handicap trophy event, and the more conservative shooters were of the opinion that not more than sixty five entries could be secured, the sum of $31.50 making a pretty stiff entry for a hard times epoch. Yet little by little, and by fits, starts and jumps, the entry in the championship handicap sprang on and up until it reached sixty-five, rolled over seventy-five and passed the 100 mark. Nor did it tarry there. In the afternoon it was discovered that not less than 124 shooters had qualified for the championship contest, with two forfeits up additional. The cream of the shooters of the country made this entry, the best of the good ones all over the land. The winner of this event may justly feel that he has met the pick of the shooting fraternity and won a championship entitled to be called such in the widest sense of the term possible in any handicapped competition.

Entries were also received simultaneously for the 15-bird sweep, $15, $200 added, which remained unfinished from the day before, and the magnificent total of 123 entries was reached here. Both these great events were put in progress at the same time at the two sets of traps, each man shooting 5 birds in rotation in these events. It became apparent that as not more than 2,000 birds a day could be shot the end would not be reached until Saturday. Although shooting continued steadily during Thursday, matters did not get far enough along so that one could get anything of a line on the winners. Gilbert remained straight at the end of the day. As he walked from score to score he was followed by a curious crowd who pressed about to see him shoot. Things will be closer by this time to-morrow, and the end of the event will see everyone keyed up to as high a point of interest as has been known in the shooting world of America.

The work of the handicapping committee was done conscientiously and carefully, and only after much deliberation. The figures will be seen in connection with the scores. The question of handicapping in so large and representative a gathering of shooters is a weighty one, and one in which absolute justice is an impossibility, since it involves the shifting and variable quantity, daily shooting form, something which cannot be weighed nor measured. It would be wrong to say that the committee was absolutely fair, and perhaps in some cases they made serious errors, but it is quite right to say for them that they did their thankless work no doubt as well as any one else could have done it. Gilbert, at scratch alone, conceded a yard and in some cases two yards to men who have every right to believe themselves in his class at least, though of course it was well and proper he should go scratch. It was graceful of the members of the committee, Messrs. Marshall, Powers and Merrill, to take the next mark ahead of scratch, 31yds. The 29yds. line found a lot of strong ones, and even at 28 the fight was good, but results in the shooting for the most part bore out the judgment of the committee, so far as could be discerned in the early stages of the game. For instance, Macalester, of Baltimore, who was thought by many entitled to stand as far back as the best, dropped out of straight early in the game, and others of the good ones followed. Some young shooters went well forward, and the only lady contestant, Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, was given the limit, 25yds. The same distance (25yds.) was given to another shooter, Leach, of South Dakota, and not until after this was decided did the committee learn that Leach held the championship of his State at live birds. All these things may mean much or little in regarding the result, but it would be in bad taste to make any restrictions whatever upon the work of the committee. In reference to their decisions there will probably be about 124 different opinions, plus several thousand of cipher opinions of shooting readers all over the country. No handicap for championship which embraces so wide a range of shooters can, within the bounds of human reason, be called absolutely just or fair; but no one can tell where it is or is not fair. There is much unwritten history of the pressure brought to bear upon the committee by men who wanted good things allowed them, but the consensus of opinion is that they did their work exceedingly well and in a manner entitling them to the thanks of all.

AND THE MILL GROUND ON.

*Aug. 7.*—The refreshing shower of the evening previous was but transitory in its effects. All day the heat was severe and at 7 P. M. the thermometer stood at 83°. Men from the South said they had rarely seen any weather so depressing. Under such circumstances it was impossible that live-bird shooting should be seen at its best. The traps are pulled by automatic machines, and should it happen that a given trap does not fail for some time, so that the bird is held a prisoner in the blistering iron box for a few minutes, the life is gone out of it so far as strong flying is concerned, and the man who draws it has an easy one. It cannot be said that August is a good time for a live-bird shoot, though a dozen Augusts might pass by without seeing such a hot spell as we are having here this week. It should not be

thought from this that the birds are all duffers or that they need flagging to any great extent, for such is not the case. They average very good indeed.

A glance at the scores would show that they were too much for some of the best of the live-bird shots, even before the race had progressed as far as the 10 or even the 5 hole. All day long both sets of traps were kept busy working, the trophy race being shot at No. 1 set in front of the club house, and the 15-bird sweep at the No. 2 set on the other part of the grounds. No results were reached. The trophy contest did not see half the shooters up to the 15 hole. It was thought that the 15-bird sweep might be finished by noon of Saturday, but the old shooters said the management would be lucky if the two events were both finished by dusk of Saturday night. All shooters were urged to be on hand early Saturday morning, as it was desired to close the tournament this week. It was proving to be a very elephant of a shoot, bigger than anybody had looked for. Mngr. Rice laughingly declared that he was in the position of the man who was looking for a bear fight, and who, when he got it, called for some one to come and help him turn the bear loose. Only about 1,600 to 1,750 birds have been shot daily—not up to the usual capacity of the grounds. This fact is due to the size of the crowd and the difficulty of getting in motion in the morning.

One shooter, Ed Vories, of Crawfordsville, Ind., was allowed to

In the Tennessee Tent

shoot his score straight out, he being called home by wire announcing illness in his family. This was done by consent of the shooters although he might have been allowed to take down his money and pay for the birds he shot at. He went out with 22. Another shooter, Capt. A. C. Anson, of baseball fame, found after the close of the entry that he had been left out by mistake of the party he had told to enter him for the shoot. He insisted he wanted in, as he was sure he was going to win all that money. By consent of the shooters he was allowed to put up his $31.25 and to shoot straight out, as he was unable to be present Saturday. He had missed 5 birds at the 22 station, and the boys were that much better off for his $25. Another shooter, Sherman, of St. Paul, who had forfeit up for the contest, injured his hand in pulling up a tent stake on the grounds and was unable to shoot. The management released him courteously. In the 15 bird sweep Jack Parker was allowed to shoot out straight, as he was called home to arrange matters for his shoot there next week. These were about the only deviations from the conditions governing the races, and were perhaps condonable, if not desirable, in shooting of such importance, where the conditions should apply to all alike.

About 3 P. M. there was a rumor spread about the grounds that Gilbert dropped a bird in the trophy race. Investigation proved this wrong, as it was found that he missed the bird at No. 2 set of traps, where the 15-bird sweep was in progress. The bird was an easy hopper, and Gilbert was, as he expresses it, very "fussy" about missing such an easy one.

A dark and hasty glance was made at the scores to see who was left in the straights. There were 25 squads, and only about half of these

Fred Gilbert.

had shot up to the 15 hole. Some men at the 10 hole were still straight, but of those who were straight still at the 15 hole only 17 men could be found, among these being Gilbert, Budd, Claridge, Latshaw, Sumpter, Burkhart, Kirkover, Gottlieb, Hoyt, Miller, Georgeson, Kuss, Shaw and A. H. King. A number of men had already finished straight at the 15-bird sweep, among these Penrose and McMurchy. There were many sorrowful faces by night, worn by men who had dropped a bird in the trophy race. Conservative shooters estimated that there would not be over 6 to 8 straight with 25 at the finish, and that the result of the ties would not be known before Monday.

INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE CLOSING DAY.

*Aug. 8.*—And still the torrid wave continued. The thermometer at 9 A. M. stood at 86°. At 11 A. M. it was 99° in the shade. At 3 P. M. it was 98° at the top of the Auditorium tower, where the signal service station is located. At 11 P. M., the date of this writing, it is 92° in the FOREST AND STREAM office. If people don't think this was a "red-hot" shoot they don't know one when they see it.

It is hardly believable, yet the oldest shooters will confirm it, that in spite of the great heat the birds flew well. There was a stiff breeze from right to left across the score, and this gave legs to a lot of them. There were some birds flying at 3 P. M., when the thermometer was at 98°, which were as good as any one often sees in the winter time. John Watson said that this was a crate of Dakota birds. They came with a mixed lot of duffers and made a hard spot for the shooters who caught them. Charlie Budd got two of these and killed the first to applause, but on the second, a fast left-quarterer, saw his chances of a straight go over the fence. Mott, Hicks, Palmer, Dr. Williamson, Crosby, McMurchy and a few others were up in squads just at the time this tough lot of birds came in. Each one of these shooters had as much asked of him as he has license to expect in the winter shooting, and each showed himself a shooter. Crosby had two lucky kills, high up, that landed plump against the wire inside. Dr. Williamson

stopped two screamers. McMurchy went to the score straight at this stage of the game, but dropped no less than two out of his five, getting two hot tailers fast as lightning streaks. Seth Clover, standing by at the score, remarked that he had never seen any such birds at any time or any place. It was hard luck to get in this coop of birds, and many shooters fell by the wayside. Rolla Heikes had already fallen out of it. Heikes lost a high outgoer, hit light with first and full with second. Gilbert lost two birds, his 18th and 21st. The former was a high outgoer, and Gilbert was too slow with the right. He says he then flinched on it with the left, and shot ahead of it. His 21st bird was hit full with both barrels and died high in the air, but fell over the line. Gilbert could claim no easy drawings, for he got only two birds inside the line of traps. He did not complain at his handicap, but it was commonly thought he had a-plenty to carry at 33yds. It was freely declared by the long distance men early in the afternoon that no "long" man was going to win this race. The result proved the truth of the prediction. At 2:30 P. M. there remained only five men who had killed 25 straight: B. W. Claridge, of Baltimore, 29yds.; George Roll, of Blue Island, Chicago, 30yds.; Wallace Miller, of Texas, 29yds.; C. Gottlieb, of Kansas City, 29yds.; Kirkover, of Buffalo, 27yds. For some time these were on the anxious seat, before it was learned that no one else could go straight.

The big 15-bird sweep, which came near swamping the tournament this week with its long course, ran its length by the middle of the afternoon, and then the shooting moved on faster, both sets of traps being put to work on the trophy event. At 4 P. M. there was a season of fright and fear which put the whole shoot in jeopardy for a few moments. This was nothing less than a threatened bird famine. John Watson had not figured on any such an entry as came in this week, and for once in his life began to run short of birds. He had

more ordered, but they were sent wrong by the express company. There were only about 50 birds left on the grounds when a delivery wagon drove up post haste and six crates of birds were hustled out to the scoring lines. Mr. Rice drew a long breath then. Gilbert took occasion to remark that if "Mr. Rice should fall off a church steeple he would land in a Christmas tree." Certainly it was great luck that the shoot was not stopped untimely at the middle of the most interesting part.

Meantime at the No. 1 set of traps, in the 15-bird sweep, there had

occurred an incident which should not be allowed to go by without mention, even were mention not requested by the management, namely the disqualification of a shooter for the offense of dropping for place. Early in the week J. W. Fahnestock, who runs the Wayne Hotel at Fort Wayne, Indiana, came on the grounds, almost a stranger to all. He wanted to shoot, and as he was a man sixty years old and claimed to have no experience, the handicap committee put him at 26yds. He shot on through the programme under the name of Jack. He killed 5 straight in one sweep and 9 out of 10 in another, and killed 13 out of his first 15 in the trophy race. He had killed 12 out of 14 in the 15-bird sweep, and when he went to the score he turned and said to the scorer, "How many have I to shoot?" The reply was that he had but one more to shoot. Fahnestock then said in the hearing of several, "I think 12 is about good enough for me." He put only one shell in his gun and held his gun low down by his hip, waiting till the bird got well away and missing it deliberately. Mr. Shepard was angry at this, and there was much heated complaint over it among the shooters, who did not like such open rottenness in shooting. Mr. Rice heard one shooter say that "if this was shooting, he would shoot no more at any tournament." "You need not stop shooting yet," said Mr. Rice, "we don't allow any such thing on these grounds." He then went to Fahnestock and asked him if the accusations were true. Fahnestock admitted they were. Mr. Rice then told him he had forfeited his right in the purse, and could shoot no more on the grounds. "But, of course, I can finish up at the other score in my trophy entry," said Fahnestock. "No," said Mr. Rice, "you cannot fire another shot on these grounds in this tournament while I am managing it, in the trophy or any other contest, no matter whether you dropped in that event or not. You can go to the desk and get your money back, but you cannot shoot here any more. We are running a straight shoot." Much demurring, Fahnestock went and got back his money and started to leave the grounds. On his way he met Mr. Du Pont, and made complaint to him over the way he had been treated. Mr. Du Pont had heard nothing of the occurrence before this, but told him that he had been treated just right. And so he had. It is preposterous to think that there should be any doubt upon this point whatever. It was a piece of fairness and justice such as has been all too uncommon in our tournaments. The incident itself is deplorable, but that the result of it was just such as it was proves that this shoot was run in just the way any shoot among gentlemen should be run. The Du Pont Company does shooting some good when it shows that it will not tolerate anything but honest shooting. Mr. Rice is a benefactor of a practical sort when he disbars from a fair competition a man who is not fair. Little by little the once unpopular doctrine of honesty in shooting is becoming popular. It is bound to win. The sport of trap-shooting cannot get on without it.

There is no use denying that dropping for place was once common, or that it is now becoming uncommon. It was always detestable and unworthy of a moment's tolerance. If FOREST AND STREAM ever did an iota of good in the world, it did it in the breaking up of this outrageous practice, which it did alone and without the support of its weak-backed contemporaries, who feared to say a word of criticism of anything which the "boys did." The boys don't, now.

### THE 15 BIRD RACE.

The scores in the 15-bird contest show 128 entries. The conditions were: 15 live birds, $15 entrance, birds included, 5 moneys, $200 added. Scores:

Fifteen straight: H. Dunnell, Steck, Scheele, B. Dicks, Dr. Williamson, Macalester, Parmelee, Bingham, Dr. Frothingham, W. R. Miller, Wilmot, J. J. Sumpter, Jr., I. P. Watson, West, Chadwick, Kelsey, McFarland, M. H., W. S. King, W. G. Clark, H. McMurchy, H. A. Penrose, J. B. Porter, C. S. Burkhardt, G. Roll, Georgeson, L. C. Willard, Latchaw—28.

Fourteens: Messner, G. L. Deiter, C. M. Price, T. A. Marshall, R. O. Heikes, Fred Gilbert, Du Pont, J. P. Malone, Sexton, Brucker, J. Parker, B. F. Smith, Clark, Vories, Plumber, J. J. Kleinman, J. J. Dickey, B. E. Hughes, Reilly, Anthony, A. Kleinman, Etheridge, Reed, Kirkover, Peterson, Dwyer, Robinhood, Merrill, Alkire, J. Ruble, McGinnis, Glade, R. E. D., Barto, Pitzen, Westfield and Spross—37.

Thirteens: Erb, Carkeek, Wilz, Eion, Seth Clover, Powers, Hawkins, Solomon, Fulford, Dr. Shaw, Gottlieb, Montmorency, C. W. Budd, H. J. Wilson, Redwing, L. T. Davenport, George Kleinman, J. S. Fanning, A. H. King, A. W. du Bray, J. E. Wright, H. B. Hill, O. von Lengerke, Squirrel, Sim Glover, Fawcett, E. D. Trotter and J. W. Den—28.

Twelves: Sweeney, C. M. Grimm, D. A. Upson, B. W. Claridge, Samuelson, W. H. Clay, J. O'H. Denny, E. Rice, T. P. Hicks, T. Callender, R. Trimble, Miller, Agard, Kiehm, Smead and Thomas—16.

Elevens: W. L. Shepard, C. E. Bonday, C. T. Bodifield, E. C. Burkhardt, J. C. and J. M. Avery—6.

Other scores were: Leach, McVey, S. Palmer and Frost, 10; L. D. Herrick and Denn, 8. (According to our scores G. Jack scored 12 out of 14 and Phipps 3 out of 5, neither shooter completing his score.)

### THE FINISH IN THE TROPHY.

There was apprehension lest the great trophy race, which had exactly 125 entries and one forfeit, would not be concluded on Saturday, but one by one the shooters fell, until at 4:45 P. M. only the five men above mentioned were left straight with 25 out of the whole great aggregation of the nation's best trap shots. These men were followed with eager interest as they stepped to No. 1 set of traps to decide the ties. The man George Roll was looked over with curiosity. He was in a way a dark horse. He is a member of the Blue Island Shooting Club, of Chicago, and not of any special record. He is a giant in form, but of admirable and muscular proportions and of pleasant features. A man of undeniable good feeding and digesting powers, of iron constitution, there are few men before the traps whom one would more readily designate as "built for a shooter." Roll's record at this shoot shows the turn of Fortune's wheel. He had, up to the time he stepped to the score for the ties, killed and scored every bird he had shot at during the shoot, and he had shot the programme through, scoring 72 birds clean, the only man who came near doing so. More than that, he had in his last four practice shoots killed 17, 10, 8 and 10 straight, so that he had actually killed during several days of all kinds of birds and at all kinds of shooting 117 birds straight. He was naturally a favorite, except among those who shook their heads and declared him "due to miss."

Gottlieb, of Kansas City, is a sturdy and large-framed man of good shooting form. He delayed the game by being absent when the five men were lined up for a photograph before the tie began, but at length came up smiling.

Wallace Miller, of Texas, showed a powerful and well-built man, of calm and steady expression and a bright hazel eye.

Kirkover, of Buffalo, youthful and smooth-faced, was stocky, sturdy and rather dangerous looking. He looks like a cold-nerved, sandy sort of fellow.

Claridge, of Baltimore, was slight and nervous-looking, and hardly the man one would pick to win in such a corner.

It was after 5 P. M. when the score was cleared for the five contestants. The wind had fallen, and the air was sultry and oppressive. The birds were not going well at all, deprived of the breeze which had prevailed earlier. It was expected that the men would line out into a long and exciting tie on easy birds, and that they might not finish before dark. And then occurred the unexpected. The great Du Pont trophy race came to the suddenest, shortest, abruptest, and almost the funniest ending that ever did happen to a big shoot. Here were five men who had killed 25 birds straight each, and who had shot out all the country up to that notch. It might be believed they would, one or more of them at least, run a few more straight. What actually happened was that at the 3d bird of the 5 tie birds every man but one was shot out, and only one of the entire five got his 5 birds straight!

Gottlieb got an owl of a driver that he could have killed with a club, but he only feathered it. He sat down in consternation.

Roll killed his first bird to applause of friends, who were more enthusiastic than polite to the visitors. But his second bird, by no means a hard one, was not centered, and though it fell dead out of bounds it had to be scored lost. This was his 119th bird straight had he killed it.

Wallace Miller, with his Winchester repeater, cut down his first bird sharply and surely. His second was an easy one, killed at the trap. His third bird was a driver, not fast, and turning slowly to the right as it drew away from the traps. He was slow and off with his first, and very slow with his second. The bird was feathered slightly with the last shot, but no gun could kill it at that distance, and it went over. Wallace sat down, looking sad and chagrined.

Kirkover, of Buffalo, looked a winner, and was a favorite with many from the start. He smashed his first 2 birds down well, but the traps gave him for his 3d a right-quartering incomer, which is Kirkover's invariable hoodoo. He missed this bird almost clean, only raising a few feathers with his second. He retired without a murmur, but not looking pleased at all.

Claridge, thin and nervous, was apparently at first cool enough, and called his "pull" with a calm Southern drawl which argued well. But all at once a most unmistakable funk seized upon every man in that squad of five, and Claridge shared it plainly. He none the less got down 3 birds. At his 4th he stood sighting his gun for the preparation and was just on the point of calling "ready," when he accidentally pulled off his right barrel, shooting into the ground about halfway to the traps. This was too bad, and it was enough to rattle any shooter, but he pulled himself together and killed his bird with the first barrel when it was sprung. He was applauded loudly at this. He then stepped up for his last bird, which, if killed, left him alone with 5 straight in the tie and made him winner. He got a soft, big, blue-slate pigeon, which just barely hopped up about 2ft. at No. 4 trap. Quick as lightning the nervous shooter cut away, plainly firing while the bird was in the air. It was not touched by the charge, and alighted by the trap. Claridge fired at it as it stood upon the ground and the bird fell forward, apparently not seriously injured except for a broken leg, which prevented it from starting. "Dead bird!" exclaimed referee John Watson, sharply. The dog ran in and seized the bird. The most exciting race ever shot for the Du Pont trophy was over. The crowd broke over the fence. In a minute Mr. Claridge was surrounded by a swarm of friends who shook hands and heaped up congratulations.

Mr. B. W. Claridge, winner of the Du Pont trophy, is a member of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association. He is twenty-seven years of age, of rather slight build, but wiry and nervous. He has had little experience at the trap, his first shooting at birds being at the Baltimore Du Pont tournament. He is, however, of long experience as a field shot, and has shot quail and ducks in Florida and all over the South. Like Gilbert, he is a new character in the trap-shooting world, measured by years of time. He is a very pleasant and good-looking young man, and his win was popular.

So the big trophy goes back to Baltimore, whence it came to the West. It looks as though it was intended by the Baltimore men to have it stay there, for before Mr. Claridge had gotten away from the score he was challenged by Mr. James Malone, of Baltimore, and the forfeit was put in Mr. Rice's hands.

Mr. Claridge shot a Daly gun and used Leader shells, with 3¼drs. Du Pont powder and 1⅛oz. No. 7 shot.

The money was divided by the five tie men before shooting. The purse paid as follows: first, $937 50; second, $781 25; third, $625; fourth, $468.75; fifth, $312.50. These are the largest moneys ever shot for in open competition in the history of the country, so far as can be learned at this writing.

The Du Pont Smokeless powder grand championship handicap, for trophy and $1,000 guaranteed, to be shot at one or central set of traps, and to be continued until finished, 25 birds per man. In this event Du Pont Smokeless exclusively to be used, entrance $25, birds extra.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Gilbert (32) | 11222122221222222220002212 | 25 |
| Macalester (30) | 1112222002211222222222222 | 25 |
| Ducker (28) | 1122101202211221102221022 | 21 |
| Powers (31) | 2222012221222222022112122 | 25 |
| Grimm (31) | 2222120122221221221111211 | 24 |
| Parmelee (30) | 2200110222022122120 | |
| Frothingham (29) | 2222102002212022222222200 | 20 |
| Upson (29) | 2211222212022102221201220 | 21 |
| Marshall (31) | 20222201220022220 | |
| Bingham (30) | 1112202122222222222022202 | 23 |
| Malone (28) | 2211211111202010222200 | |
| Claridge (29) | 2222222222122221222222222 | 25 |
| Bonday (28) | 2122220212210221222211200 | 20 |
| Hawkins (28) | 222212101022200220 | |
| Solomon (28) | 2212201211111210112101112 | 22 |
| Harbaugh (27) | 1121201221101222102222121 | 22 |
| Fulford (31) | 1012110221222121022221101 | 22 |
| Kuss (28) | 2222122222122211011222212 | 24 |
| Bacon (30) | 1112201112221222212220212 | 23 |
| Georgeson (29) | 2222222122222222222022222 | 24 |
| Hallock (27) | 21201 121021201001221 | |
| Dwyer (29) | 112120101212022 | |
| G E Agard (27) | 1111221210210222111011220 | 21 |
| Den (26) | 1222022202101112200 | |
| Dickey (26) | 1120212120212111220211112 | 22 |
| Sexton (28) | 1122210221211211120222222 | 23 |
| Miller (29) | 2212122222121221122211112 | 25 |
| Sumpter (27) | 1222121111212222222212021 | 24 |
| Gottleib (29) | 1212112112121122211211111 | 25 |
| Wilmot (29) | 1112211212222202111111021 | 23 |
| Hoyt (28) | 2212212211112121110121212 | 24 |
| Glade (28) | 2110222220021111121211222 | 23 |
| Miles (27) | 2202100220210 | |
| Shaw (28) | 1221111121122111011211122 | 24 |
| Erb, Jr (30) | 0212221201122112011102211 | 21 |
| Montmorency (29) | 2202222122112222222112122 | 24 |
| Smead (29) | 1120122222222212012221222 | 23 |
| Etheridge (27) | 2202120210222211202211212 | 21 |
| Alkire (30) | 1122112022212220221212122 | 23 |
| Kelsey (29) | 22202 2220101221122222122 | 22 |
| B F Smith (29) | 2222222222002222222222220 | 22 |
| C S Burkhart (28) | 2222222222222221222022222 | 23 |
| E C Burkhart (27) | 0202222222220222 21011211 | 21 |
| Kirkover (27) | 2222222222222222222222222 | 25 |
| Leach (25) | 2211111111111101201211122 | 23 |
| Ike Watson (29) | 22222222222022220222200 20 | |
| J Denny (29) | 0210122222111222102221221 | 22 |
| A H King (30) | 2221122222222222222222022 | 24 |
| Messner (30) | 2222002222122222022 100 | |
| Brucker (27) | 1210221212121221212122122 | 24 |
| W S King (29) | 0112211222102110222222222 | 22 |
| S Glover (31) | 2222222220012111121222221 | 23 |
| McVey (28) | 1211101122020012210 | |
| Voris (28) | 112111111211020111112011 | 22 |
| G S Kay (27) | 2221212102220112212000 | |
| G Roll (30) | 2121112222111122222221212 | 25 |
| Redwing (30) | 2220202111222112021112122 | 22 |
| Bodie (28) | 2222222112111210222011212 | 23 |
| Budd (31) | 2212222221121112222022112 | 24 |
| Harrold (27) | 0111121211121221222102121 | 23 |
| Day (28) | 1222221111112211000111221 | 22 |
| Burke (27) | 2222112222212221112220222 | 24 |
| Cromwell (26) | 11022220222121212001210 | |
| Hill (28) | 1001211221221111112112021 | 22 |
| W G Clark (30) | 2222202212220212221222222 | 23 |
| Chadwick (29) | 2201122222022220212112222 | 22 |
| Phelps (27) | 00100 | |
| Du Bray (29) | 2122221211122222112022 1122 | 23 |
| Trumble (28) | 1121121221122011122221221 | 24 |
| McGinnis (28) | 1221110211200021000 | |
| J E Wright (30) | 222120 220 202020 0 | |
| Spross (28) | 101222121122222 212212221 | 24 |
| G Kleinman (30) | 1221111211110211021111212 | 23 |
| Dr Williamson (29) | 2222211111222222222210122 | 24 |
| T A Thomas (29) | 2201221111222122101101021 | 21 |
| Westfield (30) | 1122122110222222022222222 | 23 |
| J B Porter (30) | 1022222222222 222222222220 | 23 |
| T B Hicks (28) | 12111202211101220102 | |
| R S Mott (30) | 1112221212211201012020122 | 21 |
| B Dunnell (30) | 1122222021222220002222222 | 21 |
| W Dunnell (29) | 1121102111122222222222212 | 24 |
| Alabaster (26) | 21221122200221011011120 | |
| McMurchy (31) | 1211121221222222010121212 | 23 |
| Davenport (30) | 2222222222122202002222222 | 22 |
| J W Avery (29) | 1121222220210222220012212 | 21 |
| J C Read (27) | 1110121110222221212201222 | 22 |
| Fanning (30) | 2221122212212111112011110 | 23 |
| J W Muir (26) | 1212101111221022122211202 | 22 |
| Al Miller (28) | 0121210110221121201221112 | 21 |
| H Dunnell (30) | 2221112212112202110212210 | 22 |
| G L Dieter (29) | 2222202222202222222222212 | 23 |
| W W Watson (29) | 2220221212221022122201022 | 21 |
| J Carkeek (27) | 2212102212120122212201010 | 20 |
| B O Bush (28) | 10122012202211200 | |
| Col Felton (28) | 0212121221012122101210201 | 20 |
| Bogardus (29) | 1111110110111221010122111 | 21 |
| Rodecker (27) | 1011211111121221202220112 | 22 |
| C L Tippy (27) | 1211121222202221220021122 | 22 |
| H C Hirsby (26) | 2211211212212210121222122 | 24 |
| Trotter (30) | 2121220212211021122211101 | 22 |
| L C Willard (29) | 1221212112122212012011212 | 23 |
| Schuler (27) | 1022211111212202212012122 | 22 |
| S Palmer (27) | 2022122122200010 | |
| H Wilson (29) | 1201111122201212200 | |
| Penrose (29) | 1222212212021110102022221 | 22 |
| Latshaw (27) | 1222222222202221222121212 | 24 |
| Heikes (30) | 2122222222222222222012021 2 | 24 |
| Smith (29) | 1211212222103120022210210 | 20 |
| B Barto (28) | 2201111122220221222202122 | 23 |
| J W Dea (28) | 2221222222022220222221222 | 23 |
| J E Riley (30) | 1221121222211202222212022 | 23 |
| McFarland (30) | 122222110220120 | |
| R Merrill (31) | 0222221212202222101222210 | 22 |
| Capt West (27) | 2212221120212200121220222 | 21 |
| Mrs W B Shattuck (26) | 11110011e2001111220221022 | 18 |
| S Clover (28) | 2211212212022222212221022 | 23 |
| Hughes (30) | 1111110221012222120222221 | 22 |
| E F Sweeney (28) | 12101112120021101120 | |
| C B Dicks (28) | 11101012110120110 | |
| A C Anson (29) | 101112021120101 | |
| T J Scott (28) | 122210102220200 | |
| G Jack (26) | 110110221211111 | |
| G Kellum (27) | 2122221111011222002222220 | 21 |
| Highhouse (28) | 1222211121222220201121121 | 22 |
| Winston (30) | 2121122111122121121011111 | 24 |

The five men tied for the cup with scores of 25 each shot off at 5 birds; Claridge won by killing his 5 straight. Scores:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Claridge (29) | 22122—5 | | Roll (30) | 10 | —1 |
| Kirkover (27) | 220 | —2 | Gottlieb (29) | 0 | —0 |
| Miller (29) | 210 | —2 | | | |

### NOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SHOOT.

Mr. Louis Duryea, of New York, who has seen some of the hottest shooting of this country and Europe, said that he did not believe the equal of this shoot had ever been held at any place or at any time in the world.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, said that he had never seen a shoot like this. Mr. Fanning states that trap-shooting is having a great boom on the Pacific Coast; California State shoot running over 150 entries.

Jack Winston, now of Washington, Ind., was troublesome as ever to those willing to talk 100-bird races. He closed a race with Louis Duryea, and was after Budd, Gilbert, Bingham and everybody else whom he could engage in conversation. Chicago shooters hope Winston will get on some races to be shot here this month.

Jack Parker was busy taking entries for his shoot next week.

Plumber Read, of Omaha, in the team contest on Wednesday, killed his last bird in a close place. He missed it with the first and dropped it close to the line with a long second. This put his team into the 47 hole all alone.

Wallace Miller, of Texas, was a favorite among the Southern men for a good place in the championship contest.

Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, at last made good his promise to visit Chicago. His irrepressible spirits made him a favorite with every one on the ground. Unfortunately Mr. Divine was taken ill on Thursday and felt obliged to return home, to the regret of many friends here.

Mr. F. P. Poston, of Memphis, left on Thursday for Baltimore. Mr. Poston shot a good gait, and many wished to see him enter the handicap for the trophy.

Mr. Tom Callender, of Nashville, is looking well after a long period of sickness this spring. He remains in Chicago to shoot a few targets and then goes to Detroit. There is no more popular man on the circuit.

Capt. A. W. du Bray, of the Parker gun, tells a hard-luck story. He missed the first bird he shot at in the sweep, and then ran 37 straight in the sweep and team contest, but dropped a bird out of his first 5 in the trophy championship. If he could have bunched his hits in the latter event it might have had vast importance with him.

Eddie Bingham, of the Du Pont Chicago office, was a busy man, and by night of each day was fairly worked to a standstill.

Fred Gilbert proved himself a pleasant and modest young man, and won favorable comment from all.

The system of taking entries and handling cash devised by Mr. Rice proved itself a good and smooth one.

Mr. H. P. Collins, of Baltimore, was a popular and efficient secretary, and Mr. Joseph P. Wood, the treasurer, had many pleasing traits besides that of handing out meal sacks full of money to the lucky shooters.

Mr. Geo. W. Andrews, the official scorer, was called on to do a lot of hard work for the press boys, but won their esteem by his kindness and thoroughness.

John Watson showed that he could trap a few thousand good birds even in the sultry time of August.

Mr. H. A. Penrose is soon coming out with a new target which is a beauty and a breaker.

Mr. H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., has been suffering from illness, but retains enough good looks for all practical purposes.

Hon. Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, was one of the stayers, of course. He has not yet got over his surprise at scaring his dead bird over the line with his second barrel in the team contest Wednesday.

Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, looks physically very fit, and saws wood as silently and smilingly as ever.

John Watson's retrieving dogs had their hands full, so to speak.

Chicago showed that she could handle a big crowd and a big event with all her old-time smoothness. When it comes to getting ahead of Chicago it is necessary to arise about 12:01 in the morning.

Watson's Park again proved itself to be without flaw in the rapid and systematic handling of live-bird shooting. Mr. Watson and his sons received a great many words of praise.

Mr. Charles Macalester, of Baltimore, was met with pleasure by many Western men who have often read of him.

Fulford lost his chance of a straight in his first five birds of Thursday in the handicap.

Seth Clover and Sim Glover look alike in print, but not in any other way.

Budd and Grimm, of Iowa, were, as usual, to be found close together. Powers and Merrill also were usually not far apart, though there is not much need of figuring averages at a live-bird shoot where one only gets to shoot 10 or 15 birds a day.

Mr. Francis G. du Pont, of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., was at the grounds each day until Friday, when he was called away on business. Mr. Du Pont is a gentleman of singularly urbane and pleasing personality. He appeared very happy and contented, and expressed himself as highly satisfied with the manner in which the tournament had been planned and carried out.

Not a rough word or ill-timed jest was heard upon the grounds. There never was a more dignified, nor yet more pleasant shoot. The presence of the many ladies was a worthy feature. The tournament showed shooting as it can be and ought to be done.

The official badges worn by the large force of executives were rich and handsome, and in keeping with the whole scheme of this lavish tournament. Over 2,000 handsome coat badges were also given out by the management, the latter a tasty Du Pont medal on a red, white and blue ribbon.

Since time immemorial the two Dromios, Charlie Budd and Charlie Grimm, have occupied parlor No. 2 at the Windsor Hotel when in Chicago, and their quarters have come to be the night rendezvous of the crowd. Here were given daily, or nightly, renditions of the Indian Sagwa dance by Gilbert, Trotter and others of the Iowa Indians. Patterson, of Chicago, proved himself capable of an elaborate *pas seul*, and Latshaw gave much appreciated and really artistic banjo solos.

The Eastern men seemed rather out of form on the whole, and the bulk of the total winnings remained in the West.

Uncle Jake Pentz, of New York, gets wild when told that it takes Chicago to hold a really big shoot. He tells what New York could do if it had as much money up. The fact remains that Chicago was the first to put up the money. It's your jump next, Uncle Jake.

One glance along the spectators' rail showed three men sitting together whose combined weight was 714lbs. They were Jim Riley and J. Porter, of Kansas City, and R. B. Organ, of Chicago. At another time there were five men together—Riley, Porter, Organ, C. B. Dicks, of Chicago, and Ed Rike, of Dayton, Ohio—whose combined weight was 1,245lbs.

The purse in the team contest event, $3,460, one believes to have been the largest ever offered the shooters of this country up to that time. Yet even this was surpassed by the magnificent money in the trophy contest, which was $3,125 net. First money in the team contest was $980, but there being five moneys in the trophy race, first money in that event figured $937 50. These be princely figures.

Mr. Abner Price, the Chicago veteran, says that he has shot for forty years, and never saw nor heard of a shoot like this. "And yet they talk about hard times," said he.

Mr. Alexis du Pont disclaims being a yachtsman, but cannot disown his sunburn—not after this week at Watson's.

Mr. Rice will now, as the novelists say, seek some much-needed repose.

The Du Pont uniform, white cap and sweater, was extended to the executive committee, the referees, the squad hustlers and the trappers. The latter had "Du Pont" on the back of their sweaters instead of the front, for geographical reasons.

F. E. Coppernoll was a rattling squad man at No. 1 set and always had No. 1 chair at the score full.

During the shoot two genuine carrier pigeons were discovered in the coops at the score by Tom Marshall, undoubtedly sent into the market by mistake. The "shooting mayor" took possession of them and will send them home to Keithsburg.

"Just tell them that you saw me!" is the song that the old-fashioned J. Watson bird sung as it whistled over the line to the visiting shooters who had never been here before. And they looked and sighed and said, "We saw you."

Mr. W. L. Shepard, head executive, was a busy man.

Mr. Rice proved himself a master of system and detail. Every question raised was answered at once without delay and without error. There never was a smoother shoot. It was a model affair. It was good enough for Chicago. And it was Mr. Rice's maiden effort.

In less than an hour after the big 15-bird sweep was ended Saturday (128 entries) Mr. Collins and Mr. Wood, at the office, had all the money in the envelopes, ready to hand out to the shooters as they asked for it. It is believed that so large an event as this has never been paid so swiftly. It was the same with the trophy purses. Almost at once the men were in line at the window and getting their pay.

There was one "amateur" crowd, known as the "McBlair squad." It was made up of the Southern shooters—Miller, of Texas; Sumpter, of Arkansas; Sexton, Gottlieb and Wilmott, of Missouri—none of whom had ever shot 500 live birds in their lives, they say, before coming here. Yet Miller got 25, Sumpter 24, Sexton 23, Gottlieb 25 and Wilmott 23, a total of 120 out of 125 birds shot at.

It was a hard week for records, retrievers and pie *à la mode*.

In shooting, it seems, there is a difference between "thereabouts" and "theer." On a Dakota bird on Watson's grounds you want to be "theer" and not "theerabouts."

The long row of tents came to be called "Paradise Alley." It was certainly a paradise for shooters.

And, by the way, when you want a good shoot, come to Chicago. The city is still located near the lake front, and there are a few J. Watson birds left.

P. S.—Chicago arises at 12:01 A. M.

E. HOUGH.

1205 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

## Hunters' and Fishermen's Picnic at Brush Lake.

Woodstock, O., July 30.—The first annual Hunters', Fishermen's and Trap Shooters' Picnic, held yesterday under the management of Woodstock and North Lewisburg sportsmen, was a great success. The scene of the picnic was Brush Lake, O. Everything passed off well, and all present voted it one of the best and most successful gatherings of sportsmen ever held in the country. The programme events for trap-shooters was a good one, and was taken part in by 57 shooters. Representatives were present from Columbus, Urbana, Irwin, Bellefontaine, Plain City, Mechanicsburg, etc.; in fact, several hundred took part in the day's proceedings: boating, bathing, fishing, short and long range rifle shooting, and trap-shooting.

In the team race contests at the trap, ten men to a team, 20 targets per man, Urbana defeated Plain City by 154 to 136. The Mechanicsburg team of ten defeated Woodstock's team by 134 to 11. In the Bellefontaine and Urbana team match the Urbanas won again by the score of 154 to 136. Thus Urbana took the honors of the day at the traps. Ten traps were kept going continuously from 9 A. M. until 6 P. M., at which time a heavy storm of wind took our tents up into the air, and drove the shooters to more permanent shelter. The breaking up of the sport was compensated for by the agreeable change in the temperature, the extreme heat during the day having been very trying. Targets were all thrown at unknown angles; this, together with lack of practice, affected the scores, still the work was satisfactory on the whole. This was a strictly amateur shoot, and that was what the boys wanted.

The scores made in the sweepstake events shot during the day were as below:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 15 | 20 | 10 | Av. |
| S Cushman | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | 10 | 90 |
| Taylor | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 13 | .. | .. | 87.5 |
| Shorty | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 13 | 16 | .. | 85.3 |
| J C Porterfield | 8 | 8 | .. | 7 | 7 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 8 | 11 | 11 | 16 | 10 | 81.6 |
| Cheney | 9 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 80.7 |
| Jack Ernst | 10 | 9 | 10 | .. | 10 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 13 | 12 | 17 | .. | 80.4 |
| Muzzy | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 10 | .. | 15 | .. | 80 |
| Boyd | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | .. | 80 |
| Slygh | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18 | .. | 80 |
| Conk | 9 | 7 | .. | .. | 9 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 10 | 16 | .. | 78.6 |
| Delaney | 8 | 9 | .. | 9 | 6 | 6 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 13 | 11 | 17 | .. | 78.6 |
| Arrowsmith | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 13 | 17 | .. | 78.8 |
| Worthington | 7 | 7 | .. | 8 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 11 | 12 | 14 | 9 | 78.1 |
| Harris | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 78 |
| Phillis | 10 | .. | 8 | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 8 | 12 | .. | 77.6 |
| Filson | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | .. | 9 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 7 | .. | 8 | 16 | .. | 77.3 |
| Greenwood | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 76.6 |
| Wasson | 8 | 5 | .. | 8 | 7 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 15 | 15 | .. | 75.4 |
| Rogers | 8 | 6 | .. | 9 | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 12 | .. | 75.3 |
| Ballinger | 8 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | 9 | 14 | 14 | 9 | 75.3 |
| Guy | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 7 | 8 | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 74 |
| Winder | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | .. | 73.3 |
| Haus | 9 | 9 | 7 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 11 | 13 | 17 | .. | 72 |
| McCullough | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | 15 | .. | 72 |
| Courter | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 6 | 9 | .. | 11 | .. | 71.4 |
| Hupp | 7 | 6 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 10 | 10 | 15 | .. | 71.1 |
| Hunter | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | 15 | .. | 71 |
| McIlroy | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 8 | 70 |
| Holding | .. | 7 | .. | .. | 7 | 5 | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 12 | 12 | 15 | .. | 68.6 |
| Shelton | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 8 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 68.5 |
| Elliott | .. | 4 | .. | 5 | 10 | .. | .. | 4 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 13 | 13 | .. | 68 |
| Beach | 5 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 8 | .. | 14 | .. | 67.7 |
| Lease | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 5 | 5 | 9 | 8 | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 67.5 |
| P J Burnham | 7 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 67.5 |
| Patrick | .. | 6 | 6 | .. | 9 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 15 | .. | 67.1 |
| Todd | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 66.6 |
| McCloud | 7 | 8 | .. | 5 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | 65 |
| W Burnham | .. | 5 | .. | 6 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 14 | .. | 64.6 |
| Burt | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 8 | 5 | .. | .. | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 64.2 |
| Porter | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 62.5 |
| D J Burnham | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 11 | .. | 61.6 |
| Mooney | 5 | 8 | .. | 5 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 60 |
| Leidigh | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 6 | 5 | 7 | 9 | .. | 4 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 60 |
| Beal | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 60 |
| N Burnham | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 4 | 7 | 4 | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 60 |
| Morgan | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 60 |
| B Cushman | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 56 |
| Joe Cheney | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | 55 |
| Laycock | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 10 | 12 | .. | 54.5 |
| Overfield | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 5 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 53.5 |
| Beck | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 50 |
| Guthrie | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 48 |
| R Burnham | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | 43.3 |
| N Ellsworth | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 43.3 |
| Mrs S Cushman | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 40 |
| H Ellsworth | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 31.8 |
| C Burnham | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | 15 |

Scott Cushman, Sec'y.

## Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Below are the scores made to-day at the weekly club shoot of the Audubon Gun Club:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 10 | 25 | 15 | 15 | 25 | 20 | 10 | Targets: | 10 | 15 | 25 | 15 | 15 | 25 | 20 | 10 |
| Forrester | 8 | 9 | 23 | 13 | 9 | 20 | 18 | 10 | McArthur | .. | .. | 18 | 9 | 10 | 16 | 12 | 5 |
| C Burkhar't | 8 | 7 | 18 | 15 | 8 | 19 | 14 | 10 | Dubbs | .. | .. | 22 | 8 | 7 | 16 | .. | .. |
| E Burkhar't | 8 | 9 | 22 | 12 | 9 | 22 | 14 | 9 | W Hines, Jr | .. | .. | 13 | 9 | 6 | 16 | .. | .. |
| Bennett | 8 | 7 | 21 | 13 | 12 | 18 | 18 | 7 | P G Myers | .. | .. | 20 | 11 | 7 | 13 | 11 | .. |
| Hammond | 9 | 9 | .. | 11 | 14 | 22 | 9 | .. | Howard | .. | .. | 18 | 10 | 10 | 22 | .. | .. |
| Bauer | 6 | 5 | 18 | 11 | 7 | 20 | .. | .. | McCarney | .. | .. | 9 | 6 | 6 | 13 | 5 | .. |
| B F Smith | 7 | .. | 21 | .. | 13 | 21 | 12 | .. | Freize | .. | .. | 20 | 12 | 8 | 11 | .. | .. |
| T Tiddler | .. | 9 | 21 | 8 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | U E Storey | .. | .. | 15 | 10 | 7 | 13 | .. | 4 |
| Bird | .. | 6 | 19 | 10 | 8 | 20 | .. | .. | Rossiter | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18 | .. | .. |
| W Eaton | .. | 6 | 17 | 10 | 8 | 16 | 13 | 8 | P Lyon | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 |
| A Coombs | .. | 5 | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | | | | | | | | | |

All events were at unknown angles. No. 3 event was the club badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt and Dubbs tied for Class A badge; E. C. B. won shoot-off at 25 targets by 53 to 16. Tom Tiddler won Class B, Howard Class C.

## Trap at Tucson.

Tucson, Ariz., July 26.—Below are the scores made to-day in our club's medal shoot. Hallowell having won the last medal (for best average in four monthly shoots), he was handicapped at 18yds., Aldridge also being placed on that mark. In a match at 25 targets Hallowell beat Weber by scoring 22 to 20. Scores in the medal race were:

Thirty singles and 10 pairs:

C Meyer, Jr (16)....110111111111111110100010110111—23
11 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 11 11—13—36

J J Hallowell (18)....111111111111111011111111100011—26
00 00 10 11 11 10 10 10 10 10—10—36

C Aldridge (18)....111000111111111111111111011110—25
01 10 01 10 01 11 00 10 11 10—10—35

C Weber (16)....110110110111101101110101111000—20
10 11 10 10 11 11 10 00 10 11—13—33

F Wilding (16)....010100111100111100110001011110—17
10 10 10 10 00 10 10 10 00 10— 8—25

J B Jernigan (16)....111110011011011110111100001000—18
00 10 11 10 10 00 10 00 10 00— 6—24

## Shooting at Reading, Pa.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 1.—The last of a series of three team races between the three leading clubs of this city took place to-day on the grounds of the East End Gun Club at the Black Bear. The South End team was again the winner, and thus captured the team championship of the city which these contests were to settle. Fent. Cooper, of Tamaqua, Pa., better known among live bird than target shooters, shot on the team of the Independent Gun Club, but made a poorer showing than if he had been shooting at 25 live birds instead of the same number of targets. The shooting was not easy, the targets being thrown down hill, while the traps were screwed up to the highest notch. The scores were:

South End Gun Club: Essick 22, Harrison 21, Escheiman 17, Shaaber 15, Jones 14, Yost 13—102.

Independent Gun Club: Schrader 21, Ritter 19, Cooper 14, Larkins 13, Henry 10, Scheele 10—84.

East End Gun Club: Coldren 17, Eppinger 14, Stump 13, Hafer 11, Lawrence 11, Barman 7—76.

## Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 4.—The members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club held their regular shoot this afternoon and did some good work. The best shooting was done in the second shoot in prize series C, the conditions of this shoot being 30 singles, known angles. The scores were:

Ide, 30; W. H. Buck, W. L. Davis and A. W. Walls, 29 each; M. P. Rosch, 28; Link, Harvey, Tolman, McClellan, V. D. Kenerson, Ide (made up score), 27 each; Whitin, Hanson, M. D. Gilman (made up score), 26 each; Sne Hanson (made up score), 25 each; Mascroft, Claflin, V. D. Kenerson (made up score), Whitin (made up score), 24 each; Larkin, Jones, M. D. Gilman, 23 each; Knowles, 22; Ball, 17.

In the L. C. Smith trophy event the scores were: Davis and Mascroft, 24; Whiting and Tolman, 21; Ide and McClellan, 17.

Other sweeps were also shot, the results being as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, 16 entries: First, with 9, A. W. Walls and Snell; second, with 8, Buck, Snell, Kenerson, Davis, Ide; third, with 7, McClellan.

No. 2, 15 targets, 20 entries: First, with 15, Mascroft, Davis; second, with 14, Buck; third, with 13, Snell, Whitin and Ford; fourth, with 12, McClellan, M. Buck, Gilman.

No. 3, 15 targets, 17 entries: First, with 15, Buck; second, with 14, Link, Snell; third, with 13, Walls, Gilman, Kenerson; fourth, with 12, Larkin, Ide, Ford, McClellan, Hanson.

## The Charlotte Tournament.

Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 3.—The fifth annual tournament of the Charlotte Gun Club, of this city, was held here July 28-29, with added money of $100 per day. We cannot report our tournament a complete success, as we had a very slim attendance; but we can truthfully say that a more clever set of gentlemen never met before traps. The following were among the number who favored us with their presence: Messrs. Hunter, Wagner, Mattingly and McKelden, of Washington, D. C.; Dean, Hewitt and Hammond, of Richmond, Va.; Worthen, Peterman and Wohltman, of Charleston, S. C.; Bridgers, of Tarboro, N. C.; Banskett, of Columbia, S. C., and Little, of Gaffney, S. C.

Notwithstanding the fact that the weather was awfully warm, nearly every one "entered for all day," and shot from start to finish of the programme. Everything worked smoothly except the traps, which caused considerable trouble and delay. Ordinarily, when traps work badly, shooters kick and growl, but it seemed that the entire crowd felt that we were sufficiently punished by an absence of shooters and never a word was said, all of which was highly appreciated. The weather was entirely too hot for shooters who are unfortunate enough to have to wear glasses, as will be evidenced by a glance at the scores of Messrs. Wagner and McKeldon, of Washington, both of whom are excellent shots. All of our local shooters "stuck to the boat," although in some cases it was a losing game.

Below are tabulated scores with percentages:

FIRST DAY, JULY 28.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | | Per |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | Shot at. | Broke. | cent. |
| Todd | 17 | 17 | 19 | 15 | 17 | 19 | 17 | 15 | 18 | 17 | 200 | 171 | 85½ |
| Stokes | 17 | 11 | 12 | 14 | 18 | 16 | 14 | 13 | 10 | 11 | 200 | 136 | 68 |
| Hunter | 19 | 18 | 15 | 15 | 16 | 19 | 19 | 18 | 19 | 18 | 200 | 176 | 88 |
| Mattingly | 16 | 18 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 16 | 18 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 200 | 173 | 86½ |
| Hewitt | 13 | 18 | 15 | 17 | 15 | 17 | 16 | 17 | 18 | .. | 180 | 140 | 77 7/9 |
| Deane | 20 | 16 | 18 | 18 | 16 | 15 | .. | 17 | 17 | 19 | 180 | 156 | 86⅔ |
| Wagner | 17 | 18 | 16 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 15 | 17 | 16 | 17 | 200 | 164 | 82 |
| McKeldon | 18 | 18 | 19 | 10 | 15 | 15 | 16 | 15 | 13 | .. | 180 | 139 | 77 2/9 |
| Creswell | 17 | 15 | 19 | 15 | 14 | 16 | 17 | 17 | 16 | 16 | 200 | 163 | 81 |
| Carson | 17 | 18 | 19 | 15 | 15 | 17 | 17 | 16 | 16 | 17 | 200 | 167 | 83½ |
| Bridgers | 18 | 18 | 17 | 18 | 16 | 18 | 15 | 17 | 19 | 16 | 200 | 172 | 86 |
| Peterman | 13 | 16 | 20 | 14 | 12 | 15 | 19 | 17 | 12 | 16 | 200 | 154 | 77 |
| Worthen | 17 | 16 | 20 | 19 | 14 | 18 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 13 | 200 | 164 | 82 |
| Anthony | 17 | 17 | 14 | 19 | 18 | 20 | 19 | 16 | 18 | 16 | 200 | 174 | 87 |
| Bauskett | 7 | 10 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 60 | 25 | 41⅔ |
| Wohltman | .. | 16 | 15 | .. | .. | 19 | 15 | 16 | .. | .. | 100 | 81 | 81 |
| Hammond | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 13 | .. | 14 | 17 | 9 | 100 | 64 | 64 |
| Sampson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 13 | 40 | 27 | 67½ |

SECOND DAY, JULY 29.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | | | Per |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | Shot at. | Broke. | cent. |
| Todd | 12 | 17 | 19 | 14 | 18 | 18 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 19 | 200 | 165 | 82½ |
| Hunter | 18 | 18 | 17 | 16 | 19 | 16 | 20 | 13 | 16 | 16 | 200 | 169 | 84½ |
| Mattingly | 19 | 19 | 18 | 18 | 17 | 17 | 18 | 17 | 20 | 17 | 200 | 180 | 90 |
| Worthen | 18 | 19 | 17 | 18 | 17 | 16 | 20 | 17 | 17 | 16 | 200 | 175 | 87½ |
| Stokes | 9 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 15 | 7 | 14 | 18 | 18 | 200 | 110 | 55 |
| Anthony | 16 | 18 | 19 | 15 | 17 | 18 | 14 | 16 | 19 | 18 | 200 | 170 | 85 |
| Wagner | 15 | 17 | 19 | 15 | 14 | 14 | 16 | 17 | 14 | 12 | 200 | 153 | 76½ |
| McKeldon | 16 | 16 | 15 | 14 | 15 | 15 | 14 | 15 | 15 | 19 | 200 | 154 | 77 |
| Peterman | 11 | 16 | 19 | 15 | 16 | 19 | 16 | 14 | 17 | 14 | 200 | 157 | 78½ |
| Bridgers | 18 | 16 | 15 | 14 | 17 | 16 | 17 | 19 | 18 | 20 | 200 | 170 | 85 |
| Creswell | 15 | 17 | 18 | 18 | 14 | 13 | 15 | 14 | 14 | 12 | 200 | 150 | 75 |
| Deane | 17 | 17 | 17 | 18 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 15 | 16 | .. | 180 | 143 | 79 17/18 |
| Hewitt | 15 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 19 | 16 | 13 | 18 | 17 | 200 | 166 | 83 |
| Hammond | 12 | 11 | .. | 16 | 14 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 80 | 53 | 66¼ |
| Quincy | 6 | 9 | 4 | 12 | 3 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 200 | 72 | 36 |
| Wohltman | .. | 16 | .. | 15 | .. | 13 | .. | .. | 16 | .. | 80 | 60 | 75 |
| Murrill | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 14 | 10 | 120 | 65 | 54 1/6 |
| Carson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 16 | 14 | 17 | 60 | 47 | 78⅓ |
| Sampson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 16 | 9 | 40 | 25 | 62½ |
| Dodsworth | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 20 | 10 | 50 |

Cashier.

## Dunellen Defeats the Endeavors.

Dunellen, N. J., Aug. 1.—The second team race of the series of three arranged between the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Dunellen Gun Club, of this place, took place to-day on our grounds. The conditions of these races are: 12 men to a team, 25 targets per man. The home club won to-day by 10 breaks, the scores standing 235 to 225. Several sweeps were shot during the day, all purses being divided on the Rose system. Scores in the sweeps were:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 15 | 10 | 15 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 10 | Targets: | 10 | 15 | 10 | 15 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| V Leng'rke | 10 | 13 | 10 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Hibbard | 6 | .. | 9 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Lindzey | 9 | 14 | 6 | 13 | 13 | 7 | 10 | 9 | A Strader | 5 | 8 | 7 | 12 | 11 | 7 | 8 | 6 |
| Zust | 9 | 9 | .. | 12 | 13 | .. | 8 | 7 | R Strader | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Welles | 9 | 10 | 8 | 14 | 14 | 9 | 8 | 9 | DrFletcher | .. | 13 | 5 | 6 | 12 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Clark | 9 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Giles | .. | 12 | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Fessenden | 9 | 11 | 7 | 13 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | Laing | .. | 9 | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Collins | 9 | 14 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 10 | 8 | 8 | Baron | .. | 7 | .. | 9 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Cramer | 9 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Dealman | .. | .. | 8 | 5 | 9 | .. | .. | .. |
| L Piercy | 9 | .. | 8 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | Runyon | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. |
| McPeek | 8 | .. | 6 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Grey | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 13 | 7 | 8 | 10 |
| Brant'gh'm | 7 | 14 | 7 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Mulvaney | .. | .. | 7 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| G Piercy | 7 | 13 | 9 | 12 | 13 | 8 | 9 | 9 | Osborne | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | 8 | 7 | .. |
| Smith | 6 | 12 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Duff | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Manning | 6 | 12 | 9 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | | | | | | | | | |

The ninth event was the same as No. 8, and was shot when it was almost too dark to see the targets: Score: Lindzey 10, Gray and Welles 9, G. Piercy and Collins 8, A. Strader 6.

The scores in the team race were as below:

Dunellen Gun Club.

Baron....1110111111111111111011111—23
Cramer....1101110111111111110111111—22
Grey....1111111111111111101111001—22
Laing....1111011111111011111110110—21
Lindzey....1110111111111111111001100—20
Runyon....0111110111111101111001111—20
Fletcher....1101111101101110111100111—19
Smith....1111010011111101101111101—19
Brantingham....0100111111011111110011110—18
Manning....1101111100111011110011101—18
Zust....1111001101011011111101110—18
Giles....0011000101111010110111101—15—235

Endeavor Gun Club.

Collins....1111111111111111111111110—24
Welles....1111111111111111111111110—24
Fessenden....1111110101011111111111101—21
G Piercy....1111111110111111110011110—21
Dr Fletcher....0100011110111111111111111—20
McPeek....1101110111101011111111011—20
C von Lengerke....1001111111111111100011111—20
L Piercy....0111000111111011111110110—18
Duff....1111001010111001100010111—15
A R Strader....0101101111100101011001011—15
Mulvaney....1000010110111001110110110—14
R Strader....1011100000101010001111011—13—225

A. F. Warden, Sec'y.

## Hazelwood Gun Club.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 1.—Success to Forest and Stream. Below are the scores made at our sparrow shoots on July 30 and to-day. Conditions: 5 unknown traps, 25yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, 10 sparrows per man:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Shirley | 7 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 7 | .. | .. | Stilley | .. | 6 | 9 | 8 | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Boun | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | McCann | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Crossland | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 10 | Garland | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | 7 | 8 |

The above events were shot on July 30. To-day five of us shot a 25-bird race at sparrows, same conditions as to rise and boundary as above:

Crossland....2121121001111211111211111—23
Ferguson....2221111112101210120112111—22
Ony....2010211121011120110212211—20
Gallup....2120022101111210101112112—20
Wilbert....2020021111101012110210111—18

J. H. Crossland, Sec'y.

## Big Shoot at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 1.—In connection with the Caledonian games held at Washington Park, on the Delaware, to-day, a shooting tournament was held which proved to be one of the most exciting contests of the season and brought out a great many of the crack shots of this city and its vicinity, and as a result several very close and most interesting competitions were shot off.

The shoot was held in an open space back of the groves, where an improvised range and the necessary trenches were thrown up. The ground selected was well adapted to shooting, as the contestants had a clear range, excepting on the right were a clump of woods which made a tantalizing background. But, considering all, the scores were in most cases very good.

The main event of the tournament was a team race, six men to a team, the prize being a very handsome cup. Fourteen teams competed, the Keystone Shooting League winning the cup in an easy manner. The scores were:

Keystone Shooting League: W. Wolstencroft 24, Landis 24, I. H. W. 20, E. David 21, H. Ridge 23, Capt. H. Thurman 23—135.

Florist Gun Club: Burton 20, A. B. Cartledge 21, Craig 18, C. D. Ball 20, S. P. Sife 20, Capt. G. Anderson 21—120.

Silver Lake Gun Club: French 17, Woodstinger 17, Holdt 20, Day 23, Felix 22, Lane (Capt.) 20—119.

Southwark Gun Club: Numbers 19, Stoffer 22, Ashton 16, Mink 23, Apker (Capt.) 20, Rowcroft 18—118.

West Jersey Gun Club: Seaming (Capt.) 16, Wilson 21, Theoberger 21, Longnecker 18, Budd 19, Voorhees 16—111.

Penn Gun Club: T. V. Smith 14, J. R. Yost (Capt.) 21, J. W. Carsel 19, A. McMichael 16, F. Gross 14, C. Stanger 18—102.

West Chester Gun Club: G. Foulke 20, Copple 11, Eachus (Capt.) 21, Huber 13, Miller 20, Devoe 17—102.

Forest Gun Club: A. C. Stevenson 21, H. B. Stevenson 19, O. K. Stevenson 18, Morison (Capt.) 9, W. N. Stevenson 17, Van Nort 15—99.

Hillside Gun Club: A. Reinhard 14, W. Afman 10, Capt. T. Carlisle 21, J. Fertsch 17, M. Bisbing 17, R. Bisbing 19—98.

Claymont Gun Club: Capt. J. Hooper 19, L. Casey 20, Wm. Bird 11, A. S. Edwards 19, H. Jackson 14, T. Williams 13—96.

Glen Willow Gun Club: J. McFalls 16, Capt. J. Cowan 19, C. Wyman 9, F. Winkle 14, H. Taney 18, Wilson 14—90.

Wayne Gun Club: Davis 22, Capt. Scargle 10, Soistman 13, Brown 14, Sterling 14, Hack 17—90.

Radnor Gun Club: Capt. Johnson 17, Williams 13, G. Huber 24, Wendell 17, Toopy 17, Haley 1—89.

Ritter Gun Club: Capt. F. White 9, J. Sullivan 9, G. Hahn 20, D. Bonnier 11, P. Morrison 11, A. Marker 8—68.

## Worcester Tournament.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 1.—The two days' tournament held on the grounds of the Sportsman's Club was poorly attended. On the first day, July 29, but 14 shooters took part in the events; on the second day, July 30, still less. But there was some of the best shooting done that Worcester has ever witnessed. The shooting of Dickey, Tucker and Van Dyke was of the gilt edge order. Scores:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29.

| | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. | | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dickey | 275 | 259 | 94 | Whitin | 225 | 194 | 86 |
| Van Dyke | 225 | 210 | 93 | Fanning | 225 | 194 | 86 |
| Pitkin | 190 | 176 | 92 | Mascroft | 125 | 107 | 85 |
| Davis | 250 | 227 | 91 | Wheeler | 225 | 192 | 85 |
| Tucker | 130 | 119 | 91 | Puck | 275 | 232 | 84 |
| Bennett | 200 | 183 | 91 | Walls | 130 | 110 | 84 |
| Leroy | 200 | 177 | 88 | Bishop | 115 | 81 | 70 |

THURSDAY, JULY 30.

| | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. | | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tucker | 155 | 143 | 92 | Eager | 155 | 129 | 83 |
| Dickey | 170 | 155 | 91 | Mascroft | 105 | 87 | 82 |
| Fanning | 200 | 180 | 90 | Swiveller | 140 | 107 | 76 |
| Tolman | 80 | 72 | 90 | R C Walls | 95 | 65 | 68 |
| Whitin | 130 | 113 | 86 | Bucklin | 55 | 37 | 67 |
| Davis | 110 | 95 | 86 | Mainhard | 95 | 54 | 56 |
| A Walls | 170 | 144 | 84 | Kinney | 70 | 39 | 55 |

On July 28 Snell and Leroy shot a match at 100 targets—50 known angles and 50 unknown angles. Snell won, scoring 95 to Leroy's 90.

## Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., Aug. 4.—The regular weekly shoot of our club was held to-day. In event No. 3 Nelson, Scott and Dornin tied for the Silverthorn badge on 21 each. The tie was shot off in No. 4, Nelson winning with 19 out of 20. Scores:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 20 | 20 | 25 | 20 | 15 | Targets: | 20 | 20 | 25 | 20 | 15 |
| Nelson | 17 | 16 | 21 | 19 | 13 | Moorman | 14 | 15 | 16 | 18 | 13 |
| Terry | 18 | 17 | 18 | 14 | 13 | Cleland | 15 | 10 | 11 | 7 | 9 |
| Scott | 16 | 16 | 21 | 17 | 8 | Miller | 17 | 15 | 19 | 18 | 10 |
| Dornin | 19 | 18 | 21 | 17 | 13 | | | | | | |

F. M. D.

# Answers to Correspondents.

### No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. N. K., New York.—The best book on building log cabins is "Log Cabins: How to Build and Furnish Them." We publish it. Price $1.50

R. H. B., Jamestown, N. Y.—The close season for black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits in New York is Oct. 15 to Feb. 15, both dates inclusive. For woodcock and ruffed grouse the old law still holds, viz., open season Aug. 16 to Dec. 31.

W. T. J., Boston.—1. Do you regard the .45-82-405 solid bullet cartridge as a desirable one for moose and caribou? 2. Is it as accurate at 200yds. as the .45-90-300 solid? 3. What is your opinion of the hollow point .45-85-330 cartridge for big game? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Many expert hunters use it for large game.

C. R. B., Mechanicsville.—1. On my Irish setter dog, about two years old, there are coming all over his back little sores. The hair is falling out in places. I think it is mange; please tell me what to do for him. 2. How will I break a dog of gunshyness? Ans. 1. Treat for worms. Give two compound sulphur tablets twice a day. To the sores and bare places apply the following ointment twice a day: Creosote, 3drs.; precipitated sulphur, 1oz.; lard, 4oz. 2. To give all the different methods would require a small volume. If you shoot light loads every day, your dog near by, where he cannot conceal himself, he will in time become habituated to the reports. Or fire a light load at feeding time, to announce that the meal is ready. He will in time learn to associate it with his meals, and it will then be a pleasant sound to him. If a rabbit can be shot ahead of him it may cure him at once. "Training vs. Breaking," or "Modern Training," treats this subject exhaustively.


## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### Summer Reading.

Sir Edward Arnold in one of his recent letters says: "This world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous, as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller apparent dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."

That the New York Central has materially aided in this shrinking process goes without saying. In all that pertains to shortening distances and increasing comfort in travel this great railroad stands to-day unrivaled. Its trains are the fastest in the world and its service unsurpassed.

Its name is synonymous with progress in these and other directions as well. Too much, for instance, cannot be said of the amount and character of the literature published with reference to the beauties of its route from the tourist point of view. Under the title of the "Four Track Series" a perfect library of finely illustrated books has been issued, and included in the series are a number of handsome etchings.

These have been classified, and a copy of "The Illustrated Catalogue," descriptive of the series, will be mailed to any address on receipt of one 2 cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River R. R., Grand Central Station, New York.

"Health and Pleasure on 'America's Greatest Railroad'" is the title of No. 5 of the "Four Track Series." This is a book of 532 pages, which gives every conceivable detail of interest to tourists and summer vacationists.

Particulars are given as to routes, rates and points of interest in general from Maine to the Pacific coast, but especial attention naturally is paid to the country tributary to New York, including the historic Hudson and the Catskills, the lake region of central New York, the Berkshires, the Thousand Islands, Adirondacks, etc.

The book is handsomely printed on good paper, and the illustrations, which are very numerous, are not by any means the least interesting part.